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INDIA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

There's the secret of the Indies to unravel
Herbert Trench

TO MY GODMOTHER
MRS. NIMROD CECIL SHAW

with many grateful memories of Mangaohane,
Otaukoro and Omaranui as well as of Bavaria,
Carinthia and Val'd'Arno.

THE HOLY RIVER

by E. S. Lumsden A. R. S. A. R. E. 42 York Place. Edinburgh.

INDIA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

By
ROBERT SENCOURT

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In error, the author's final corrections were not made, and the following long list of errata is therefore inevitable:—

ERRATA

Page		
3	Line 30	<i>For "group" read "groups"</i>
5	" 13	<i>For "bond" read "bound"</i>
"	" "	<i>For "Grenada" read "Granada"</i>
18	" 4	<i>For "belowed" read "beloved"</i>
22	" 28	<i>For "wordly" read "worldly"</i>
24	" 7	<i>For "influeene" read "influence"</i>
33	" 5	<i>For "for" read "far"</i>
46	" 8	<i>Delete comma</i>
74	" 9	<i>For "avorice" read "avarice"</i>
79	" 9	<i>For "Mile" read "Nile"</i>
80	" 26	<i>For "This it," read "This, it"</i>
111	" 1	<i>For "Terry" read "Terry's"</i>
114	" 21	<i>Delete inverted commas</i>
127	" 11	<i>Insert comma after "sailing"</i>
"	" "	<i>Delete comma after "suggestion"</i>
143	" 24	<i>For "retvoric" read "rhetoric"</i>
163	Note	<i>For "Lyallm" read "Lyall's"</i>
168	Line 18	<i>Delete "and"</i>
169	" 9	<i>After "survival" insert "of"</i>
176	" 11	<i>For "stongas" read "stanzas"</i>
213	" 15	<i>For "follows" read "follies"</i>
225	" 15	<i>For "They" read "Thy"</i>
226	" 22	<i>Delete "who"</i>
236	" 23	<i>For "if" read "of"</i>
"	" 26	<i>For "of Hastings" read "to Hastings"</i>
245	" 28	<i>For "only" read "one"</i>
246	" 27	<i>For "the" read "their"</i>
261	" 12	<i>For "exstinction" read "extinction"</i>
265	" 19	<i>After "Burke" insert "did"</i>
271	" last	<i>For "and" read "of"</i>
285	" 11	<i>After "with" insert "the"</i>
287	" 13	<i>For "envelope" read "envelop"</i>
"	" 15	<i>For "shadowy" read "shadow"</i>

Page		
302	Line 12	Delete " against "
308	" 2	For " port " read " poet "
323	" 3	For " guage " read " gauge "
325	" 29	Delete " of "
351	" 6	For " it's " read " its "
360	" 25	For " some things " read " something "
"	" 26	After " Whibley " insert inverted commas and from next line
366	" 1	For " imperfeet " read " imperfect "
367	" 18	For " Indian " read " India "
372	" 5	For " as " read " is "
375	" 16	For " briilant " read " brilliant "
379	" 8	After " of " insert " a "
380	" 8	Delete " cleaning "
381	" 29	For " hat jut " read " had just "
384	" 19	Delete " who "
387	" 15	For " streem " read " stream "
"	" 23	For " altho's " read " altho "
392	" 9	After " lamp " insert " in "
393	" 17	For " declinate " read " delineate "
394	" 8	For " there " read " they "
396	" 10	For " brilliant " read " brilliantly "
398	" 9	For " course " read " coarse "
"	" 12	After " shows " insert " the "
406	" 7	After " is " insert " a "
408	" 5	For " torrens " read " Torrens "
412	" 22	For " cousiderably " read " considerable "
433	" 1, 17	For " Innis " read " Muir "
436	" 21	Delete " Though "
442	" 21	For " An " read " And "
445	" 29	After " topmost " insert " roof "
446	" 23	After " topmost " insert " roof "
"	" 24	For " of England " read " in India "
451	" 15	For " Disreali " read " Disraeli "
452	" 4	For " pictoral " read " pictorial "
453	" 4	For " duzzling " read " dazzling "
454	" 26	For " kiccessful " read " successful "
455	" 1	For " was " read " has "
465	2nd col.	For " Innis " read " Muir "

PREFACE.

The work which I now present to the judgment firstly of scholars and then of those to whom my subject appeals, is one on which I have been intermittently engaged for seven years. It is the result of a study not only of great names and of books rarely read, and of unearthed manuscripts, but also of India herself. For over three years I lived and travelled in India and saw her life there from the most varied points of view. I saw first the life of one of her Universities for which I lectured and examined. I arrived in Lahore as the brilliant cold weather of the Punjab was ending, and when, after fresh nights, delicious cloudless days followed one after another. I continued there till the temperature was 100 in the shade, and 160 in the sun.

In June I drove to Dharmsala, then I walked, alone but for my Indian retinue, two or three hundred miles through the ridges and valleys of Kulu and the Sutlej to Simla. From there I descended to the plains, and paid a visit to the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad in the Deccan. Before my vacation was over I had travelled on through the Ghats and Rajputana.

The next Christmas I visited Agra, Delhi and Benares, and at Easter Dalhousie in the Himalayas. In the long Vacation I did a month's camping in Kashmir, visited in Central India, the Concan and Ahmedabad. At the beginning of the

autumn I succeeded at last in passing a medical test and became attached to one of the most famous regiments of Indian cavalry, the Central India Horse, with whom I spent a very happy winter. I was entertained the next two Christmases by the Maharajah Scindia at Gwalior and hunted his jungles on an elephant. After a severe illness when with the regiment I became attached to the General Staff at Army Headquarters, first at Simla, then at Delhi. In the autumn I motored into Kashmir through Abbottabad and Garhi Habiullah and then drove up the Khyber, and during the winter visited Allahabad and Calcutta. The next spring I was invalided home. I was later invited by the Secretary of State to take up a post in the India Office, which I held for a year before devoting myself more entirely to this work.

During my three years in India therefore I not only travelled many thousand miles but saw the life of the English administrator and soldier in the Capital and in the remote station, I caught a glimpse of the range of the life of the natives of India. I knew their political leaders and their political enemies. I have followed the tiger through the jungle and sailed on the Nabada, swum in the Ganges and climbed to a height of 14000 feet, galloped through streams along the Concan shore, and followed the polo ball on my pony in Guna. In the same week I had interviews with the Viceroy and Mrs. Besant. And my life in India was a long record of the reception of kindnesses and hospitality and the formation of friendships. It is to such that I owe the knowledge of India which guided me through my hours in the Bodleian, the British Museum, the Vatican and the India Office Library.

I cannot therefore proceed further without an acknowledgment to my Indian and English friends and especially to their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Willingdon, to His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, Sir Farid-ul-Mulk and the Nawab Khusru Jang, to their Highnesses the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, the Maharajahs of Udaipur and of Jodhpur, and the Begum of Bhopal, to the Nawab Sir Zafiqar Ali Khan, K. C. I. E., to the Honble. Mrs. Spence, to the late Sir Alexander and to Lady Pinhey, to W. Jardine Esq, C. I. E., to Sir Charles and Lady Chitty, to Sir Patrick Fagan, K. C. S. I., and Lady Fagan, to Sir Alexander and Lady Diack, to the Honble. Mr. Pratt, to Mr. and Mrs. Molony of Agra, to the late Mr. Alcock and to Mrs. Alcock, and my late colleague Mirza Mohammed Said. To all of them I owe many opportunities for the further study of my work, and besides there are those who interested themselves directly in it, the late Sir George Birdwood M. A., K. C. S. I., who wrote me a valuable letter shortly before his death, His Excellency Sir Edward Maclagan, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., who lent me his monograph on the Jesuit missions to Akbar, to Sir George Forrest, C. I. E., who has guided me with letters, information and personal advice and who knew so much more of my subject than any other, to the late Sir Walter Raleigh who began as I have done in India and who has helped me hardly less and whose preliminary essay to his edition of Hakluyt's Voyages was an inspiration to me, to Sir Herbert Warren K. C. V. O., who has been generous to me with all the resources of his powerful friendship, to Professor Edward Farley Oaten, twice winner of the Le Bas prize at Cambridge and the author of a valuable chapter on Anglo-Indian Literature in the Cambridge

History of English Literature, to Douglas Carruthers Esq. who sent me his article in the Geographical Journal on the Desert Route from Aleppo to Baghdad, to Dr. Edwyn Bevan, Fellow of New College, who sent me his account of India's easy intercourse with the Western world before it was published in the Cambridge History of India, and to Mr. P. S. Allen, Fellow of Merton, who brought me in touch with the work of the late Mr. Cuthbert Shields and others, to Mr. Nichol Smith who guided me in my submission of the subject to scholars, to Dr. Thomas of the India Office Library and to Mr. William Foster C. I. E., who keeps the records of the India Office for repeated guidance (he corrected the proofs of my historical passages) also to Mr. E. M. Forster who read me the M. S. of a delightful novel on India on which he is engaged and his papers on Eliza Fay which appeared in an Egyptian newspaper, and to Sir Thomas Arnold C. I. E., Litt. D., who also put me on the track of valuable information, to Miss S. Weitzmann M. A. Faulkner Fellow of Manchester University, who enlightened me on the subject of Francis's relations with Hastings and with Burke, to Percy Simpson Esq. who supplied me with facts about Dr. Johnson's knowledge of India, to Dr. Macdonnell of the Indian Institute and, not least, to the Honble. Mr. Richard Burn who has written to me repeatedly on my subject, and finally to Sir Aurel Stein K. C. I. E., who furnished me with some very recondite and suggestive details. I should like also particularly to acknowledge the pleasure and stimulation in my study of India which I owed to the time spent with my friends Sirdar Jogindra Singh, to Lord Carnegie of the Scots Guards formerly A. D. C., to the Viceroy, and Lieut.

C. R. Watson of the 28 th Punjabis who was killed on the Tigris in April 1916.

My reference to the *Courier de l'Orient* of the Abbé Carré has already been printed in the *Geographical Journal*, and my introduction in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Other extractt have appeared in the *Hindustan Review* and *East and West*.

One of my greatest privileges in pursuit of this work has been that it has brought me in touch with the strong, subtle and accurate art of Mr. E. S. Lumsden R. E., A. R. S. A. who has allowed me to use some his work for my illustrations. The picture books of Indian scenes have been to my mind a corollary of my study and I give a list of them in the appendix. I am convinced that no pictures of India have so reproduced the peculiar quality of her scenes as these of Mr. Lumsden. But I am not an art critic. In the words of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, however, Mr. Lumsden's art has been described with authority. "Discarding the easier convention of high light contrasted with deep shadow" wrote Mr. Salaman of Mr. Lumsden, "his pictorial aim was to interpret the scenes he looked upon in the enchantment of suffused sunlight of the peculiar quality that was locally true. And whether his etching needle has been concerned with some serener spacious view of the river front of the sacred city, or with the temples, the palaces, the bazaars, the bathing ghats, with the actualities of the multifarious life of the natives, his treatment of light has never failed, but has given his plated a distinctive character and beauty'

"What of Lumsden's painting? . . . Spontaneous, rapid, direct studies they are, painted with exquisite translucent

quality and interpreting with a genuine artistic sincerity a vision of delicate refinement and a penetrating sympathy with the thing seen. In these studies the artist has so fused his personality with his subject that the very vitality of the scene is conveyed to us through the emotional impulse of his art. Here is no conventional impulse of oriental colouring, but here is artistic truth of coloured form in exquisite harmonies that the light and atmosphere of India have taught the artist's brush to sing. He revels in sunlight, but, needless to say, never garishly; while after sunset, in such studies as the *Well-Head* and *Twilight Benares*, he paints a lovely poetry of tones."

Fiesole. 1923.

R. S.

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THE MARKET-PLACE—JODHPUR

by E. S. Lumsden A. R. S. A. R. E. 42 York Place. Edinburgh.

INDIA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

It is true that all have not seen Everest, but if in the Oriental world there is a peak or salience which has been known to Western minds as more remarkable, it is in the wealth of strange impressions by which the Orient has enhanced those minds' imaginative life. And what is romance itself but the imagination aroused by strangeness to life and adventure? Now, though the faculties may in any matter fail to reach the height they look towards, their very hope and effort draw to them something of what they lacked of inspiration; and not as a vain indulgence, but in fulfilment of the purpose that they might have life, and have it more abundantly, have Western peoples carried on the tradition of the romance and glamour of the East. Through the ages they have sought to enrich their life from Arabia, Syria and Egypt, and in later days the English have travelled yet further into the splendour of the morning; for there is a country in the East more visited than the precincts of Arabia, a country which has laid her claim, not only upon the allegiance of her own, but upon the feelings of travellers from the most alien horizons. The spirit of place can kindle as personal an admiration as a lovely human creature, and so India has fascinated, fascinated because in her most gracious aspects

she is most elusive, and the familiar in her runs with the most strange.

Not only are the meditative and discerning minds the complement of one another, but they draw together with the scholarly. The true observer looks out upon the order of diverse created things, he looks in upon himself and interprets what he sees in each, not only by the other but by the literary record. "Studies," said Bacon, "perfect nature and are perfected by experience." Those who love the purlieus of the East may heighten their admiration and explore their secrets in looking back over the written word which has endured. Those who wish to understand their books by grasping the conceptions of their authors, must know something of the nature of that country whose very name has been as an incantation to their poets, and which has furnished abundant themes for eloquent and weighty sentences.

And what is India? It has been said that as soon as one touches its shores one scents a prevailing odour which is in one's nostrils until one sets sail again; yet really in India there are a hundred odours from champak to assafoetida, from the grainy incense of the bazaar to the fumes from the dead bodies which burn beside the sacred river; though the sense, or the interpreting intelligence, detects an atmospheric resemblance in them all. And so though all India can give a distinctive impression which we recognise as national, yet there are a hundred Indias, Indias with such deep and wide varieties of meaning that they produce a chaos of ideas and remain a medley until they are described.

And indeed, what unity is it reasonable to expect of a country which stretches, over plain and plateau and desert,

from the cool shadows of the Himalayan deodar and the rocky bareness of the Khyber Pass, or the half Afghan Tochi Valley, to the luxuriant growths, which, beneath the Ghats and Nilgiris, give gorgeousness to the margin of tropic seas? In an exacter sense, perhaps, than first the fabler meant it, the saying put in the mouth of Mandeville is still true that "In Ind there be full many divers countries". The name of India, used at first to comprehend the greatest reaches of the Orient, still remains a symbol of abbreviation to denote a stretch of continent bounded on the North by the mountains which limit Central Asia there and on the South by the sea. It has come to embrace on the East Burma, and a tract of land best known as Indo-China, and, fifteen hundred miles from its Eastern boundary, it marches on its West with Persia. By the name Continent, Sir Thomas Holderness thinks that it is best described. Into this Continent, first inhabited by a low and primitive people, have swept down conquerors, the early Aryans and later the Greek, the Mongol, the Tartar. Each has left his influence but the Tartar in his Mogul descendants dominated almost as widely as the British influence does to-day. The Greek influence was slight, and except at Taxilla in the Punjab and again, according to legend, at Shahdara where the date palms grow more thickly along the banks of the River Ravi which delayed the Greek army before Lahore, and which was strewn with the stones of the dates eaten by Alexander's men, — except for this it is only in scattered figures of stone decorated with classic drapings that one can discern any signs of the Greek King's conquests. Around Lahore too is the first of those great group of architecture, — fort and tomb, mosque and palace, — in which the Mogul Emperor

Shah Jehan delighted to express the magnificence of his race and dynasty. The buildings which arose under his direction are the triumph of Indian art. His conceptions, however, were not limited to the confines of his own Empire: the name he chose for himself signifies no less than "The Emperor of the World" and he called the tomb of his favourite wife "The Crown of Palaces", and indeed it would be difficult to find in the whole world a more impressive architectural conception. So deeply awed were the people of the Middle Ages by the proportions and design of the Cathedral at Cologne that the story came to be believed that that great House of God was not completed before the architect had lost his soul in a wager with the devil. No such sinister story has been told of him who built the Taj Mahal, but it can hardly be said that the building of Shah Jehan impresses the traveller less deeply than any of the great Gothic cathedrals. Within his forts at Agra and Delhi, he built himself lordly pleasure houses where he might retire to the society of his queens, or, emerging, direct his affairs as he sat on his peacock throne in the centre of imperial pageantry. In his character, no doubt, was much that was vicious and debased, but some of his conceptions passed, as Marlowe said of those of Tamburlaine, beyond "the wondrous architecture of this world"; he grasped the truth that majesty and love are qualities of the Infinite, and he expressed it in the beauty of two splendid memorials. Those who know the serene atmosphere of the spacious serai outside Jehangir's tomb at Shahdara, as it may be felt when the sun leaves the purple masses of bougainvillea on its walls in the mellow air of a late October afternoon, those who have seen the dazzling marble outlines of the Taj Mahal against

the blaze of a June morning in Hindustan, and waited for all their faculties to merge in their admiration of its faultless proportions, or the harmony of its intricate detail, can hardly fail to realise the dignity with which the Mogul builders clothed the traditional subtlety of the Indian mind when they celebrated the conquest of love and majesty over death. As an observer enters, awed, into the mysterious and unsullied sanctity pervading that still court before the marble mosque at Agra which its designer called "The Pearl" he may realise that the dominant inspiration was still distinctively religious;—for it is a striking fact, though Mussulman architecture is no peculiarity of India, and though in Southern Spain, the farthest bond of Oriental conquest, the Alhambra at Grenada and the garden of the Generalife above it, which the Moors built during their occupation of the country, are severally in close relationship to the Palace in Agra Fort, and to the Shalamar gardens, whether beside Lahore or on the Dal Lake in Kashmir,—though the designs of the Mohammadans in palaces and gardens and to a large extent in mosque as well rose on the same broad lines everywhere,—the Indian of to-day, the Hindu equally with the Moslem, hastens to claim the great Mogul buildings for his own nation. His pride and pleasure in them are not less because they were the work of an alien dynasty. Indeed, he forgets that there was a foreign element in their composition, and we, with them, must accept them as a product of the country's genius.

It is doubtful, however, if India can be said to have adopted the bequests of the Mongolian and the Briton with the same thoroughness as she has adopted those. But for Kashmir the former are restricted to her Eastern territory—

There along the Valley of the Brahmaputra, or where the pagodas of the Buddhists rise among the subtler and sweeter colours of Burma, they maintain their peculiar tradition. But what is to be said of the Imperium Britannicum? It has not built, and it is not likely to build gorgeous monuments in stone to draw the wonder and admiration of future travellers; it has felt but little of the passion for artistic beauty; its administrators in general have maintained themselves more apart from the indigenous communities than the strictest rules of caste, or the extremest religious exclusiveness, could have demanded. And yet their influence is everywhere. Not least, nor least significant, among the mysteries of India is its position in the British Empire. Illusive always, yet profoundly real, the bond between England and India is a tangle of intertwisting growths. It is the object of this book to trace the twinings of a few of them, to survey one aspect of India's influence on England.

It has been hurled at the English as a gibe that they came first to the Orient as traffickers, and that they spread their power in India from sordid and selfish motives. It is true that whilst St. Francis Xavier was moved to do for his religion what merchants from the Mediterranean had already done for their own gain, among the first English travellers, there were few missionaries. Few, if any, had intentions which were consciously even altruistic. But despising travellers because they are not missionaries or saints or reformers is not the way to read history. In travel and in commerce, as in war and empire, projects may be seldom free from selfishness; human nature is strangely mixed; motives are seldom clear; not seldom vice or weakness on one side

of the character is compensated by something admirable on another; (and nowhere does this need to be more clearly remembered than in considering Indians and English in their mutual relations). Thus adventurers have been inspired by patriotic enthusiasm and have themselves inspired it. "To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely." Homes and nations need not be less attractive for the signs of prosperity; money, well spent, produces and enhances beauty. So, therefore, the quest for wealth and power, leading to the love of adventure has stirred men from the sordid to the romantic, from the paltry to the great. As the Englishman in India to-day looks back to the beginnings of the East India Company, he has no cause to be ashamed.

What was the immediate historic cause why it was founded? It was the unification of the Iberian peninsula under Philip II of Spain. Lisbon had been since the voyage of Vasco da Gama the first and last European port. Philip annexed Portugal in 1580. And being the enemy of the Protestant nations of the North, he made a stoppage in the trading of the world. The Dutch were in despair. But they recovered their equanimity and for a few hundred years threw into ventures of their own an enterprise rewarded by unprecedented prosperity. The English followed them,—slowly, but their hand is on the plough share still. Much as the Indies meant to Holland, the connection was but temporary. England took them into herself and nourished her life on them. On the greatest trading nation in history, commerce with the Indies has left its splendid stigma for ever. If we survey with a discriminating eye the ranges of our literature, we will see that that Company enriched and enlarged the national mind and did great things to it for good.

It is common knowledge how soon trade demanded a more complex body of Englishmen, and the history of British influence in India from 1600 to 1858 shows how the enterprise of the trader gave way to the dominance of the soldier and the administrator: it is still in commerce, in administration and in the things of war that the Briton finds his work in India. It is those which even now determine the habits of his mind. Often need has brought him; he has come to the country not because he likes her, or the work she gives him, but only because in her spacious households he has a refuge from the sordidness of poverty; because, as Sir Alfred Lyall said, he wants to save himself from growing old in a commonplace way. To such a man, and perhaps he is the prevailing type amongst the English in India, the country is hateful and dull, or he likes to pretend that it is so, in an attempt, generally a vain attempt, to cover the traces of a much more ordinary life in England. Or again, since the country and the work he does are a necessity, his pleasure in India is confined only to his sport. Yet not least as soldier and sportsman has the Englishman been a gain to India, nor least accorded with the spirit of the more actively adventurous of her people. It is with joy that he remembers the great open spaces and the game, the duck he got among the jhils, the bear he tracked out in a Kashmir valley, the privileged adventure of the hunting of big game. Or again, less the hunter than the idler at the bar, he finds his pleasure in the clubs, the game played rather well, and the drinks afterwards, the steady flow of conventional talk in which poverty of mind need never prevent him from feeling at his ease: for he rests comfortably in that comradeship, which exists by "the link

between dull people consisting in the fraternal agreement that something is too clever for them", the rupture of which is not to be regarded lightly. Though disturbed, generally for several months in the year, by the heat, such are his satisfactions, — his drinks and buoying him with a sense of his superiority to the world at large, prominent in the natives who serve beneath him. Such interests, it is obvious, however much they dominate in each large civil, or even military, station, have nothing to do with literature, with an art which conquers time by the force and delicacy of feeling or of wit, by which it arouses the mind to image life at least by its sprightly, if not, in its grand and intense aspects. Such was the power of the immortal song which a wondrous bird sang to the monk Felix as he listened to it, following through the woods, that a hundred years seemed to him as an hour. So likewise, the surprise and wonder of the art of letters draw those constrained in the enclosures of the earth to plunge afield, till they measure by other standards of life and time.

Not then by the studying of the banal is the mind emancipated after such a fashion. It must seek rather for the witty, the strange, the immense. Yet, though foiled in the club, the literary searcher will find quite ample spaces for his interest in the tradition of British adventure, enterprise and administration which broadens and sustains the life and mind of the elect among merchants and officials, and ampler still in the India of tradition, ample and varied spaces, quaint, rich in romance. Changes in the East itself may still distract him, but even if his interest stretchés further back than the voyages of Vasco da Gama, he will find in the India of to-day the majority of traditions unbroken. "In the East

they are constant in all things," said Sir John Chardin in 1686, and it is true to-day. Still the millions of India cling to the ancient avocation of the tiller of the soil, and follow it under the same primitive conditions. They still plough with the simplest of wooden ploughshares, and (all but in the jungles of the South) the same bright, dry air vibrates with the groanings of the machine wheel or the splash of the leather water bags as their oxen draw water from the well to irrigate the cultivated ground till the monsoon breaks on the parched surface. They still live in collections of huts, generally made of clay; a few rupees a month sufficing for the upkeep of a whole family. Their thoughts are seldom drawn beyond the routine of the day even when at dawn the cry of the mŭezzin, or the ding dong of the temple bell, remind them of the supernatural world to which they give an unquestioning belief. So they have lived their lives even as the mustard has filled their field year by year with its green and yellow growth, and the palm and the pipal have extended their outlines and their shade. Such is the life of the millions of India, and the passing of centuries could not change it. Still over her enormous stretches the land is divided by one broad distinction into the khet and the jungle, that is to say, into the cultivated and the wild. In that, there may grow cotton, wheat or millet, or, in great ordered gardens, the small tea shrub. The wild is the jungle: it is but seldom as ordinary Englishmen have understood the word, a dense tropic forest in which some beast of prey hides crouching or emerges in its awful symmetry. The precipitous declivities beneath the Himalayas, rocky valleys near the snows, a breezy hill top above the rhododendrons, the great even flat expanses

bare but for the scattered tamarinds, varied and lovely stretches of plain and hill, the green parklike slopes walnut-shaded of an upland valley in Kashmir. All these are jungle. But no matter in what variety of natural environment, or on what crop he depends to sustain him, the life of the peasant cultivator moves still along the same broad lines. Even his village community is completed by those pursuing such ancient avocations as of the smith, the carpenter, the leather worker, the weaver, the potter and the priest.

It is not a general thing to come on the small town in India; one may move for hundreds of miles, and find nothing more than the villages till one comes to the city. Even there, however, the traditions of the centuries have remained unbroken. And indeed the ancient modes of oriental life are even more strikingly and picturesquely displayed in the succinct environment of the bazaar than they could be in the open fields, or amongst the mud huts of a village. Even to the present day, a traveller when he enters the gates of an Indian city receives a startling revelation of the gorgeous strangeness which the East has laid up for them that love her. It is there most of all that he comes in touch with the traditional fascination by which Western observers have been so deeply influenced. There is found in another form the same exotic stimulus to imagination as in the palm-groves of Malabar, and in the oasis round a shrine in the deserts of Arabia. Such is the fascination which an Indian poetess and reformer of the present day, the eloquent Sarojine Nayadu, has conveyed so cunningly in her verses on 'Nightfall in the City of Hyderabad'.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat
Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.

See the white river that flashes and scintillates
Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city gates.

Mark, from the minaret, how the muezzin's call
Floats like a battle flag over the city wall.

From trellised balconies, languid and luminous
Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.

Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes
Swinging their silver bells hanging from silver chains.

Round the high Charminar sounds of gay cavalcades
Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.

Over the city bridge Night comes majestic
Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival¹.

Such is Hyderabad, the greatest inland city of India, the metropolis of England's faithful ally His Exalted Highness the Nizam, the capital of dominions as large as France and supporting a population of eleven million people, one of the great rendezvous of the scholars, the politicians and the merchants not only of India, but of Persia and Afghanistan; but as Hyderabad, so many other cities, each in its own distinct and individual fashion, manifest the strangeness and beauty of the Indian Empire. Another great centre of the southern expansion of Mogul power is Ahmedabad, the chief city of Gujerat, a collection of crowded bazaars where the women walk, with their waists bare, in drappings of rich and heavy colour, past many an antique gateway and past mosques built so long ago that their style was hardly affected by the great Persian architects of the 16th and 17th centuries, and

express rather the intricate, but sometimes formless, and occasionally hideous, fantasies in which the mind of the mediæval Hindu so often indulged. But the mosques of Ahmedabad are not the less interesting for that reason, and many are beautiful: among these the small mosque of Sidi Said is unique in charm. Behind the simple pillars, one looks into the light through eleven panels of fretted stone, seven carved in a conventional design of small squares, the central four expressing the growth of palms and trees in a rich and harmonious intricacy of proportioned curves. The city is famous not only for the mosques within its walls, but for the magnificent memorials around it. "On every side, nodding minarets, decaying palaces and mouldering aqueducts indicate the former magnificence of Ahmedabad¹." On the south are the tomb and mosque of Shah Alum, the tomb in its pavilion of fretted stone, the mosque rising vast beside with lofty minarets and a roof of congregated domes. Or again leaving the city by the Ganesh Gate, one may find at a distance of seven miles the ruins of Sarkhej, surrounding a lake with many varieties of graceful architecture, pillars of almost Grecian form, cupolas, minarets, and the more massive mausoleum of the Sheik Ahmed and Mahmud Shah, all dating from the middle of the 15th century.

Sarkhej is situated in the midst of the rich terrain around Ahmedabad and the generous growth of trees and crops, giving shelter to monkey, waraba and peacock, emphasises the romantic seclusion of the ruins. The traveller returns to the city on a road sheltered by tamarinds. 'Not the least

¹ Forbes: *Oriental Memoirs*.

of the attractions of Ahmedabad is the view of the city which awaits him on his return, its walls varied with embowering greenery rising above the bed of the River Sabamati; the river-bed itself is all oriental animation, the inhabitants of the city approaching the water for the purification of soul and body, the washermen slapping their clothes against the stones, children playing in the sand. The eye is fascinated by a moving picture of life and colour.

It is the great charm of the rivers of India that their brown waters take on, and with a more metallic brilliancy, the dazzling light and colour of the sky. For it is seldom indeed that Indian streams are clear: not like the Duddon do they linger among flower enamelled banks, nor sparkle like the rippling Thames up towards Lechlade; they are not made up of brooks bubbling in silvery water-breaks over golden gravel. Swollen by mountain snow, they run past bare hills, or through mighty gorges; one may see them in the Himalayas, as the Sutlej is below Luri, brown, swirling murderous; reaching the plains they flow sluggish or turbid through the great beds of sand and stones which they have taken for themselves in their more voracious moods. Around the jungle glistens in the blaze; or the vivid greens of a more profuse growth, as beside the lower reaches of the Narbada, accentuate the lilac tinge by which their muddied waters reflect empurpled skies. But to those who dare the crocodile and sail or swim them, they reveal their beauty; it is so with the Sabarmati as it flows down to the city of Ahmedabad and laves the terraces below, the charming terraces of the Shah-i-Bagh, the palace which was built by Shah Jehan when, as the Sultan Khurram, he went there as viceroy

for his father Jehangir. It is eloquently described by Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*:—"Everything" he says "appears to have been elegant and splendid. . everything indicates the taste and judgment of Shah Jehan in planning this lovely retreat from the cares of royalty."

Ahmedabad and Hyderabad are with Bijapur the chief cities of the sweep of Mogul dominion to the South.

Untouched by that great extension of Mussulman power are the four famous cities of the Rajput princes, Jodhpur, Udaipur, Jaipur and Bundi, and few could be more picturesque. Jaipur is unique among the cities of India for the symmetry with which it has been laid out: broad bazaars leading to the great gates run parallel, or intersect at right angles, and to add to the symmetry of the plan, the Maharajah has decreed that all buildings but his own palace shall be coloured a pale terra-cotta; indeed Jaipur has seemed to many a toy creation, a feeble and undignified contrast to the State's ancient capital Ajmer; but in the evening light, as the sinking sun tinges the day to gorgeousness, we seem indeed to have come upon a "rose-red city half as old as time"; the crowd is thickest where countless doves are cooing around the wells and fountains at the intersection of the streets; through the glowing bazaars there moves on foot the silent crowd, and among them pass the bullock carts, the loaded camels, the eccas, the elephants, of typical India; turbaned riders clothed in white add to the scene something which is Jaipur's own.

Three hundred miles over the Rajputana desert is Jodhpur, a city of red sandstone, built on the lower slopes of a towering rock. Gateway, palaces and balconies give in almost every street a study subject to the painter, but

infinitely more striking are the dark purple outlines of the fort rising immense upon the rock above to fill the evening sky. Nowhere in the world has a builder so combined the greatness of his own conceptions with the remarkable in nature. The fort of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, the noble castles of Edinburgh, Salzburg and Stirling rise on mighty rocks, but nothing in Europe can compare with the scale of India. It is by the vastness of their proportions that the outlines of Jodhpur Fort defy comparison, and they look out into the far horizon of the desert.

Udaipur, the City of the Sunrise, remote in the Aravalla jungles, raises its white beauty on the hilly borders of a lake, and itself looks down on two famous island palaces. Those who know the Lago Maggiore will remember the charm of the churches and villas which decorate the Borromean Isles; and on the Lake of Geneva is the Ile de Trois Arbres with its *maison blanche*, the beauty of which appeared in Byron's poem so enticing to the Prisoner of Chillon; not less alluring are the Jagmandr and Jagniwas rising from the water of the Lake Peshola; "Parterres of flowers, orange and lemon groves intervene to dispel the monotony of the buildings, shaded by the wide spreading tamarind and the magnificent evergreen cheenee: while the graceful palmyra and coco wave their plumelike branches over the dark cyprus or the cooling plantain¹." Art has taken the loveliest of natural additions to crown the chastely ornamented delicacy of the marble palaces on the islands. They are worthy of the City of the Sunrise, a treasure jealously guarded by the descendant of

the Sesodias from any despoiling influence from the West. The main bazaar winds from the Gate of Elephants to the crest of the hill above the lake; the crowd in their crimson and saffron moves brilliant against the white buildings, the balconies of which, with their indented arches, give even a hovel the dignity of a palace and make the humblest place of merchandise as attractive as a mansion. And indeed in all Indian cities, the houses of the great and of the lowly are side by side. In Udaipur, as in other Rajput cities, "a noble cupola often overshadows hovels of mud; small windows, old-fashioned doors and dirty cells are introduced under a superb portico. The gilded temples are a favourite rendezvous of the people. The Maharana's palace crowns the hill.

The palace is a most imposing pile, of a regular form built of granite and marble, rising at least a hundred feet from the ground, and flanked with octagonal towers, crowned with cupolas. Although built at various periods, uniformity of design has been very well preserved; nor is there in the East a more striking or more majestic structure. It stands upon the very crest of a ridge running parallel to, but considerably elevated above, the margin of the lake. The terrace which is at the East chief front of the palace, extends throughout its length, and is supported by a triple row of arches from the declivity of the ridge. The height of this arcaded wall is fully fifty feet; and although all is hollow beneath, yet it is so admirably constructed that an entire range of stables is built on the extreme verge of the terrace on which the whole personal force of the Rana, elephants, horse and foot, are often assembled. From this terrace the city and the valley lay before the spectator whose vision is

bounded only by the hills shutting out the plain; while from the summit of the palace nothing obstructs his range over lake and mountain¹."

Such is Tod's description of the palace of his beloved Mewar, but he reserves the extreme of his enthusiasm for Bundi;—"the coup d'oeil of the castellated palace of Boondi, from whichever side you approach it, is perhaps the most striking in India; but it would require a drawing on an extremely large scale to comprehend either its picturesque beauties or its grandeur. Throughout Rajwarra, which boasts many fine palaces, the Boondi-ca-mahl is allowed to boast the first rank: for which it is indebted to situation not less than to the splendid additions which it has continually received; for it is an aggregate of palaces each having the name of its founder; and yet the whole so well harmonises, and the character of the architecture is so uniform, that its breaks or fantasies appear to arise from the peculiarity of the position and serve to diversify its beauties gardens are intermingled with palaces raised on gigantic terraces whoever has seen the palace of Boondi can easily picture to himself the hanging gardens of Semiramis." As for the remainder of the city, remoteness has kept unspoilt the completeness of its antique charm. Careful observation may play upon the striking scene by which the eye was first arrested and feel no tinge of disappointment. Seen from afar, smaller palaces and walls and towers crown the summit of a hill over whose side is thrown the ghostly covering of the Prince's Palace rising in its harmonious but irregular mass. Beneath,

¹ Tod, 1829, p. 474.

the city fills the valley with its rough white twisting streets. The traveller, as on a vision of long ago, looks down over the crimson velvet coverings of his elephant on the elusive but brilliant colours of the life of the streets swaying in that mingling of movement with silence, of tireless activity with unfathomable concentration, to which the bazaars of India owe their essential fascination. He sees the weaver and the money-changer and the orange-seller staring in their stalls, the jeweller leaning over bangles and anklets and belts of beaten silver, sees the open barrels of grain, the orange and scarlet stuffs of the cloth merchant, the glittering show of brass in the metal shop; and level with his eyes are the idlers gazing from the balconies and families living on the roofs. And he passes through it all by ancient gateways and dilapidated mansions, meeting at every few yards a temple, seeing ancient buildings decaying into hovels with cow-yards at their very doors: yet he remains enchanted with it all. Inside those walls mediaeval barbarity is undisturbed; there more than in any city in India, the magic of old associations is renewed as in a dream; even sordidness itself has put off all its vileness, and is seen superinvested in beauty.

But if Bundi in its antique picturesqueness bears thus a comparison with Rothenburg, it must be said that at Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, we find the Nuremberg of the Orient, for the same mediaeval quaintness which gives romance and charm to the views along the Pegnitz is what attracts us to the wooden palaces and bridges of this unique city in which the colours of India are exchanged for soft rich browns in wood and water. Around the greens of meadow and orchard and chenar, a fortress and high hills

in the background and beyond the blue distance the beauty of the snows. As for the city the architecture of India generally either majestic or fantastic is exchanged for a mild and homely curiousness, into which the spirit of China and Thibet has found its way. Kashmir indeed is not India, but it was overrun and inhabited by Indian conquerors; its restful beauty and its mild summer temperature so charmed Western travellers after the intensity of Indian colours and the cruel extremes of the climate of the Indian plains four to five thousand feet below, that the beauty of Kashmir became associated with the stories of India and seemed a convenient background for the fancies of at least one English, or rather Irish poet. It is to Kashmir that Moore takes Lalla Rookh.

Seldom indeed, if ever, has any place been the direct subject of good writing. If we take even romantic description, which English writers hardly attempted till the 18th century, it is because it is romance rather than because it is description that we value it. As in all art the objective must be clothed with individuality; eloquence, to be itself, must draw upon qualities outside it. The writer must at once both see and feel: the place must mingle with its life and life's own secret joy; he must still see clear before him not only in the light of the sun or moon or stars but with the bodily eye. The gleam envelopes the scene itself in the luminous cloud which issues from his soul: the description must be saturated with high experience, or at the very least with the distinctive qualities of the writer's mind. On the height of that experience, on the distinction of those qualities, will depend the excellence of the achievement, not upon the scene itself, except in so far as it affects them. Among

landscape painters, Corot attracts because he reproduces on his canvas the stately and soft deliciousness, the almost sensuous attraction he felt in the trees which grow in the green pastures and beside the still waters of his beloved France; Turner saturates the eye and mind and heart of his admirers with the inward glory he beheld as his outward eye rested on the splendours of the evening sky illumining fair hills and ancient palaces and reflecting themselves ever more gorgeously in the level surface of sea and river. The method is not otherwise in literature. In Taine's *Voyage aux Pyrénées* or Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*, accounts of places have become literary masterpieces; in the one case because description has been decorated with splendid and tireless phantasy, in the other by the force which the admiring mind has given words the exhilarating power which the writer owed to detailed observation of strange and beautiful and barbaric scenes. This is the rarer art. In it Kinglake, alternating the lively with the passionate in his style, has done a wonderful thing in *Eothen*: but the pictures are framed in adventure. Among poets, Byron has essayed the same method in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; the value of that poem, however, is in the passages where Byron breaks away from his systematic description to raptures of admiration, or to some congenial theme of personal emotion or passionate reflection; poets are happier in simpler and more vivid touches as in Tennyson's recollections of Italian travel in *The Daisy*, picturing Milan Cathedral in exclamatory phrases,

O Milan, O the chanting choirs,
The giant window's blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

Prose writers, however, prefer to beguile their readers by personal reminiscence or invention when they attempt an account of travel. Dickens has indeed been moderately successful in the final paragraphs of description in his *Pictures from Italy*, in the earlier ones he only ludicrously exhibits the parochialism of the untravelled islander. Such was Thackeray's method in his reminiscences of Cairo and the Rhine. Even Stevenson, so felicitous in his account of Fontainebleau and Barbizon, did not attempt anything of greater length without the free diversion of incident as in his *Travels in the Cevennes*. Maria Graham, a Scotch lady who was in India in 1810, summed up the matter with Johnsonian finality: "The scenes of nature, however charming to the eye, must tire in description, for want of a sufficient variety and precision in the language we must use."¹

These reflections must temper any considerations of those who have written of India from direct observation; as for those great writers in England itself to whom the East provided inspiration, only one had seen the East. Place is to them not even the environment of a personal spiritual experience, as the Euganean Hills touched upon Shelley's tragic memories and ideal dreams, or as the coast between Venice and Ravenna gave its melancholy tone to the conversation between Maddalo and Julian. For at first the literary world was content to take the name of India as hardly more than a symbol of bountiful opulence, a hint of something exceeding European experience in wealth and wordly gorgeousness; it made more concrete in suggestiveness, or in the imagination,

those qualities of experience which are suggested by such words as portentous, brilliant, exotic. Gradually an essence was distilled from the accounts of the travellers which nourished more definite conceptions. The colouring demanded in political or religious ceremonials was here thrown upon a distant cloud with tints not less splendid, and supplemented the casual, but sometimes surprising, details, which the great writers had picked up from the narratives of the voyagers. So all along when not distracted by the grotesquely luxurious tastes of the Britisher, or the unintelligible ways of the native potentate, the hardier literary interest of all our great writers in the country was concentrated upon the dazzling strangeness both of the natural and supernatural environment of her swathed myriads of people. That too is constant to this day; and it is that which even now makes the morning view of the Ghats at Benares one of the most wonderful in the world. From the Maharajah's palace at Ramnagar, the river, laden with supernatural virtue, sweeps with its even, irresistible, gleaming flow to lave the succession of steps where the faithful descend towards the water to consummate the holiest pilgrimage of Hindustan. The steps are occupied by a multitude concentrated in one intention, ever ascending and descending, in garbs where the crimson, orange and scarlet mingle with pink and pale green and white, — all in the intense Indian light — in a phantasmagoria made ever more brilliant by the shining of the brass and copper vessels, in which the women carry away on their heads the holy water, and by the glitter of the brown bodies washed in the stream below to the enthusiastic recitation of the sacred formularies. Contrasted with this animation are the traffickers who sit

beneath enormous flax umbrellas to cater to the needs of the worshippers moving up and down the steps. Dignity is added to the animation beside the river by the succession of palaces and temples which fill the background of the Ghats,

“old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave’s intenser day”.

All are dominated by the influence of the Ganges, even as they in return beautify her waters with their reflection. Above the ghats is the bazaar Macaulay has so vividly pictured, a labyrinth of lofty alleys rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels. There are the press of holy mendicants, there the sacred bulls, and overhead the sacred apes leap from roof to tree or hang by their tails from the branches. There the muslins of Bengal, though no longer the sabres of Oudh, still mingle with the fine shawls of Kashmir. There still shine jewels as from Golconda.

If India is stored with such a power of fascination, why is it that so many have turned from her in listlessness or disgust? As she has charmed, so has she repelled. One reason is the conditions of the life which Europeans have been forced to live. They have abandoned their early associations, they can make no permanent home, and they can never depend on seeing again even the closest friends that they may find; they may expect at a few days’ notice to move to places and communities they have never known and even the unity of the family is broken by the exigencies of climate and education. Further the young man, who has already given up his home and his early friends, has often found his days occupied in a routine absolutely divorced from his interests and education, and which leaves him bored as

well as lonely, and it is more than likely that his sympathies will fail to comprehend both Indians and Anglo-Indians. To this must be added the trials of a climate which has wracked many to pieces; hence the reflections of the Englishman, the outpouring of his afflictions: "My sinews take no rest I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls. My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat. My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ to the voice of them that weep."¹ And what of India herself. In her long stretches of plain, there is monotony and her typical landscapes are seldom without a suggestion of melancholy; her dust, which often beautifies, might also choke; even the luxuriance of her tropic growth in the south may nauseate, her brilliant light become a glare; mists hide her mountains; her picturesque bazaars are often filthy, and her airs fling out the odours not only of orange blossoms but of undrained gutters and of sweating crowds; for their strangeness can sometimes fail in its attraction. Dusty and hideous India has often seemed. Melancholy is her garment. She offers no home to the Northerner: on the European she must always exert her repulsion as well as her charm. The stranger within her gates is a wanderer in an enchanted land, or such an exile as sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, unable to sing in such a land. The secret of the matter is her strong individuality. The characteristics of the country are so marked, the atmosphere is so strong, that they act upon the foreigner as the presence of a strong personality might act upon him in a room. They

¹ Job XXX.

are before his consciousness as a continual source of either pleasure or vexation. They make India an object of personal love or hate. A Brandenburger in Denmark, a Spaniard in California, an Australian in Gallipoli might or might not pass his days unconscious of the influence of the country around him, oblivious of what it was working upon his soul. With the European in India such a case would be impossible. In his youth,

“From the East came the breath of its odours
And its heat melted soft in the haze
While he dimly descried thy pagodas,
O Cybele, ancient of days,
Heard the hum of thy mystic processions,
The echo of myriads who cry,
And the wail of their vain intercessions
Through the bare empty vault of the sky.”

In the early dreams of ambition when he was caught by the chinking of gold, the country drew him away in the chains of her vague splendours, later to inflict on him the bitterness of slavery for such a tyrant.

“Thou hast racked him with duns and diseases
And he lies, as thy scorching winds blow
Recollecting old England’s sea breezes
On his back in a lone bungalow;
At the slow coming darkness repining
How he girds at the sun till it sets,
As he marks the long shadows declining
O’er the Land of Regrets.”

But this “Land of Regrets” loves to give a yet more signal exhibition of her mesmeric power. As her hold over her own people is so strong that many of them believe that

even to take ship and leave her is a defilement and that they resent a gibe at her as a husband might resent an insult to his wife, so likewise is her influence over the stranger. He whom she has enticed in his youth, and whom she has shown she can torture in his later age, has gone back to the West to spread the story he heard echoed in his first eager fancy. The memories of their old importance associate themselves with the scenes in which they exhibited it, and the Anglo-Indians' new regret is turned into a final praise of the country they have abandoned. "In the idleness and obscurity of home" wrote Mountstuart Elphinstone in 1816¹ "they look back with fondness to the country where they have been useful and distinguished like the ghosts of Homer's heroes who prefer the exertions of a labourer on earth to all the listless enjoyments of Elysium." Still the voyagers from India maintain the ancient traditions of the traders. They roused the avarice and enthusiasm of the West by their account of the country's wealth and the commodities with which she could indulge the luxurious tastes of the wealthy either in Asia or in Europe. They maintain it in their stories of the snake and tiger, of the spacious bungalow and attentive servants, of their polo and their dinners and the round of official life, and still the imagination of England looks back over the prosaic to romantic pictures, sees the glitter of snowy crags through the branches of deodars, sees the mosque and the temple, the flames of the poinciana regia² flaunting to the height of houses its unrelieved mass

¹ *Life*. I, 367.

² *Caesalpinia pulcherrima* is the name Hobson Jobson gives it.

of gold and scarlet, the elephant and the palm, the fakir naked in the sun, the royal pageantry and the rajah in durbar; and through these the clearness of the air, and the power of the sun and of the moon, and the shining of the blue unclouded weather. And with it all comes that breath of odours, and the ear hears in memory the tap-tap of the gold beaters, and the cry of the vendors in their stalls, the cicalas and the crickets, the murmur of the wind among the pines, and the immense silences and the roar of tropic storms. O magical India, wonderful in the heat and dust and colour of the plains, and her mountains are the courts of the Lord where the lover's heart rejoices in contenting the desire and longing which it had to enter into them. O wonderful India, land of oppression, and sickness, and starvation, and pride. Can we see what India means to Europe by seeing what it has meant?



ON THE GANGES

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY ADVENTURERS: 1492—1600.

THE CLASSICS.

England's traditional view of India as a land of wealth and wonders is as old as the conquest of India by Alexander the Great. Before that time a mention of the country had been made by Scylax of Caryanda whom Darius sent in the 6th century to explore the Indus and before 500 B. C. Hecataeus of Miletus had probably published his book of ancient geography.¹ Half a century later Herodotus was at work, and he was followed before the end of the 5th century B. C. by Ctesias of Cnidus who was from 415 to 397 B. C. in Persia as the court physician of Artaxerxes Mnemon.² Seventy years passed before Alexander descended the Kabul Valley, probably to the Khyber³, crossed the Indus and invaded the territories of Porus. Three of his companions wrote of India, Nearchus, Onesicritus, and Aristobulus, and a Greek also wrote who did not accompany him—Clitarchus. On the tradition founded by these men, reinforced in the 5th century A. D. by Dionysius

¹ Περίοδος γῆς.

² Diodorus II, 82, 4. Plutarch, Artaxerxes 22.

³ Sir Thomas Holdich, "Gates of India" p. 95. Mr. Vincent Smith thinks otherwise.

Periegetes and by Nonus who affected Shelley, Europe depended till the time of Cosmas Indicopleustes in the 6th century, and to a large extent till Marco Polo the great Venetian travelled in Asia in the 13th century. What then was this view of India which prevailed in Europe for a thousand years or more?

The ancients knew it as a place of tropic storms¹, where the sun shone overhead², where immense rivers cut through to the sea³, as a land rich in gold and jewels⁴ and as a land furthermore of rich soil, so fertile that it bore two harvests in a year⁵; as the home of curious portents of the animal world, snakes, monkeys, elephants⁶; as inhabited by a people with an elaborate social system under an organized bureaucracy⁷, and as a land with a Greek appreciation of Epic poetry⁸. In the earliest reference which we can trace to a work still available, the *Supplices* of Aeschylus, Indians are already an example of the extraordinary:

Ἰνδὰς τ' ἀκούω νομάδας ἱπποβάμοσιν εἶναι καμήλοις
ἀστραβιζοίσας, χθόνα παρ' Αἰθιοψιν ἀστυχειτονονυμένας.

Herodotus, probably drawing upon what Hecataeus had written, showed the Indians as a people of many nations and languages, broadly divided into the dark nomad barbarians

¹ Strabo XV, 691.

² Pliny II, 184. Diodorus II, 35.

³ Strabo XV, 689.

⁴ Strabo XV, 703, 706.

⁵ Strabo XV, 693.

⁶ Strabo XV, 693, 694.

⁷ Strabo XV, 700—720.

⁸ Pro Chrysostom Ms. De Homero III ed. Dindorf, Leipzig. II, p. 165, lines 284—286.

of the marshes and the fair, refined Aryans of the North. He makes a reference to cannibalism and also apparently to Buddhism. He mentions the wild cotton "Surpassing in beauty and quality the wool of sheep",¹ the crocodiles in the Indus, the heat and cold of the Punjab, and even in those days, the diversity² and the fashions of the population. His account is on the whole as exact and true as that of Scylax and Ctesias are extravagant.

The later Latin writers all depended in their turn not only on the four writers mentioned but also and more on Megasthenes, who sejournd for some time at Indian courts as ambassador in Pataliputra to Chandragupta and attempted to write a history. His account though disparaged by Strabo and Pliny has now been vindicated. This "was the fullest account of India which the Greek world ever had"³. Besides his interesting account of the administrative system of Chandragupta, he mentions Brahmins and Fakirs, and the Ganges, the elephants and other huge animals, the banyan, cotton, sugar cane and rice. Chandragupta modelled the splendours of his court on that of Persia. Processions of animals, such as that which astonished the modern world at Lord Curzon's Delhi Durbar, added to the magnificence of festivals. Chandragupta was a prophecy of the portentous royalty which was to fascinate the Elizabethan world in the person of the great Mogul.

¹ III, 106.

² III, 98.

³ E. R. Bevan. Chapter XVI in *Cambridge History of India*, Vol. II, p. 9.

What other ideas of India could have been gained from the classics? Some direct intercourse with India must have affected the later Roman writers, for Rome was visited by Indian embassies. The writer of the *Periplus* visited the mouth of the Indus, and Barygaza, that emporium of sandalwood and ebony, the modern Baroch. He then appears to have sailed down to Cochin and gathered information about the ports of the Coromandel coast. *Periegetes* supplemented his story and this is all that was written in the West of Indian geography till the work of Cosmas Indicopleustes in the 6th century.

All that time, however, the old impressions made by the historians of Alexander's expedition and by Megasthenes were retained and continued. When in his romance of the 3rd century Philostratus brings Apollonius of Tyana to India, he draws his details of the country from the ideas made familiar by the older writers. The later writers all modified the account they had given, the tradition they had founded, for their statements were compiled from writer to writer, when the originals had perished. Some of these old writers are known to us only by some fragment they left, some title that had been noted down, such as Apollodorus of Artemita, and Eratosthenes the geographer and the compiler, Alexander Polyhistor. All that is now left of these early writers is in the geography of Strabo, and in the history of Diodorus, and in Pliny's voluminous observations, or in Achaïus' zoology or in Arrian's tract about India. And of these it is hardly likely that even Pliny ever read Megasthenes himself, but only knew him through Seneca and Varro. In the time of Augustus Caesar, when Strabo was in Egypt, about 25 B.C.,

a direct commerce had arisen between India and Egypt. But all the commerce there was between the Roman Empire and the East never brought to Europe accounts as substantial or as valuable as those of Alexander's companions and of Megasthenes, and "for on into the Middle Ages, Christian Europe still drew its conceptions of India mainly from books written before the middle of the 3rd century B. C."¹.

Whether from the classical authorities, or from Cosmas, or from contemporary Phoenician travellers—and through Alexandria, through the Byzantine Empire, and through the Moors in Spain, commerce with the Orient provided points of contact—it is probable that King Alfred heard of India, for William of Malmesbury, writing it is true several centuries later, says that he sent presents to her kings. Indeed the Venerable Bede had almost a hundred years before been possessed of pepper, cinnamon and frank incense but Alcuin is, as far as we know definitely, the first Englishman to mention India.

THE MEDIAEVAL ROMANCES.

Augustine and his missionaries with their Bible had already brought another suggestion of the East to England, but certainly it was not the way of Early English writers, whether theologians, chroniclers, or poets, to enlarge upon the oriental aspects of the narratives, or parables, they presented. In them the characters of the Old Testament, and even Christ Himself, captivated their own imaginations, and were designed to captivate those of others, in the guise of knights or warriors after their own hearts. The distinctively

¹ Bevan. Cambridge History of India Vol. II. chap. XVI.

oriental garb to which the records of Judaism and Christianity owe so much of their picturesqueness did not attract attention till very recent times. The earlier commentators knew something, of course, of Jewish antiquities; but neither literature nor art ever thought of accomodating their ideals of the familiar scenes and figures of the Bible to topographical, or antiquarian, exactness, and indeed it was the way of the Church rather to adapt national concepts and customs to her own doctrine and practice than to attempt forcibly to graft on a tradition from alien minds. But nowhere, perhaps, was this tendency to assimilate national ideals more marked than in England, and it was the way not only of the Church. Chaucer again tells the story of Troilus and Cressida by a *mélange* of ancient names with descriptions of contemporary life. It was his England that he loved. No wonder then that he had no inclination to bother about anything so remote as the Indies and wished to extend his observations no further than France or Italy. "The great Emetrius, the king of Inde" is the subject of a reference in the *Knight's Tale*¹, and in the *Pardoner's Tale* Chaucer embodies a Buddhist Parable from the *Vedabba Sataka* which reached Europe through St. John of Damascus who wrote at the same time as Abdallah ibn Mokaffah at the court of Abu Jafar Almansur of Baghdad. Abdallah got them in his turn from the Persian of Barynyeh, who translated them in the time of Nushirvan from the Sanskrit. So vague was Chaucer's touch with India.

Whenever England may have begun her interest or even intercourse with India, it was not until the end of the

¹ Line 2156.

14th century that Englishmen really turned their thought to the countries of the East. At that time interest had been aroused by the discoveries of travellers in Asia and the writers of romance went back for inspiration to the conquests of Alexander. Kubeb is mentioned in the 13th century.¹

Theo canel and the licoris
And swete savoury meynte I wis
Theo gilope, guybibe and mace.

Extravagant fabrications, interlarded with some details drawn from the accounts of actual discoveries, were presented to France and England as the travels of Sir John Mandeville. That work, better known in its translation into English, was the device of a writer of the 14th century, Jean de Bourgogne, and it became known in England in the reign of Richard II. The travellers whom it consulted were Jacques de Vitry and the missionary friar, Odorico di Pordenone, and for one detail their great predecessor Ser Marco Polo himself.

The journey of Odorico di Pordenone was a typical one. Proceeding through Constantinople, Trebizond, Erzerum, Baghdad and Persepolis, he had arrived at Ormuz and sailed over the Arabian Sea to the Malabar coast and then down to Ceylon and so over to Sumatra and then up again to China. It is important to notice that he talks of China as Further India; here the deviser of Mandeville's travels follows him, and develops an important tradition which had begun in England when Alcuin divided the world into three parts, Asia, Africa and India. The name of India briefly comprehended the countries of the further East and suggested not only every

¹ Weber's *Metrical Romances*. King Alexander I, 279.

tradition of the traveller but also every prodigy of the fabler. All that could arouse action, whether commercial or imaginative was summed up in the magic name of India. And the fancifulness of Mandeville's travels gave the book an historical importance out of all proportion to the information its readers imagined they derived from it. For hundreds of years it fascinated the minds of Englishmen with the idea of a great oriental empire to be explored, a land of endless marvels where the striking figure of Prester John, not yet Abyssinian, but a great ruler¹ and like some later potentates at once fatherly and childish, yet not the less sagacious, the less powerful for those qualities, held his sway over an enormous realm. They were charmed with such accounts as of "a riche man that made a marvellous Castelle and cleped it Paradys; and of his Sotteltye". There is however only one point on which Sir John Mandeville condescends to enlarge a knowledge of India with geographical exactness, and that is in the few lines he writes about the Indus which was for long her boundary on the West. Of the whole country he says that "it is cleped Ynde for a Flome that rennethe thorghe out the Contree, that is clept Ynde. In that Flome were fynden Eles of 30 Fote long and moe."²

An abbot of Armenia is said to have come to England in the 12th century. He too would have suggested both Prester John and St. Thomas to the contemporary Englishman³.

¹ Rajah of Suket. "he was to his subjects as soul to body" he said, "so close was his interest in their pain". May 1916.

² Chapter XV. Cf. Pliny IX, 3. quoted by I. Walton, "Compleat Angler" Dobson's ed. p. 30.

³ Compare: — "And Thomas eke with his beyete of Inde". Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, Lib. V.

The beaten track towards the East, however, was still through the Greeks and Alexander. In the 10th century, two essays, *Epistola Alexandri ad Aristotelem*, and *De Rebus in Oriente Mirabilibus*, both preserved among the Cotton Mss. in the British Museum, appeared in English.

Another account of India appeared in the 15th century, the metrical romance known as the *Gestes* of Alexander. This was written probably in one of the North Eastern countries of England about 1430. The writer was fascinated with the idea of the elephants and other portentous beasts in the Indian army. The names of jewels which even up to our own time Englishmen were to associate with the name of India he describes as falling into the hands of Alexander:

He past into his palais
And in the place findis
That seemed no synfull soule
The selcuthe to trowe.

Pillars of fine gold richly carved, ornamented with precious stones, pearls, emeralds and amethysts, statues of angels carved in ivory, golden goblets and crystal chalices; rich designs of birds and flowers made out of mother-of-pearl and gold. Such were the treasures they found in it. They suffered agonies from the heat in Bactria, but persevered. A later chapter gives an account of Dindinus and the Gymnosophists with Alexander.

A hundred years before another and more famous poem had appeared on the same subject, *King Alysaunder*, in a smother and therefore a more Southern dialect. The first impression of India¹ is of a rich populated country marked

¹ Part II, Ch. I.

by cities and castles. The Ganges is mentioned with fish 300 feet long. The country of India is surrounded by fabulous nations, the Farangos, the Maritiny, and the Houndynges, the inhabitants of which all behave in very curious ways. Alexander invades India and meets Porus, confers with him, is challenged by him and conquers him.

Now went Porus so I finde
With King Alisaunder overe all Ynde
To shew him the merveilynges
Of men, of bestes, of other thinges,
And helpen wyne under his honde
All the nacions of the londe.

They went to the extremity of the country and asked if they might go further. A churl answered—and this is the first idea perhaps given to mediaeval Englishmen of their Indian brothers:

To his navel penge his berd,
He was also blak as pycche
And had a face well griseliche.¹

Southward he told them was there no other land, westward the Red Sea, to the north desert and wilderness beset with tigers, bears, and lions, dragons and poisonous snakes. Only to the East was there a passage, and there was a country known as Eastern Ind, populated by a largely built black tribe. Thither Alexander sailed and found them indeed ugly and grisly of face, but rich and honest. Here Alexander tarried and later returned to Upper India where he made war pitilessly.

¹ Lines 5598—5600.

The writer of the romance is moved with enthusiasm and begins a new chapter. "Sweet is true love and fine" he writes, not as an introduction to Candace's protestation of love for Alexander which was ignored, but out of sheer good spirits. Alexander journeyed through India more marvels to find. He did not fail. A dim recollection of Benares now appears on the page. The Ganges is named, and eels of that same favourite length, 300 feet. Elephants and men walk together into the water and are drowned. There was horror as well as marvel in such a land.

From where could such stories have come? The English romances were undoubtedly closely related to the French ones, such as the *Roman d'Alexandre* of which the Bodleian possesses such a beautiful copy.¹ They were written by Gauthier de Chatillon, Chrétien de Troyes, Guy de Cambrai, Aimes de Varennes. They seem to have depended on a translation which Giraldus Cambrensis made into Latin about 1190 from Simeon Seth, the wardrobe-keeper of Antiochus at Constantinople, who about 1070 translated it from the Persian. It is to him therefore rather than to ancient authors that

¹ The Ms. in the Bodleian is bound up with a French version and also a French translation of Marco Polo. In it are pictures of the Gymnosophists but no attempt is made to describe the Indians as ugly or grisly of hue: they simply appear naked, covered for convention's sake in a transparent device of green leaves in contrast to the royal robes of Alexander.

According to a French note inside the last cover this volume was bought at London the 1st day of 1466 by Richard de Wodville, seigneur de Rivieres, that is the father of Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen of Edward IV. Cf. also Bodley, 456, which shows that it belonged to the first earl. The French version was written in 1338. See Paul Meyer, *Alexandre le Grand dans la Littérature Française du Moyen Âge*. Paris, 1886, 2 vols.

the England of the Middle Ages owed her acquaintance with India. Not from Scylax nor Hecataeus, not from Herodotus nor Ctesias came those impressions. But if we consider what they told us we shall see that they too added details to the composite picture.

THE MEDIAEVAL TRAVELLERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

England was content with Mandeville's travels and the Alexander romances as an account of India for nearly two hundred years. It was not until 1579 that Stevens, the first Englishman whom we actually know to have visited India, began to write those letters to his father which were said to have aroused in some Englishmen such an enthusiastic interest. Marco Polo's book was translated into English by John Frampton. It was written before Mandeville and has always been accepted as the first great classic of oriental travel; it remains "the most comprehensive and fascinating work we possess on the mediaeval geography and history of the East". Sir Henry Yule, however, to whom we owe an excellent English edition of Marco Polo, thinks that the book is rivalled in interest by the contemporary accounts of Carpini and the Minorite, Guillaume de Rubruquis. But these Hakluyt did not print in English till 1602, twenty years later than Frampton translated Marco Polo, and whether owing to the caprice of the public, or their own defect, they never enjoyed the influence or the popularity of the great Venetian.¹

Venice had begun her trade with the East as early as the sixth century and from 802 dates her great trade in Eastern spices, drugs and silks. Genoa had begun to trade

¹ Tod. Travels, edn. 1889, p. 216.

with the Levant even before Venice and established a regular trade with Trebizond between 1306 and 1315. During the competition between Venice and Genoa, Cosimo di Medici built up the *μεγαλουργία* of Florence. But the enterprise of early Italian traders was outdone by that of Italian religious, and the Franciscan Friars, Ascelinus (1245) and Carpini (1247) travelled as far east as any of them. Rubruquis followed them beyond Tartary to Karakorum. Marco Polo however was the son and successor of merchant adventurers. He was the first Christian after Cosmas to give a written account of India. It is to him therefore that the Middle Ages owed all they really knew about the East. Long before our Northern spirit had essayed such difficulties, the navigators, the explorers, the friars, the merchants of the Mediterranean set us an example of enterprise we have not surpassed. It was the exploits of mediaeval Italians that gave Northern Europe all its knowledge of, all its intercourse with, other times and manners. The North had indeed learnt to build Romanesque and Gothic Cathedrals, but it looked to Cimabue, Giotto and Fra Angelico for instruction in the art of painting. It looked to Florence and Venice for decoration and the accompaniments of civilized life, and it was still little beyond the ceremonial of court and cathedral when the geniuses of Perugino, Pinturicchio, Bramante and Michael Angelo had consummated their perfection. The masterpieces of art are not achieved, indeed, themselves by gentleness, but by energy and resolution for accuracy. Nor was it only in the quest for beauty that we found our masters among the Italians. Severer spirits among them worked in other fields which mingled with their life for art as the hills and the gorges of the Apennines

minge with the loveliness of villas and cypresses above the banks of the Arno, and provide a background for the gentle outlines of San Miniato or Montefiesole. From their traditions St. Thomas Aquinas took the materials of which to build the massive structure of his philosophy, and from their central city came the pronouncements of dogma and the disciplinary enactments by which the more serious minds of Europe administered their own and other people's lives. There Tasso, Ariosto and Dante wrote their poems, and Leonardo da Vinci displayed his comprehensive genius. For he excelled not less in his subtle effects in pictures than by that scientific turn of the Italian mind to which Galvani, Volta and Marconi have owed their reputations. The Italians built up, as we have seen, the greatness of European trade first indeed at Amalfi and then at Venice, Genoa, and Florence. Seamen such as Amerigo Vespucci and Columbus grew up in the villages of Liguria and Umbria a century before ours had done anything to obtain a reputation, just as Galileo afterwards preceded Newton as a natural philosopher. Marino Sanuti, a Venetian nobleman, the Blessed Odorico di Pordenone, and Giovanni de'Marignolli, a Franciscan of Sante Croce in Florence, filled in with further details the impressions given by Marco Polo; and Ludovico di Varthema, as we shall see, followed them at the beginning of the 16th century. The map which Girolamo Veruzzano made in 1528 and which is now preserved in the Vatican is itself a vindication of their geographical enterprise. Not less distinguished a navigator of the later Middle Ages was a nation which has not retained to the present day the versatility and vigour of the Italians: Prince Henry the Navigator was born in 1394, the fourth son of

King John the Great of Portugal, and his queen Philippa, a daughter of John of Gaunt: he made preliminary sailings along the shores of Barbary and in 1487 Bartholomew Diaz followed on to the Cape of Good Hope. On July 8th, 1497, Vasco da Gama, after a night of prayer at Belem, went in a religious procession to the Tagus and sailed round the Cape to India. Luis Vaz de Camoens who sailed to India fifty years later was his kinsman; Camoens was something of a swashbuckler, and vowed even as he sailed that he was done with an ungrateful country. But he himself tasted the real sensations of a sailor in tropic seas. He has given the Cape voyage and Portugal their epics; he seems, however, never to have interested our English poets, though there are faint suggestions of him in Milton.

THE ELIZABETHANS.

With the letters of the Jesuit Stevens, however, and the translation of Polo, we pass from the river to the ocean. In the story of England's interest in India, like the sailor boy we shoot at dawn over the seething harbour bar and sail out to explorations too vast to be described. For it was then that England first came directly in touch with those new conceptions, of the world which as Sir George Birdwood thought inspired the Renaissance and accounted for the Reformation¹.

"The whole current of the commercial and political, social and religious history of Europe was changed by da Gama's discovery," he wrote "No sooner was a practicable canal pierced through the Isthmus of Suez than the fact at

¹ Sir G. Birdwood, *Old Records*, p. 255. 2nd edition (1891).

once began to influence the course of our vast carrying trade, and our international relations with the countries lying along the new route opened by it. We may therefore the more readily understand the revolution wrought not only in the commerce and politics, but also in the whole moral and intellectual life of Europe, by da Gama's discovery. Following immediately on the discovery of America by Columbus, it profoundly agitated the hearts and minds of the people of Europe. The rude multitude were stirred by an uncontrollable lust of riches and spirit of adventure; and the cultivated by the sense of renewed faith and hope in the divine deliverance of the world at the moment when Christendom was almost sinking into that old despair of human destiny and duty that marked the decline of Imperial Rome. For all men the sphere of human intelligence and sympathy was permanently and indefinitely enlarged. The Spanish and Portuguese discoveries of the Indies were for Europe indeed nothing less than the revelation of a new world, and the definitive emancipation of the human soul from the ghostly trammels of its obsequious bondage to secular and religious dogmatism through all the dark centuries of the Middle Ages. Their quickening effect on the genius of Europe was at once made manifest. Camoens, the author of the first epic of modern times, was directly inspired by the discovery of India by his countrymen. He was rapidly followed by Tasso and Cervantes, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Luther and Francis Bacon; and the wide moral gulf which separates the genius of these men from the certainly not lesser genius of Roger Bacon, Aquinas, Giotto and Fra Angelico, Chaucer, Gower and Dante is the measure of the spiritual freedom

that was conquered for mankind by the discoveries of Columbus, da Gama and Magellan. The impressiom made by them on the English people was deep and abiding. It may be traced everywhere in the writers of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, particularly in Shakespeare and Ben Jonsom, and in the elevation of character of the historical men and women of that age. Even in their infamies they seem superhuman."

Such are the words in which Sir George Birdwood sought to emphasize the importance to Elizabethan culture of the new intercourse with the Orient. He was promulgating a contention which Mickle had made nearly a hundred years before in the preface to his translation of the *Lusiad*. Mickle knew of the Middle Ages only as the Dark Ages:¹ "Stubborn indeed", he said, "must be the theorist who will deny the improvement, virtue and happiness, which in the result, the voyage of Columbus has spread over the Western world," for before it learning, he thought, suffered from the same lethargy as commerce. He quotes the lines of Thomson:

For then from the ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade, the genius then
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumbered on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince, who, heaven-inspir'd
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind
And in unbounded commerce ring'd the world.

And Prince Henry the Navigator was the predecessor of Diaz and da Gama.

Mickle's was no doubt the general British view, the view of intellectual development in relation to commerce which

was natural to the "nation d'épiciers". "In contrast" writes Mickle "to the melancholy view of human nature, sunk in barbarism and benighted with ignorance, let the present state of Europe be impartially estimated." He left it to Birdwood to furnish the examples.

To test the pregnancy of these suggestions by detailed reference we must turn back to the work of our outstanding literary, genius in the century which followed Vasco da Gama's great discovery.

Properly to do so, it is necessary to review the movements which were then dominating Europe. Advanced minds were revolting against the tyranny of custom; there was a demand for greater intellectual freedom; tradition was questioned, and scholars developed a passion for returning to originals. A great stimulation had been given to this impulse by the renewed intercourse with classical literature which followed the Fall of Constantinople. The field thus opened to men of thought, the immense opportunities of classical learning created such an enthusiasm for intellectual achievement that it became for the time the chief source of romance and joy; and from this many came to hold that reason could submit to no authority but that of the originals which it was now so eagerly studying and whose freshness was in itself another source of wonder. "If the works of God were such that they might be easily comprehended by human reason" said the most famous of mediaeval ascetics, "they could not be called wonderful or unspeakable".¹ But in the 16th century men made a great attempt to rid themselves of the paradoxes

¹ Si talia essent opera Dei ut facile ab humana ratione caperentur, non essent mirabilia nec ineffabilia dicenda. De Imitatione Christi IV, XVIII.

with which the Catholic belief in miracles and sacraments, in an infinite supernatural Power working through visible agencies was always confronting the human intellect and humbling the human will. If they could not altogether dispose of those, they did not fail to inculcate self-reliance. And if it were possible to account for so gigantic a phenomenon within the bounds of a single sentence, it might be said that so Protestantism arose. For Protestantism, at least in its more familiar forms, is a tendency to measure the universe by the mind, to deal in definite conceptions in a direct relation to decisive action, to confine the practical to the unassisted exercise of the human mind and will. Historical circumstances enveloped this tendency in romance. As the contempt of custom in the Age of the French Revolution led to the life and the joy and the achievement of the Renaissance of Wonder, so it worked greatly also in the Age of the Renaissance; the break with tradition in religion and philosophy was itself a stimulus. And while the appreciation of the strange nourished intellectual life with romance, the life of action was enhanced by new discoveries. These, with the glory newly won for her by her sailors, England grappled to her heart as with bands of steel. As her enthusiasm first seized on the New Learning, now it seized on the New World; and as in the first case the New Learning was for a great part but a Revival of the Old, so she felt that it was the great adventure of her seamen to establish maritime intercourse with the East. Bacon was later to advance on Aristotle, America was to absorb more of her people than India, but at the first Ptolemy was wiser to her than Copernicus, and the voyage of Vasco da Gama round the south of Africa a greater enterprise

than the arrival of Columbus in the island he called San Salvador.

England, however, did not take the discovery of the Indies to herself, or at least she gave no outward sign that she cared for it, till her scattering of the Spanish Armada made her the ruler of the Seas. The defeat of the Armada, however, consummated a series of nautical triumphs. Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, in 1586 had captured the Governor of St. Michael in the Azores; in 1587 Drake, having done a round of the Spanish ports in search of their Armada, captured from the Portuguese near the same island the carack called Saint Philip. And if there is one event whose importance dominates in the history of English sea trade with the East, it was this enterprise of Elizabeth's greatest sailor: for the first time the treasure of the Orient fell, massed, into English hands. "This was the first carack that ever was taken coming forth of the East Indies."¹ She was a ship well known, for in the voyage she had carried home three Princes of Japan who were then in Europe, and her capture had two distinct significances. In the first place it provided so much prize-money that it gave a sufficient reward to all the men who had sailed with Sir Francis in his four ships, the *Bonaventure*, the *Lion*, the *Dreadnought* and the *Rainbow*: and what in that way had been done once might be done again; but secondly it suggested to England that not only by fighting, but simply by sailing, she might come upon the fabulous wealth of distant lands. For after taking the St. Philip "they all resolved to returne home into England which they happily did, and arrived in Plimouth the same

¹ Extra Series Hakluyt, VI, 442.

summer with their whole Fleete and this rich booty, to their owne profite and due commendation, and to the great admiration of the whole kingdome.

“And here by the way it is to be noted that the taking of this carack wrought two extraordinary effects in England first, that it taught others, that caracks were no such bugs but that they might be taken (as since indeed it hath fallen out in the taking of the *Madre de Dios* and fyreing and sinking of others); and secondly in acquainting the English nation more generally with the particularities of the exceeding riches and wealth of the East Indies: whereby themselves and their neighbours of Holland have been encouraged, being men as skilfull in navigation and of no lesse courage than the Portugals to share with them in the East Indies where their strength is not so great as heretofore hath been supposed.”¹

The impression which this exploit made in England was deepened two years later,² by another great capture of the same kind. The gallant Spanish sailor, Fernando de Mendoza was returning from the Indies in the huge carack he commanded, the *Madre de Dios* when Sir Walter Raleigh and his company fell upon him and defeated him and boarded his ship after inflicting great slaughter. Sir John Burrough, the commander of the boarding party, “moved with pity and compassion of humane misery” resolved to dismiss his opponent to his own country and gave him ships and provisions accordingly. “This businesse thus despatched good leisure had he to take such view of the goods as conveniency might afford. And having

¹ Extra Series, Hakluyt, VI, 442.

² Not in 1598 as Mr. Oaten says.

very prudently (to cut off the unprofitable spoil and pillage whereunto he saw the minds of many inclined) seized upon the whole to her majesties use, after a short and slender romaging and searching of such things as first came to hand, he perceived that the wealth would arise nothing disanswerable to expectation, but the variety and grandeur of all rich commodities would be more than sufficient to content both the adventurer's desire and the soldiers travell. And here I cannot but enter into the consideration and acknowledgment of God's great favour towards our nation, who by putting this purchase into our hands hath manifestly discovered those secret trades and Indian riches, which hitherto lay strangely hidden and cunningly concealed from us; whereof there was among some few of us some small and imperfect glimpse onely which now is turned into the broad light of full and perfect knowledge. Whereby it should seeme that the will of God for our good is (if our weaknesse could apprehend it) to have us communicate with him in those East Indian treasures and by the erection of a lawful traffike to better our meanes to advance true religion and his holy service."¹

¹ Cf. India Office Tracts 357.

Dr. Robert Wilkinson's sermon on the Stripping of Joseph. 1625. "And these (my prayers, I meane) which are the weapons of a Christian minister, shall never be layd downe, whilst health is in my bodie, but I will strive thereby even with God himselfe, and against all your enemies that you may still long prosper in your great and weighty affaires of trade to the glory of God, the honour of the English nation, the enriching of our Weale-publike, the comfort and contentment of your own hearts, and finally the spirituall locupletation of the poore heathens, with the treasure of the knowledge of Christ one dram whereof is more worth, than all the wealth of the world beside. And indeed this is one principall end of merchandizing, if not in man's purpose, yet in the intention and appointment of God. For 'Non omnis fert omnia tellus' saith the Poet."

The value of the piles of commodities in this ship amounted to no less than £ 150,000 in Elizabethan money which was then worth hardly less than ten times what it is now, and one is not surprised to read that this sum "being divided among the adventurers (whereof her Majesty was the chiefe) was sufficient to yield contentment to all parties. The cargazon (besides jewels) comprised pepper, cloves, cinnamon, and other spices; drugs including frankincense and camphor; calicos, carpets, canopies and diaper towels; musk, civet; silks, damasks, taffetas, sarcenets, altobassos 'that is counterfeit cloth of Gold', unwrought China silk, sleaved silk, white twisted silk and curled cypresse." Remembering the taste for luxury and gorgeousness which marked Elizabeth's court, one can imagine with what satisfaction and excitement, this gross bulk of merchandise (amounting to nine hundred tons) was first examined by its captors and later catalogued for them at Leadenhall.

These captures, with their practical significance, struck the enthusiasm of England as a parallel in national glory to such deeds as that of John Davies sailing for the North West passage and the story which Raleigh gave them in heroic prose, and Tennyson has paraphrased for our later age in a succession of thrilling verses, of the last fight of the *Revenge*. Together merchants and adventurers rose to confide in England's power and to the sense that they were to carry out a supreme mission and destiny. Their weakness did not fail to apprehend the greatness of their country and sovereign, that in the words of Walter Raleigh it had "pleased God to prosper and defend her Majestie, to breake the purpose of her malicious enemies, of forsworne traytours, and of unjust

practices and missions. She hath ever been honoured by the worthiest, served by faithfull subjects, and shall, by the favour of God, resist, repel and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdome. In the meantime", he concluded, "let the Spaniard and traytour vaunt of their successe, and wee, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall always love her, serve her and obey her to the end of our lives."

Such relations were already being prepared for the world of books. For as the sailor and soldier can never become great without studies, so neither can we know of great deeds without some effort at enshrining them in the memorial of letters. Exciting and exalting emotion, such deeds demand noble words. In Elizabethan England also, Hakluyt performed a mutual embassy between the men who made voyages and the men who read and thought. The first volume of his life-work was published in 1589. That, we remember, was ten years after Stevens' arrival in India: though Stevens is remembered because before him there was no Englishman in India to remember, no extant letters of his can account for the enthusiasm he is said to have created. His story is mainly of the voyage which was unwholesome and monotonous: instead of taking the more attractive route by Mozambique and Melinde, his captain struck straight across the Indian Ocean from the South of Africa: the company grew short of food and water, and disease broke out among them: but though, therefore, it was with great joy that they saw land, there is no particular enthusiasm in the description of it: "the people be tawny but not disfigured in their lips and noses . . . they that be not of reputation, or at least the most part, goe

naked, saving an apron . . . and thus they thinke them as well as we with all our trimming. Of the fruits and trees that be here, I cannot now speake for I should make another letter as long as this . . . The drink of this countrey is good water, or wine of the Palm tree, or of a fruit called Cocos. And this shall suffice for the time." Such is the first word of India sent home by a subject of Elizabeth, and unless Stevens well redeemed his promise to write again, the people of that age were skilled to read between the lines.

Stevens is remembered not only for his letters but for his good offices to four¹ of his fellow countrymen whom he came upon in India. In 1583 two merchants of London, John Newbury and Ralph Fitch accompanied by a jeweller named Leedes and James Story, a painter, set out on a journey which occupied Fitch eight years. They travelled first to Syria and Babylon with John Eldred and other merchants whom they left in Mesopotamia and from there they went on to Goa by way of Basrah and Ormuz. On their arrival at Goa they were arrested on the pretext of being spies and released only on producing sureties of 2000 ducats, "which sureties" says Fitch, "Father Stevens, an English Jesuit, which we found there and an other religious man, a friend of his procured for us. These did sue for us unto the Viceroy and other officers and stood us in as much stead as our lives and our goods were worth." Indeed the four travellers, imitating a convenient and popular device which, very properly, became the horror of good Protestants, had passed in Ormuz "for good and Catholic Christians". But as strangers and Englishmen

¹ Not three as Mr. Oaten says, *European Travellers in India* pp. 106, 107.

and rivals they were never more than tolerated in Goa. Shortly, their friends, Linschoten and Eldred tell us, the Jesuits, being much in need of a painter received Newbury into their community, and though he believed that he liked the life very well, when his three countrymen had gone, his zeal for the Society faded and "he told them flatly that he had no desire to stay within the cloister. And although they used all the means they could to keep him there, yet he would not stay, but hired an house without the cloister, and opened shoppe where he had good store of worke: and in the end married a mestizo's daughter of the towne so that he made his count to stay there while he lived." Leedes, journeying inland, was likewise provided for in the practice of his profession by the Mogul Emperor and stayed in Fatehpur. Fitch travelled through all India and on to Japan and back to Malabar and wrote so ample a relation of all that he had observed that he goes so far as to call it a book. Newbury set out from Akbar's capital for Lahore¹ and Persia and his English home; we have no news he ever reached it and there is little chance but that he was overwhelmed in the perils by the way.²

Of the five Englishmen mentioned in this story, Stevens, Newbury, Leedes, Story and Fitch, it was Fitch and Newbury who most conspicuously display the passion of the explorer; their letters, therefore, though not the very first, were naturally the most important in the history of our intercourse with India; they most built up the fire which has

¹ Not for Goa as Sir G. Birdwood says. Report on Old Records p. 107.

² Extra Hakluyt, III. p. 7, where Eldred tells us only that Ralph Fitch came home.

never been put out. They were commercial travellers; their chief interest, Linschoten, the Dutch traveller tells us, was to buy great quantities of precious stones. Queen Elizabeth in a letter to the Emperor Akbar which she sent by Newbury describes their object in statelier and more comprehensive phrase: "The great affection which our Subjects have to visit the most distant places of the world not without good will and intention to introduce the trade of merchandize of all nations whatsoever they can, by which meanes the mutual and friendly traffique of merchandize on both sides may come, is the cause that the bearer of this letter, John Newbury, joyntly with those that be in his company, with a courteous and honest boldnesse doe repaire to the borders of your Empire." Raised almost to the dignity of an ambassador as the bearer of this royal message to the Great Mogul, and encouraged by good report of His Imperial Majesty's humanity to those from the uttermost parts of the world, Newbury set out with a good heart. At Aleppo he hired two Nazaraines, one of whom had been twice in the Indies and spoke the language well "but he is a lewde fellow" adds Newbury, "therefore I will not take him with me".

His personal adventures occupied more of his letters than the marvels of India, but he did not fail to tell his friend Poore, the London merchant¹, that "Here is very great good to be done in divers your commodities and in like matter there is great profite to be made with commodities of this country". "It is a brave and pleasant country and very beautifull" he writes five days later, rejoicing in the genial

¹ Hakluyt V, 461.

weather of January in Goa, a deliciousness at that season general over India—. "The summer is almost all the yere long, but the chiefest at Christmas. The day and night are all of one length, very little difference, and marveilous great store of fruits. For all our great troubles, yet are we fat and well liking, for victuals here are plenty and good cheape."

Hakluyt gives us no further letters of Newbury's, and Fitch's account is more formal. Fifteen thousand words were not enough to describe his observations. Goa, he tells us "is a fine citee and for an Indian towne very faire, full of orchards and gardens, and many palme-trees, and hath some villages. Here be many merchants of all nations". At Belgaum he came upon a great market kept of diamants, rubies, sapphires and many other precious stones, at Bijapur "great store of gold and silver": Golconda he found very hot, but was recompensed by coming on diamonds of fine water and with the place generally he took no disgust:—"It is a very fine towne, pleasant, with faire houses of brick and timber, it aboundeth with great store of fruits and fresh water." Making his way over the Deccan to Ujjain and Seronj in Central India, he arrived finally at Agra and Fatehpur which Akbar's court had made a great trading centre. "Hither is a great resort of merchants from Persia and out of India and very much marchandize of silke and cloth, and of precious stones, both Rubies, Diamants and Pearles." Following the Jumna and the Ganges past Allahabad, Benares, Patna and other fair towns through a country very fruitful, he travelled on from Agra to the Bengal and Orissa coast. From there, having made various excursions, he finally set off on his voyage to the Far East.

When he came home in 1591, the Spanish and Portuguese discovery of the Indies were beginning to affect England as they had never done before. They touched both her imagination and her commercial zeal, they stimulated both her poets and adventurers and "Marlowe's great dialect seems to fall naturally from the lips of the heroes of Hakluyt's voyages."¹ Their influence on the world of letters was first made manifest in Marlowe. He among our great writers first found in the produce of their adventures new materials for poetry.

Before the publication of Tamburlaine the Great, the inspiration which our literature derived from without came all from the Renaissance,—that is to say from the classics, from the Early Church and from Italy. Petrarch was the model of the 'courtly makers', Wyatt and Surrey; Ridley and Latimer gave a personal interpretation of the New Testament in their sermons; Spenser wrote *The Faerie Queen* to allegorize the twelve virtues of Aristotle, and the *Hymns on Love and Beauty* are a transcript of Platonic philosophy. But Elizabeth was well on in her reign before Marlowe raised his torch and flashed it upon the jewels of the Orient. "When the drama began its course the partisans of the classical doctrine were first in the field and made the bravest start. Then new interests arose and overwhelmed them. The echoes of ancient beauty which held the attention of France were drowned and scattered in England by loud voices and fierce lights.

"For indeed action and imagination went hand in hand, If the voyagers explored new countries and trafficked with

¹ Cramb. *Origin and Destiny of Imperial Britain*, p. 46.

strange people, the poets and dramatists went abroad too, and rifled foreign nations, returning with far-fetched and dear-bought wares; or explore lonely and untried recesses in the microcosm of man . . . Shakespeare and Marlowe were, no less than Drake and Cavendish, circumnavigators of the world."

India was scarcely mentioned by the early Elizabethan writers; their view of it is no clearer, no keener than the English Mediaeval view had been. There is one vague mention of "Indians" in Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*; Ascham writes in *The Schoolmaster* that "in India they worship the sun, joining together in a solemn ritual dance in the sunrise, thinking that as the sun moves, so he would be honoured with a pleasant motion and silence".¹ Spenser mentions India no more than half a dozen times in *The Faerie Queene*: the Ganges and the Indus he mentions among rivers; he mentions India with America as part of the Elfin domain; he knew of Indian heats, for the hermit who told Una of Satyrane's temporary victory over the Red Cross Knight was:

Soiled with dust of the long dried way
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne
And face all tared with scorching, sunny ray
As he had travelled many a sommer's day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde².

It is therefore impossible to support the thesis that the new intercourse between India and the Western Isles was the cause of England's impulse to make explorations either in deed or in thought. Again Sir George's instances show the Middle Ages were not so deep in the ghostly trammels

¹ Everyman's Edition, p. 87. — ² *Faerie Queene*, I, VI. XXXV.

of an "obsequious bondage to secular and religious dogmatism" that they did not in themselves do great and original things in religion, in science, in philosophy, in art and in navigation¹. The achievements of Columbus and da Gama were not followed, but paralleled, in import and influence, by those of Spenser and Cervantes, of Raphael and Luther. Sir Walter Raleigh says of the Elizabethan age "One spirit of discovery and occult power animated both seamen and poets". The gifts of divers geniuses crowned a succession of different, though sometimes allied efforts, in separate realms. Moreover it might well be argued that all these were developed by the very spirit of mediaevalism, its sense of a world beyond, its romance, the strangeness immanent in all its conventions by which the imagination was aroused to life and adventure. In England great enterprises were united to a sense of national individuality; the patriotism aroused by the conquest of France under Henry V burst into new life and strength when England was united by the accession of Henry Tudor: it was increased by the independence of Rome with which his able and popular son realized contemptible schemes for his own indulgence. So also Thomas Moore developed his doctrine of the omnicompetence of Parliament in England, and Cranmer found an Anglican meaning for the King's title of Defender of the Faith. Moreover, the instincts of Catholic devotion were absorbed by national causes. An increase of country houses was a practical effect of the Dissolution of the Monasteries; secular pageantry took the place of religious processions; the hatred and fear of devils was turned upon

the political enemies of Elizabeth who took to herself as Virgin Queen a title and the veneration which had been reserved for a Lady of far other attributes: in the hearts of a majority of her subjects, the Queen of England took the place of the Queen of Heaven.

But many as are the grotesquenesses in which England indulged in that age, they have never beguiled historians from admiration of the essential greatness she then attained, and the new England, like youth itself, even in its passion and strength and beauty would have been marred without its taste and its capacity for excess. The drama, for example, not least in the category of Elizabethan performances, actually depends upon a violence which we expect seldom, and hope never, to find in actual life: it is nourished on blood, its congenial scenes are tropical and stormy, its natural air is the extraordinary. Marlowe, therefore (for the classics he always had with him) by the same dramatic instinct which later concentrated his attention on the devil's destruction of a soul and later again, on the murder of a king was moved to take for the theme of his first play the portentous career of an Asiatic conqueror. *Tamburlaine the Great* has importance in history* other than dramatic, for Marlowe's choice was determined not only by the feelings of a playwright but by those also of a compatriot of Lord Howard of Effingham. "The same delight in power, the same glory in dominion, pulsates in the *Lusiad* as in the dramas of Marlowe, but Marlowe was by far the wider in his intellectual range. Worlds were open to his glance beyond the Indies and Cathay."¹ *Tamburlaine* was the first literary work on an

¹ Cramb, *Imperial Britain*, p. 106.

oriental subject; it was followed in that respect by a remarkable succession of other plays; and it expressed an impassioned interest in the voyage to India.

For the framework of his story Marlowe, who consulted also the *Vita Magni Tamerlanis* of Petrus Perondinus, depended chiefly on Fortescue's *Foreste* in which Pedro Mexico's *Life of Timur* was translated from the Spanish. Though he clung to his original, the dramatist impregnated his work with the life of his own age. "Without the voyagers Marlowe is inconceivable. His imagination is wholly pre-occupied with the new marvels of the world and his heart possessed by the new found lust of power."¹ All Marlowe's plays are a study of one towering passion: Tamburlaine lusted for the sway of oriental kingdoms, and the rage for empire was a congenial theme to the men and women of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth". They would naturally love the tableaux of a conqueror's procession through remote Eastern cities such as Babylon, Samarcand and Persepolis, Baghdad and Trebizond. Marlowe, whether to humour their patriotic zeal, or merely from the crude naiveté of his workmanship, crowded his play with allusions to maritime achievements. "The immense popular success of *Tamburlaine*, which changed the fortunes of the English drama, was due not solely to the resonance and splendour or the magic of strange names. The

¹ Extra Hakluyt, XII, 104. Cf. Sidney Osborne *The Upper Silesian Question* 1920. "As the Reformation and the Discovery of the New World were almost simultaneous events, the former is sometimes given more credit than it deserves for marking the turning point between the Middle Ages and the Modern Era. In reality it was the discovery of America and of the new route to India, with the commercial possibilities that were added thereto, which heralded in this modern age." pp. 242, 243.

audience listened to it in a temper quite unlike the temper that Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* begets in the modern reader. This drama of the world at stake was to them a representation of real affairs and the high speeches of Tamburlaine voiced for them the defiance and the pride of England."¹ Although he alludes to the merchants of Persepolis "trading by land into the Western Isles" the dominant idea is of the journey by the Cape. So Cosroe complains:—

Men from the furthest equinoctial line
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern India
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones
And made their spoils from all our provinces.²

Tamburlaine knew the West Indies as well as "East India and the late discovered isles"³, and part of his design was to clear the Indian empire of Western traders. Accomplishing Cosroe's ambition of marching to the Indian mines which his brother Mycetas had lost to the Christians, he would drive those interlopers back upon themselves, and conquer them on the shores of Europe itself.

The galleys and those pilling brigandines
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christian's wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Ashant⁴.
Until the Persian fleet and men of war
Sailing along the oriental sea
Have fetched about the Indian continent
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,

¹ Extra Hakluyt XI, 105. — ² I. Tam. I, 1. — ³ Ibid.

⁴ Cf. Extra Hakluyt VI, 48.

And thence into the straits of Gibalter,
Where they shall meet and join their force in one
Keeping in awe the bay of Portugale,
And all the ocean of the British shore¹.

Marlowe was still meditating on the same idea when he added to the geographical sweep of Tamburlaine's speech a reference to Greek mythology in the mouth of Orcanes, King of Anatolia:

The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, fleeing with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bist,
Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woful mourning weed².

In *Tamburlaine* one first distinctly hears another theme, often to be repeated, one which was developed into the important literary tradition of the wealth of the Indies. It had been developed by the traders for hundreds of years, and the idea floating in men's minds like a cloud settled on the prominence of a letter written from the Zamorin of Calicut to the King of Portugal:—

“Vasco da Gama, a gentleman of your household, came to my country whereat I was pleased. My country is rich in cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. That which I ask of you in exchange is gold, silver, corals and scarlet cloth.”

¹ I. Tam. III. 111. This speech is reminiscent of a “true report of a worthy fight performed in the voyage from Turkie by five ships of London”. *Extra Hakluyt* VII, 46.

² II. Tam. I, 1.

Commercial possibilities, though they mingled with all impressions of India, would not alone give its fullness and colour to the story which the Portuguese seamen brought back to Europe. The beauty and prodigality of nature were in themselves so gorgeous that they intoxicated those they came upon: each tropic island seemed an Eden, and even to have visited them was to have enjoyed one of the greatest privileges of luxury. And as we must remember, Elizabethan England did not differentiate between the various localities of the Orient. Beaumont and Fletcher, when they wrote *The Island Princess* were picturing the Celebes, those "islands circumjacing Orientall India than which", as Sir Thomas Herbert afterwards wrote "the world has none richer, pleasanter, or every way more excellent"; but they called their scene India, and it was of India the playgoers thought when they heard the speech of the 'noble daring Portuguese', Armusio:—

We are arrived among the blessed Islands
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes
And every breath of air is like an Incense.
The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree
As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit, the Spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or suck their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us;
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearles, and curle their heads to court us.
The vowels of the earth swell with the births

Of thousand unknown gemms, and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life but brings a treasure.¹

The haunts of the Portuguese sailors in the Malabar coast of the Indian mainland from the lower Concan to Travancore might have provoked the same enthusiasm. No Western traveller has ever reached them without a sense of the luxuriance of tropical scenery. It was in the heart of these that the Portuguese made their early settlements, and there is what they still retain. The historic port of Cheul or Reodanda is typical of their resorts. At the meeting of the river with the sea, it broadens to an estuary, which is cut off from the general line of the coast by a peninsular and a fortified hill. Opposite this hill is Cheul. Few of the early travellers missed it. In the reign of Elizabeth it was at the height of its prosperity. And Fitch says of it that "thither many shippes come from all parts of India, Ormuz and many from Mecca; heere be many Moores and Gentiles". And in the description of it, he first gave a free account of the rich productiveness of India's tropic shore to deal in which this settlement had attracted not only Moors and Portuguese but all the traders of those parts:

"Here is great traffike for all sorts of spices and drugges, silke and cloth of silke, sandales, Elephants' teeth and much China worke, and much sugar which is made of the nutte called "Gajara" the tree is called the palmer: which is the profitablest tree in the worlde: it doth always beare fruit, and doth yeild wine, oyle, sugar, vineger, cordes, coles. Of the leaves are made thatch for the houses, sayles for

¹ *Island Princess*, Act. I, 1.

shippes, mats to sit or lie on: of the branches they make their houses, and broomes to sweepe, of the tree wood for shippes.”¹

Fitch’s company in their journey southward could not yet have found on the West coast of India such a profusion of “palmers” as at Cheul.

The European settlement was a walled enclosure in the thickest luxuriance of growth. It stands in the midst of bananas and cocoa-nuts, sheltered by lofty trees². Here the Portuguese built in Stone. Stately mansions and lofty churches have left ruins of purer dignity than are to be found in Portugal itself, unless in the Cathedral at Evora and the Abbey at Batalha. In a life of magnificence, the colonists formed and realized ambitions which struck the imagination of all their people, and they inspired the national epic, the *Lusiad* of Camoens, which remains to this day Portugal’s greatest pride. In the *Lusiad* was first and best expressed the European enthusiasm for sailing to the East, that passionate appreciation of the wealth of the Indies which inspired Marlowe, and though Elizabethan literature which was much influenced by Spain, shows no acquaintance with Camoens, *Tamburlaine* though on a lower elevation, blazed the same signal in England as the *Lusiad* in Portugal. But it is not only in his first drama that Marlowe sings the store of gold and jewels in the Indian mines. When Faustus meditated the possibilities of magic, it was one of his first projects to accumulate riches from the same source:—

¹ Extra Hakluyt V, 470.

² Campbell’s Bombay Gazette.

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
 Resolve me of all ambiguities,
 Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
 And search all corners of the new found world
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.¹

Naturally in *The Jew of Malta*, where the dramatist was making a study of avarice (for the Jew's consuming passion is colossal avarice fortified by cruelty and cunning), the subject of Eastern traffic becomes prominent once more:—

Cellars of wine and sollars² full of wheat,
 Warehouses stuff with spices and with drugs,
 Whole chests of gold, in bullion and in coin,
 Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
 Orient and round, have I within my house,
 At Alexandria, merchandise unsold.³

Such were the miser's hordes; the loads of riches in his
 argosies comprised also an

exceeding store

Of Persian silks, of gold and orient pearl

and the opening soliloquy of Barabbas gives that gorgeous enumeration of his jewels which has been quoted and admired so often. Diamonds and rubies, opals, jacinths, amethysts, topaz, emeralds and sapphires, each worth a king's ransom,—such are the treasures accumulated from the Moorish traders and from the merchants of the Indian mines,

That trade in metals of the purest mould.

¹ Faustus, I, 1. The last lines are doubtless a reference to Indian commodities such as pepper and spices.

² attics, solarium. — ³ Jew of Malta, IV, 1.

Though Marlowe's evident personal enthusiasm for sea trade and his references to the West Indies, to Mexico and to the "late discover'd isles" in the East as well as to the "British shore", justify one's adducing him as an instance of Elizabethan writers impressed by the discoveries of da Gama, Magellan and Columbus, it will be noticed on the other hand that he makes no definite reference to the Cape voyage. A Maltese Jew would naturally carry on his trade with the East through Alexandria or Damascus; in *Tamburlaine the Great*, however, Marlowe shows that he had been studying the matter from the point of view of the Venetians. Zante, to which he refers, was "an island under the Venetians".¹ So we see also in one reference already quoted to the

galleys and pilling brigandines

That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,

and Marlowe can be alluding only to the rivalry of Venice in the quotation which follows it in which he describes the sailors of Italy meeting the "Christians" and driving them back.

As we have seen in the quotation from Sir George Birdwood's essay, the discovery of the Cape route to India altered the whole national relationships of Europe. It did so by striking at the commercial supremacy of the Venetians, and at the last leading to their ruin. Their only hope of averting this lay in the project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez and a plan to do so was accordingly laid before them by Niccolo da Conti. It failed because Venice was not strong enough to overcome the opposition of Egypt. But the design

¹ Extra Hakluyt VI, 94.

was an exciting one and it is to it which Marlowe refers in the lines:—

Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both
That men might quickly sail to India.¹

It might be held that these references to the importance of Venetian commerce were distinct from Marlowe's interest in Elizabethan enterprise and were rather an academic interest in the possibilities of travel. If so, however, Marlowe must almost inevitably have shown himself conversant with Marco Polo's classic work which as has been already noticed was translated into English in 1578. Marlowe and Polo both refer to the Euxine as the Great Sea, but otherwise there is no trace of a knowledge of Polo's work in either of the parts of Tamburlaine. Marlowe was dependent for his geographical allusions on the authorities of his story, and on the stories which were being told around him by word of mouth. There is no reason to think that he sought for them, or found, any other inspiration. There were few books on such subjects on which he could lay his hands. Among them certainly was Richard Eden's translation of the "History of Travayle" which was arranged and completed by Richard Wills and printed in London in 1577.

Included in the volume was a translation made the year before of the story of the Italian traveller, Ludovico di Varthema who in 1503 travelled as far as India "both within and without the river of Ganges". And this was

¹ I. Tam. I, 1. see also, I, 3. Marco Polo, III, 5. Sir Henry Yule's edition.

one of the most accurate and valuable descriptions then available to Englishmen. "There have been many before me" says the author's Preface "who to know the miracles of the worlde, have with diligent studie read dyvers authors which have written of such thinges. But others giving more credite to the lyvely voyce, have been more desirous to know the same by relation of such as have traveyled in those countreys, and seen such things whereof they make relation, soe that in many bookes, gathered of uncertaine authoritie, are myxt false things with true. Other there are so greatly desirous to know the trueth of these things, that they can in no wyse be satisfied, untill by theyr owne experience they have found the trueth, by voyages and peregrinations into straunge countreys and peoples to know theyr manners, fashions and customes, with dyvers thinges there to be seene." Of these observers was the author. He started from Venice for Alexandria and Cairo, and went to Mecca and Damascus, so finding an opportunity of studying Islam from a very interesting point of view. He then proceeded by the country known as Arabia Felix to Persia, and from Ormuz he finally set sail for Cambay. His extraordinary accuracy of description, which first gave Europe a real idea of Mecca and Moslem life there, is particularly valuable when he writes of what he saw in India. He was intensely interested in it all, and Eden's pleasing translation drew English interest to where that of Varthema had been. It is one of the traveller's few mistakes that he confuses the Gulf of Cambay with the mouth of the Indus. The city he found a busy trading centre for "silk and bombasine, for onyx, chalcedony and diamonds and other innumerable sorts of merchandise". The country enjoyed an

abundance of "wholesome and pleasant fruits" and indeed "the fruitfulness and plentifulness of the region can not be spoken". In Cambay he heard a portentous account of the "King of Yoga" with whom the Sultan of Guzerat was continually at war. The Sultan he writes is "of wesel colour enclining to blacknesse, as are the most part of these Indians, beeing in manner scorched with the heate of the Sunne. They weare al eare rings, precious stones and jewels of sundry sorts: some cover theyr body with a single, light, thinne vesture, puttyng out one arme naked. The king and certaine of his noble men, paynt theyr faces with certaine sweete gommies and spices: and some also other partes of theyr bodies. They are led with many vain superstitions." Going further south to Cheul, he found them "a dark yealow colour or lion tawnye". That too was a great trading centre. The Italian traveller noted that the soil bore all manner of fruits except vines, walnuts and chestnuts. But there was a thriving manufacture of "Bombasyne cloth". From there Varthema went to Goa and then plunged into the Deccan where he spent some time with the Sultan of Bijapur where he found a court of great splendour. He returned to the coast and visited Mangalore and so southward. Varthema gives a chapter to elephants for which he had a great admiration. "I have seen some men" he says, "much inferior to elephants in wyt and sense". After a visit to Sarsiya he arrived at Calicut which he considers of such great importance that he gives a book to itself. He mentions the low huts the natives lived in, and the damp soil on which the town was built, and then gives an account of Hinduism as it struck him among the Brahmins and the Nairs. He describes certain rites and speaks

generally of the prevalent idolatry, "yet" he says, "deny they not but that there is one great God, maker of heaven and earth, and first and chief cause of all thinges:¹ but they add thereunto a fable saying that God could take no pleasure of his principate or dominion, if hee himselfe shoulde take upon him the government of the worlde, and therefore that he gave the vicarage of that governance to the devyll, who (they say) was sent from heaven for that purpose." He describes the curious primitiveness of the monarch who made on Varthema as great an impression as on other travellers of that time. "It is certayne that the Kyng of Calecut in royall maiestie exceedeth all the kynges of the East, and is theyrfore in theyr language called Samory that is King of the Earth."² This great person lived, even in times of illness and distraction, "beautyfully and rychly garnyshed with all sortes of jewels and precious stones", but two warehouses could not contain his jewelry: and in them is a great coffer of only the best stones, of price, he says, inestimable. In this favoured land grew also those plants desired for seasoning, ginger and pepper: also besides those familiar European fruits, walnuts, almonds, prunes, peaches, quinces, gourds, and melons, there were other strange rich tropic fruits, such fruits as the mango and the phanas. There grew also rice, and the cocoanut, rich in usefulness.³

Trade was already developed among the citizens of Calicut, and their balances were so nice that, Varthema says, the weight of a hair affected them. They tried gold by the

¹ Book V, ch. II.

² Book IV, ch. X. This confusion with "Camuran" is copied by Forbes. *Oriental Memoirs*. — * p. 895.

touchstone. When it came to buying and selling, they had a curious custom described by Eden as superstitious; to those, however, who know with what extremes of energy bargaining can be conducted, whose voices have wearied and failed around the Kaffir Circus of the Stock Exchange at noon or at twilight in Throgmorton Street, it appears slow, certainly, but for the leisured more practical. In Calicut the seller silently counted out his price beneath a veil on the fingers of the broker, and so likewise did the buyer make his offer. Thus the broker went backwards and forwards between them and waited for their silent counting until they were agreed. The reverence for poisonous snakes, and the ceremonial unctions and sacrifices, and the burning of sacred lamps in the royal palace each occupy Varthema for a chapter. The murder of forty-eight Portuguese suggested to Varthema's Persian companion that they would be wise to move on from Calicut. They proceeded to Quilon and came in touch with the Syrian Christians there: this interesting community probably attracted less contemporary attention in Europe than the pepper trees and the pearl fisheries which Varthema found there also. He sailed down to Cape Comorin and crossed to Ceylon, and it is doubtful whether he went further. That "correctness of observation and readiness of wit" which Burton praised in him have made his narrative so far a mine of information. But the remainder of his book is vague and hyperbolic: a mass of impressions and stories, sifted indeed with judgment, combines with a general account of the East Indies. And indeed Garcia d'Orta in his *Colloquies*¹ denies that

¹ F. 49 v. & 50. No mention of this is made in Dr. Badger's *Hakluyt* or in Professor Beazley's article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Varthema ever went further. Probably he was right. But indeed one doubts whether the most accurate of accounts would have had much more influence on the contemporary temper than the vague accounts of riches and fertility with which he fills his later pages. His latest chapters about the origin and prices of diamonds, emeralds and rubies, of ginger and pepper, of cinnamon and cloves, were those most important to the mind of Europe and of England.

For in the flood of enterprise and avarice and adventure which swept over the 16th century, particular impressions were carried away and drowned. Dreams and actions mingled in the life of men, and we cannot trace their separate waters in the rushing stream. If we look back to a certain point, we may trace them to separate sources; below Geneva the muddy Arve rushes into the clear blue Rhone which has rested sparkling between Evian and Lausanne. For a little distance the two currents flow in separate eddies. But only one clouded river rushes past the broken bridge beneath the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, and no one can ever know which drops came through Lake Lemman. "Historians of literature" as Sir Walter Raleigh has pointed out "have been prone to treat the Elizabethan age as if it were a problem of skilful gardening, an instance of high success in the mysteries of transplanting, grafting, forcing, and the like. But what nourished the pale slips from abroad? They struck their roots deep in a soil rich with the matter of life and breathed a genial and stimulating air. The dramatists and poets were the children and inheritors of the Voyagers."¹

Coming to the most famous of those children, the lot fell unto him in so rich and varied a ground of life that what of his inheritance came from the travellers and adventurers takes less comparative mention in the inventory of its completeness. The whole life of England was his study and he was best in picturing it in its universal aspect. From what he knew, Shakespeare studied the tragedy and humours of the world, the griefs, the loves, the triumphs and all pains that the immortal spirit must endure. We do not therefore find in him concentration in any particular achievement of contemporary traffickers. "Is is enough" as Sir Walter Raleigh says, "if we can show that his imagination was alive to this new world of speculation and opportunity".¹ We do not think to find him writing a Mogul play, and we cannot imagine he knew that the story of the three caskets in *The Merchant of Venice* came from a Buddhist parable.² But what mention does he make of India, what garments did she contribute to the wardrobe of his genius?

In the drama of *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he follows closely always on Plutarch, he allows his mind rest for a moment on the superb attraction of the gorgeousness and voluptuousness of oriental passion. Perhaps it was Marlowe who invited him to draw upon that treasury of fiery and grand imaginations; for Shakespeare undoubtedly learnt much of majesty from Marlowe's verse, and in doing so he could hardly have failed to observe how much Marlowe was occupied in the stately and intense effects of life on the grand scale in an oriental atmosphere. But in the last of

¹ Extra Hakluyt, XII, 108.

² Rawlinson. "India and the Western World", p. 180.

the Roman plays¹, Shakespeare drew from the past something of the splendour of all great historical memories; and created of them a drama of such gorgeousness as Turner, by the revival of ancient splendour also, has achieved in his pictures of Rome and Carthage. Shakespeare, however, has none of Turner's cloudy brilliance. Each of his figures stands out from the crimson and gold of its environment with its own distinct and individual gorgeousness; yet in *Antony and Cleopatra* we survey character through atmosphere: the dramatist makes full use of his capacity for portraying a tropic heat of passion—

“Now for the love of love and her soft hours”²—

and he brings it on to the stage blazing with the spectacular effects of oriental colouring. Each of the divers persons he depicts whether they are, like the clown, inadequate, or self-righteous like Octavius, moves on in the same golden pomp as when the lovers met upon the river Cydnus. The symbolic appearances of high passion and tragedy which meet together in *King Lear* in a terrible and sublime assembly surround great characters made languid by sentiment and cover their fall with the imagination's dignity.

The unique theme of the play is a problem common in the Orient. Will love weaken into infatuation? or can the greatness of the character conquer weakness and add the glory of victory in the world to the glory of 'its own existence? An imperial palace of the South tries to impress the world with something more than its intrinsic magnificence but it fails. In the two great characters the issues and demands

¹ Last in the date of its events, last as a development of history.

² Act I, 1, 58.

of rule and empire are compounded with the lust of the affections. Take Antony. "You shall see in him the triple pillar of the world transformed into a strumpet's fool."¹

Nevertheless, as the play proceeds, and as their ruin approaches, he and his peerless mistress not the less advance enthroned in the triumph of the great feelings of the heart.

The devotion which they inspired as they lived in their luxurious grandeur harmonizes the lesser characters with their own greatness, both in conception and in interest; and in themselves the elements are mixed up in such an extraordinary combination of weakness and strength that all the interest of our experience of our own uncertain natures is welded on to our impression of the stately circumstance which they maintained in the statuesque tableaux of their courtly life. When indeed Antony heard of the death of Fulvia, the old habit of impetuous action, the quick spirit that was in him, allowed him to throw off the habit of revelling in the sensation of Cleopatra's love; he urges upon her how the time exacts his departure; she, therefore, though she summons all the array of her changeful emotions, is forced to bid him farewell. But the leisure which his absence gave she uses only to heap up the blaze of her admiration and her love. No sooner had Antony renewed his friendship with Caesar and with Lepidus, that he might work out his great designs for Rome, and consummated the agreement in his espousal of Octavia, than the memory of the Egyptian queen dominates the play as she had done in her own person. But for the time Antony resists the allurements of her sensuousness, and

¹ Act I, 1, 13.

carries out his part as a Roman leader, and a husband, with prudence, and with virtue. When, however, his designs clashed with those of Caesar and they became involved in war, no vows could keep him loyal to the beauty and devotion of his wife. His stay in the East strengthened his capacity for large sensation; and the old habit of revelling in the gorgeous love of the Egyptian queen, latent but not subdued, since their parting, came upon him with its old sinuous strength. The greater part of his disposition leaned that way, and in the enjoyment of that superb relaxation, he forgot his country, his ambition and his wife. The hot wind of overpowering sentiment left him so wholly enervated that when he paused for a moment at Actium, with victory at the helm, his infatuation could not keep him, doting mallard that he was, from flying after her, the ruin of her magic. He laments that her spell had so unnerved him.

“Betray’d I am:

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck’d forth my wars, and call’d them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil’d me to the very heart of loss.”¹

The last of Cleopatra’s wiles, the last mad fancy that she worked on him, helped on his death. His death is one of the triumphs of their love, and her enthusiastic appreciation of his greatness surrounds his dead body with the haze that glorified it in his life.

The crown o’th earth doth melt, my lord!
O wither’d is the garland of war.

¹ Act IV, Scene X.

The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.¹

And the last lines of the Act re-echo the same theme:
The case of that huge spirit now is cold.

It is not alone on the heart of his "serpent of old Mile"
that the great Roman Antony exercised his sway. His enemies
record the same impression of admiration of his imperial
qualities.

"The death of Antony"

—cries out Caesar,—

"Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world."²

And the soldiers with whom he fought unite to say:—

"His taints and honours wax'd equal with him.
A rarer spirit never did steer humanity."³

In their respect for him, Caesar and his party were
almost borne down by the change at his death. The only
victory they could hope more was the capture of his queen.
"Her life in Rome would be eternal in our triumph."

She appears on the last scene her old grace honoured
with the new dignity of her immense grief. The greatness
of her own character rises to its acme in her sorrow for her
master. Dolabella enters and is overcome,

"Your loss is as yourself, great;"

—he is forced to say—

and you bear it

Answering to the weight: 'Would I might never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that strikes
My very heart at root.¹

The triumph that Caesar had made sure to himself, from which Cleopatra had turned with shame and disgust, was never realised. At the last moment, she eluded her captors, and her majestic death, like some stormy sunset through the soft lights of the fair evening air, leaves her still unparallel'd and royal. Charmian proudly proclaims that

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.²

Great as the play has been, it owes its chief charm and honour to the unique character of Cleopatra. "Her mental accomplishments"—as Mrs. Jameson says in a brilliant description,—“her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth, her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous eastern colouring of the character—all these contradictory elements has Shakespeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classical elegance, Oriental voluptuousness and gipsy sorcery.”

This it, is true, is a character something more than oriental. But is not that because all Shakespeare's greatest characters are a sublimation of human examples? As *King*

¹ Act V, ii. — ² *ibidem*.

Lear exhibits on a vast tragic scale a story of an ancient British King, so the Egyptian Play scales to the topmost rung the ladder set up to high experience by the extreme emotionalism of the oriental countries. But as *Henry V* is English and *Romeo and Juliet* is Italian, so this theme is oriental still.

And if we would account for the heights to which the poet's enthusiasm rose, it is not enough to think of Egypt. It was not Egypt which occupied the Elizabethan mind with the lust of gain, or to which it returned as to the home of splendour. The minds of the Elizabethans were possessed with their own new discovery. The justice of their judgment may be easily confirmed by travel in the present day. The simple hanging garment of blue or black, worn still by both sexes in Egypt, bears no comparison with the enveloping of scarlet or orange which even the poor native of India so constantly affects. And Egypt's principal valley flaunts no tropic splendours. She has indeed her thronged bazaars in Cairo, with mosques everywhere. She has her charm, the charm of rice and sugar fields on an even plain with here and there a palm. She has her fascination, the fascination of the desert, that desert which is the Garden of Allah. But this is not the ceremonial magnificence which pervades the drama of *Antony and Cleopatra*; for that we must go where Marlowe pointed, to the intenser brilliance of which Shakespeare's nautical contemporaries gave dazzling, and exciting, and perhaps exaggerated hints.

"Shakespeare after his fashion" wrote that brilliant, though erratic, Oxford scholar who was known in his later life as "Cuthbert Shields" in an article in *The Quarterly*

*Review*¹ in which he shows that the New World increased caution as well as stimulated enterprise, “investigates for himself, transmits to us the problems of the day—in ‘Julius Caesar’, in ‘Hamlet’, in ‘Othello’, in ‘Measure for Measure’, in ‘Macbeth’, in ‘Lear’, in the ‘Tempest’.” We mention the leading plays between 1601 and 1611, the leading plays of the first ten years of the existence of the East India Company. In ‘Julius Caesar’ there is a study of imperial design; in ‘Hamlet’ a study of the curse on the crown and at the court; in ‘Othello’ a great sea captain meets us with his hot jealous blood, and we see him pass from the extreme of self-assurance to the extreme of perplexity, and from self-sufficiency to suicide. In ‘Measure for Measure’, the ‘favourite’ is in power; in ‘Macbeth’, there is a scheming Scottish Queen; in ‘Lear’, a father wishing to be loved for himself is loved only, or almost only, while a king; in ‘the Tempest’, Shakespeare’s fancy wanders from the Avon to the Atlantic, and calms a Pacific of his own He is himself part of universal literature; but above all the master, the incomparable master, of our native language and of our national imagination. Is there any of our poets to whom the policy, the history of England is more incorporate, to whom the English State is more present, alive, life-giving? *He belongs to the New World, also, which was being discovered at this day.*² He is aware of the greatness of the moment, but, further,—and it is this we are trying to emphasise—of its dangers, its difficulties, its snares, its temptations. There is a caution about Shakespeare as there is about Bacon, Hooker and the Cecils. The

¹ Jan. 1901, p. 56.

² Not Cuthbert Shields *Italics*.

leaders in literature, in science, in theology, in politics, of that critical and culminating age, all have a sense of its importance; but they have moreover a very strong sense of the possibility and peril of a false step."

Not only were Shakespeare's imagination and caution stimulated by what the Orient suggested to him, but he listened with a lively ear to what India furnished to current anecdote. In those days people were not afraid to print the jokes with which some companies of men chose to regale themselves, and one of these is a striking example of the detailed knowledge that was being brought back from India, and shows again that as sailors took away a play of Shakespeare's to act on the high seas, so he listened to their narratives with an attentive ear. He got too a shrewd notion of what they were at; for from him we hear what was behind the pious hatred of Popery. In *Measure for Measure* we find:

"thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

'Thou shalt not steal'?

'Ay, that he razed'.

'Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal.'"¹

Familiar as he was with the life of the town he could not have failed to touch also upon its commercial interests.² Indeed the plot of one of his most famous plays depends

¹ Act I, ii.

² As Sir Walter Raleigh has already written at length of Shakespeare's relation to the sea, two instances will be sufficient. *Henry VIII*, I, ii, 'Ravenous fishes do a vessel follow that is new trimm'd'. *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii. "We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

upon the maritime adventures of a Venetian merchant: and so when in *King Henry V* the Archbishop of Canterbury is likening the divers orders and functions of men in a state to a hive of bees, merchants that "venture trade abroad" are amongst the first he mentions.¹

He was interested in the new map which Edward Wright had prepared in 1599, and which, as Shakespeare notices, was especially remarkable for its improvement in delineating the East.

"He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies."²

and he refers again to Indian trade in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*³; the imagery of the East, which was vaguer, was reserved for greater heights of enthusiasm and emotion. So Othello, broken-hearted, and giving his last assessment of himself before he plunges the dagger in his heart, speaks of himself and begs others to speak of him as

"of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum."⁴

¹ Act I, ii.

² Cf. Henry VIII, V, iii. "Or have we some strange Indians with the great tool come to court". See Sir G. Birdwood's Report on the Old Records of the India Office, 2nd edition, p. 207.

³ Act I, iii. "I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both.

⁴ Act V, ii. The reference here to the Indian is an obscure one. *Judaean* has been proposed as an alternative reading.

Likewise:

“O thou Arabian bird”¹

says Enobarbus to Agrippa as they exclaim together on the greatness of Octavius and Antony. All the stories of the East had begun to suggest superlatives, and the name of India was reserved for a symbol of the extreme in the two especial significances of riches and expanse:

“From the East to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.”²

Milton has made use of the same cliché to express not the raptures of a lover, but the wifely bounty of Eve, pleasing her spouse's appetite with

“Whatsoever Earth all bearing mother yields
In India East or West.”

Both to Milton and Shakespeare, the Orient was the ultimate store of treasure and fecundity, and from the reign of Elizabeth onwards the word India was the metaphor of wealth and empire. Shakespeare first used it so in Norfolk's description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold:³

“Then you lost
The view or earthly glory; men might say
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen goods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine.

¹ Antony and Cleopatra, III, ii.

² As You Like It, III, ii.

³ Henry VIII, I, i.

And again, where as we shall see, Donne does likewise, he turns to the great fields of wealth which the navigators had opened to European enterprise for a hint at that supreme possession—a fair woman—the fair woman who was the mother of his Queen:

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:¹

So Donne, to suggest a fierier and more intimate rapture:

O my America, my new-found-land, my kingdom,
My mine of precious stones, my Emperie.²

To him, also, however the favourite type of wealth was India as we see from his use of the metaphor of sailing in the elegy he calls 'Love's Progress'; from the unexplained reference in his first Satire to the "Infanta of London" and from his reference to the East Indian fleet in the mouth of Allophanes. By a reference to Eastern spicery he compliments the parents of Elizabeth Drury on the child they had lost, and he refers to India as the climax of great opportunities for this world as virtue is with regard to the world to come. He had been himself a traveller, and his mind was stored with pictures and thoughts of voyages; so he compares to a navigator the friend who was to search out "the secret parts of the India of knowledge", and the recollection of his traveller's studies haunted him as he prepared his soul for God in his last illness.

¹ Henry VIII, IV, i.

² Grierson's edition, I, 120.

"Whilst my Physicians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die.

I joy that in these streights, I see my West;
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none;
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt maps (and I am one) are one
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.

.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Eastern riches?

His own passion, scholastic subtleties, polemical theology and the ferment of new scientific thought kept Donne's mind too occupied for him to make a hobby of classical learning or to leave room for its convention in his own poetry. The one man in that age who rejoiced to find an inspiration in classical literature is of course Ben Jonson. In all moments of leisure and excitement he would roam from field to field, tasting its pride, to collate and enrich the nutriment he obtained from the life around him. And even he could not refrain from an allusion to the opportunities for wealth that English speculators owed to the exploits of the sailors. Mammon in *The Alchemist* was a character easily enough studied by a London dramatist, and Mammon invites his followers to land and take riches to themselves "in Novo Orbe"¹

"You shall start up", he says, "young Viceroyes". So also Jonson preceded Milton, Tickell and Southey in an elaborate description of the Banyan tree, which though it

¹ Act II, i.

may well have been taken from Pliny, or another classical botanist, appears to owe at least something to oral descriptions:—

“The goodly bole being got
To certain cubits height, from every side
The boughs decline, which, taking root afresh,
Spring up new boles and these spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree becomes a porticus
Or arched arbour able to receive
A numerous troop.”¹

Yet, now all is said, it hardly justifies the expectation which one might have formed from hearing, as we heard from Sir George Birdwood, that it was particularly Ben Jonson who, with Shakespeare, was to show us what impression the discovery of da Gama had made in England. As the masterpieces of Elizabethan literature were poured out warm to seal and preserve for ever the great spirit of the age, a thousand devices were stamped upon them, and the crest of the palm, though no mean one, was but one amongst them all.²

¹ Neptunes Triumph.

² There is too a curious reference in Bacon (Essay XXXIX Custom and Education) “The Indians, (I mean the sect of their wise men) lay themselves quietly upon a stack of wood and so sacrifice themselves by fire; many of the wives strive to be burned with the corpse of their husbands.” The first part of this is probably taken from early Greek writers, and is not very accurate, but the reference to suttee is more likely to have been from a contemporary.

Marvell also (quoted in *Times Lit. Supp.* 1—8—18) says:—

We would sit down, and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst riches find.

The pedant would put this by the side of Heine's poem “Auf Flügeln des

And indeed, reviewing not only Ben Jonson, but the typical writing of that epoch, our examples and quotations have now raised us to an eminence from which we may look back and gauge with accuracy the impressions given us by Sir George Birdwood. If Vasco da Gama's famous voyage and discovery had indeed changed not only the political, but the commercial, social and religious history of Europe, the idea of India must surely have taken a more definite hold even of English Literature than it actually has done: in the case of Jonson, the closest students of his work have not hesitated to say that it meant almost nothing to him.¹ Donne who was a keen traveller and friend of travellers was moved to but a vague enthusiasm at Eastern riches. Shakespeare in the great body and the huge scope of his work has no more than some half dozen references to India; and only Marlowe, who was an early friend of Raleigh and a wild adventurer, shows any real excitement at the idea of the new commerce and empire which English seamanship was to find around the Cape of Good Hope. The light of that idea, as we shall see, was to rise and shine in the English world in the hundred years to come—it was to show up to both traders and poets the opportunities of its new and glorious day. In Elizabeth's own reign the light was but one among a thousand—it was still no more than a star whirling into the vortex of the sun and consuming power of national

Gesanges", where he talks of lotus, violets and gazelles. Rubies, lotus and violets (except in a European's garden) are as rare on the Ganges as rubies and lotus would be on the Humber. Most of these literary references enter as little into Oriental feeling as a Strand divan brings back the spirit of the east.

¹ I refer particularly to Mr. Percy Simpson.

enthusiasm; and it still depended for both light and life on the radiation into which it was being absorbed.

It would be foolish and unscholarly to deny the suggestiveness of Sir George Birdwood's contention, or to shut our ears to the promise which, as has just been proved, our intercourse with India even in those first moments entertained,¹ but from the instances and the considerations which we have studied we turn to Sir Walter Raleigh's phrases for an exacter statement of the case. "Every now and then", he says, "in the long history of the race, there is a rift in the cloud or a new prospect gained by climbing. These are the great ages of the world. Creation widens on the view, and the air is alive with a sense of promise and expectancy. Thus it was in the age of Elizabeth. The recovery of the classics opened a long and fine vista backwards; the exploration of the new world seemed to lift the curtain on a glorious future. And the English, the little parochial people, who for centuries had tilled their fields and tended their cattle in their island home, cut off from the great movements of European policy, suddenly found themselves, by virtue of their shipping, competitors for the dominion of the earth. It is no wonder that their hearts distended with pride and, hardening in their strength, gloried. A new sense of exaltation possessed the country, the exaltation of knowledge and power. The rising tide of national enthusiasm flooded the

¹ As another writer has remarked, the influence of the spirit of discovery and adventure, though it is less quickly marked, more persuasive and less easy to define is perhaps more universal than that of the classics or of the Italian fashions which came in their train (G. H. Mair, *English Literature, Modern*, p. 28).

literature of the people and surprised the dwellers on many a high and dry inland creek." "The new ferment" he continues, "wrought in a deep and hidden fashion on the temper and habits of the mind. All preconceived notions and beliefs concerning cosmography, history, politics and society were made ridiculous by the new discoveries. The world had been opened up by the fanatical self-confidence of visionaries, and had proved to be wilder than their wildest fancies. New kingdoms were to be had for the taking. Powers and virtues unknown to the peoples of the Old World had perhaps been preserved through the ages in remote and fortunate islands. All things became possible; credulity was wiser than experience; and the wonders reported were reckoned merely the first fruits of greater things to come. The society of the Old World meanwhile was rent in twain by the schism in the Christian Church. Great monarchies were tottering to their fall. The signs and portents of the times pointed to the beginning of a new age, when the riches and power of the world should be the prize of bold adventurers, and courage the only passport to success."

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUTH OF THE COMPANY 1600—1743.

THE JACOBEOAN TRAVELLERS.

All the age was romantic; its picture was splashed and glowing everywhere with the brave colours of life and adventure. And even when they did not at once startle the literary imagination into achievement, the gorgeousness they threw upon the canvas gave the promise of productiveness in its stimulation of life itself. The history of literature is that of one variety of the impulses of the nation, and all national as well as human impulses are frequent in subtle interaction. No one could attempt to understand the 17th century in England while ignoring the influence of religion on personalities and institutions; no more can one intelligently watch the growth of the nation or the development of its impulses to literary expression without frequent glances at the movements of British merchants and travellers in the Indies. The impulse which Elizabeth's rivalry with Philip II had given to trade and navigation made it necessary, for honesty and safety, to bring them under the management of able and responsible merchants. These sought to strengthen their position by connecting the whole business with the state and sovereign by obtaining from Elizabeth a charter, and

THE BATHERS

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the stake in their prestige and their control which a charter implied.

In the charter which Elizabeth gave to the Honourable Company in 1600, she did little more than declare with the familiar legal mixture of precision and redundance the same intention which she had already so eloquently spoken in the letter which John Newbury carried to the Emperor Akbar. She made the Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading with the East Indies, one body, corporate and politic, because "greatly tending" as she truly said, "to the honour of Our Nation, the wealth of Our people, and the encouragement of them, and others Our loving subjects in their good enterprises, for the increase of Our navigation, and the advancement of lawfull traffique, to the benefit of Our Commonwealth". So it was that she sent them "to set forth one or more voyages, with convenient number of ships and pynasses, by way of traffique and merchandise to the East Indians".

This charter is the last great privilege granted by the Tudors to the companies, and it is not too much to describe it as "the final document of the century"; yet it is a document which looks forward much more than back. The reign of Elizabeth was nearly over; Gresham and Aldworth and Courthope were old men; the movements which they had initiated under the Queen, however, were not stopped by the accession of James I, for he was not wanting in sagacity. She indeed sympathised with the enterprise of her people as he could never do, and took a personal pride and interest in her subjects' ventures, in the distances to which their trade extended. She realised that they were making her London the commercial centre of the world: and this sympathy means that

each great act of hers has not only its importance in the history of England but is significant of the imagination of her people. "The note of Elizabethan literature peculiar, and in some sense provincial, as it is, but ranging far and wide, and never out of breath, always strong and sound of voice—Shakespeare's note is already the note of the reign, of the nation. It addresses the world, it echoes back, it resounds again, everywhere, at home, particularly in the capital, at the theatre, and on'change. People look beyond the angry Channel, the Dutch danger, the Spanish dread. They see the Tsar of Moscow, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the great Indian Mogul, coming to terms of alliance and intercourse, from far overland, from far beyond the seas, glad to negotiate with the London Companies and to treat with the English Crown and Nation; and thus a fresh bond is knit between the growing commerce of England and the sagacious Sovereign and her advisers, who have known so well how to guide the State."¹ The loyalty of citizens, and the credit of merchant and the dignity of the Throne met with and enhanced the spirit and imagination of the country. The work of the travellers we are about to study was a direct inspiration to literary achievement. In the few years since the capture of the *Madre-de-Dios*, English travellers had not been idle; and their efforts had been stimulated by the competition of the Dutch Commander, Cornelius Houtman, for commercial ascendancy in the East. So it was that John Mildenhall had set out in the wake of Fitch's company to travel by the Euphrates to India, but instead of descending as his

¹ Quarterly Review, Jan. 1901, p. 62.

predecessor had done to Basrah, he went on by Karman and Kandahar to Lahore. At Agra he came into the presence of the Great Mogul and pleaded for commercial privileges. There he confronted the Jesuits from Southern Europe who had preceded his arrival and who, he says, sought day and night to work his displeasure: when the King asked them for an opinion of Mildenhall "they flatly answered him that our nation were all theeves".¹ But at last the King was moved against the Jesuits and Mildenhall pleaded from the example of Elizabeth's ambassador at Constantinople giving always at his first coming "a great and princely present", that a like profit of rich presents and honour was like to redound to His Majesty by having bargain and intercourse with the Queen of England. Then turning to the Jesuits he asked them "In the twelve yeares space that you have served the King, how many Ambassadors, and how many presents have you procured to the benefit of his Majestie?" And when one of the attendant princes pointed out that no present or profit had accrued, "the King was very merrie and laughed at the Jesuites, having no word to answer". So did John Mildenhall prepare the way for the weightier embassies which, a year or two later, were sent on behalf of the Company, by King James.

The first voyagers went all to the Islands. Likewise the enterprising and enthusiastic traveller, William Lithgow, got no nearer India than Baghdad. We learn nothing of India in the "Totall Discourse and the rare Adventures and painful Peregrinations" (1605) of that patriotic Scotsman, much of

¹ Purchas, "Pilgrimes", II, 300.

whose stories was repeated in Purchas, and it was not until 1608 that William Keeling arrived on the Indian coast. This is our first record of an English ship sailing to the mainland of India. His account of his dealings with Jehangir is well known. The Mogul Emperor was evidently well disposed to European travellers: "with a most kind and smiling countenance he bade me most heartily welcome" says Hawkins . . . "he spake unto mee in the kindest manner that could be."¹ The Protestantism of Hawkins was not a little suspicious when he found, like Mildenhall before him, that the Jesuits were disposed to put patriotism before charity, and, using almost the same expression as his predecessor, he says "The Jesuits and Portugals slept not, but by all meanes sought my overthrow". However, if this was so, they seemed to fail, for Hawkins was successful and the Emperor favoured him in his purposes. "In fine under his greate seale with Golden Letters his Commission was written so firmly for our good, and so free as heart can wish." This was in 1609, but a year later his theme is "the Mogul's inconstancie" and in the end he returned to England with no more than a record of his travels. The most valuable part of those is his "briefe Discourse of the strength, wealth and Government of the Mogul Empire, divided into five great kingdoms". He then speaks of the King's yearly income, his gold, and silver, and jewels, and jewels wrought in gold. "Swords of Almaine Blades, with the hilts and scabbards set with divers sorts of rich stones, of the richest sort . . . Brooches for their heads, where into their Feathers to put, these be very rich, and of them there

are two thousand . . . Saddles of Gold and Silver, set with stones . . . Of Kittasoles of state for to shadow him there be twentie . . . Of drinking cuppes five hundred and fiftie very rich, that is to say, made of one piece of Ballace, Ruby, and also of Emerods, of Eshim, of Turkish stone, and of other sorts of stones. Of Chaines of Pearl, and Chaines of all sorts of precious stones, and Ringes with Jewels of rich Diamants, Ballace Rubies, Rubies and old Emerods, there is an infinite number which only the Keeper knoweth. Besides these, there were twelve thousand horses, faire and goodly elephants and all sorts of beasts." And finally Hawkins gave his personal impression of Jehangir, of his cruel commands and bloody executions, and of his attention to religion, and how he ate and drank and slept.

Hawkins tells us but little of the great Indian world outside the court. For a description of that, we have the letter of his friend William Finch, who gives us an account of their arrival in the Tapti and their dining with a merchant, of the hostility of Portugals and Jesuits, and of the appearance of Surat. Surat is the typical factory of the Company. Its position was important; it lay on an ancient trade route between the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Gulf of Cambay. It could turn to new use an older importance. Surat was at one end, Jedda and Mombasa at the other, of a frequented course, the line taken by pilgrims from Agra to Mecca, as by sailors from Asia to Europe. The weather there, as he notices, differs from that of Goa in that the Monsoon, though sometimes violent, did not bring such continual rain: Surat indeed though well within the tropic line and surrounded by a palmy plain lacks the luxuriant profusion of growth which

distinguishes the coast line from Cheul to Quilon. Like Broach, its outlines varied with the growth of trees and pleasant gardens, and with walls and roofs of European building, give it even now an appearance, especially in the neighbourhood of the castle, rather of a Dutch or Belgian river town. "The Citie" Finch wrote, "is of good quantitie, with many faire merchants houses therein, standing twentie miles within the land, up a faire River As you come up the River, on the right hand stands the castle walled, detached, reasonable great and faire with a number of faire peecees, whereof some of exceeding greatnesse. It hath one fort to the Greenward, with a drawbridge and a small port on the river side Before this lyeth the medow, which is a pleasant greene, in the midst whereof is a maypole to hang a light on, and for other pastimes on great Festivals."

Finch's discourse is a more deliberate attempt to give an impression of the country and he adds to his own impressions the accounts of another traveller, Nicholas Uphlet. Going first to Fatehpur Sikri, Finch gives a description of the court and buildings. Among other places seen by him or his acquaintances was Gwalior: "It is", he says, "a pleasant city with a castle"; the magnificent situation of its fort cannot fail to strike even a cursory and unobservant traveller. Above the plain and lower hills, it rises on a great oval rock of several miles length to the height of several hundred feet: on the east the impressive outlines of the ancient palace of Man Singh adorn the centre of the rock, — "a ruinous building where divers great men have been interred". Finch ascended the cleft on the west where a path cut in the rock ascends

above an overgrown gorge to the summit of the cliff. "From the court at the lowest gate", he tells us, "leads a narrow stone cawsey walled on both sides, in the way are three gates to be passed, all exceeding strong, with courts of guard to each. At the top of all, at the entrance of the last gate, standeth a mighty Elephant of stone very curiously wrought. This gate is also exceeding stately to behold, whose wals are all set with greene and blue stone, with divers gilded turrets on the top."

Finch was the first Englishman to express an interest in the admirable and curious designs of Indian buildings. Ajmere, Ahmedabad, Lahore and Chitorgarh, all come into his account, this last he tells us is "an impregnable castle, called Em Chitto, the cheefe seat of Rana a very powerful Rajah, whom neither Potan nor the Acaba himself could ever subdue." "It is", says another account "an ancient Citie ruined on a hill but so that it appears a tombe of wonderfull magnificence. There stand above one hundred Churches, all of carved stone, many faire towers and Lanthornes cut thorow many pillars and innumerable houses, but no one inhabitant. There is but one ascent to the hill, it being precipitous, sloaping up, cut out of the Rocke, having four gates in the ascent before one arrive at the Citie gate which is magnificent."

Here description is still more deliberate and has reached a greater power. It is from the account which was given by Sir Thomas Roe of his Embassy to the Mogul court. The success of Roe's mission was due not only to historical circumstances and notably to the victory which Thomas Best with his two ships, the *Red Dragon* and the *Hosiander*,

won over the Portuguese fleet off Swally Roads in 1610 and Downton's victory two years later, but also and more to the combination of firmness and independence with humanity and charm in Roe's own character.

Sir Thomas Roe was one of those remarkable personalities which crowded the later years of great Elizabeth. None of their names are repeated in the schoolroom, but it was they who made real to England the achievements of Raleigh and of Drake. Roe's mother was a niece of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, the dignified unscrupulous patriot who went on financial missions for Elizabeth and who touched nothing in which he did not succeed. His shrewd handsome bearded face look down from the walls of the Royal Portrait Gallery to tell us more, but not too much, of the attitude towards life, the meaning to society, of the City Man. Roe was brought up in this tradition; in his youth he had explored America: his later age was given to diplomacy in India, Constantinople and the North. Determined, dignified, shrewd, kindly and with a distinct appreciation of both the quaintness and the splendour of an oriental court, he was not only admirably suited to conduct his mission but endowed also with no mean capacity to describe it, and a visit to Mogul India to conclude an important treaty provided a diplomat with ample properties to add to the traditional style which still adorns the despatches of the foreign representatives of His Britannic Majesty. He was in thorough sympathy with oriental ceremony, and never fails to display his interest in the fashions of their 'high but barbarous state'. His visit to the Sultan of Socotra gave him a foretaste of what he was

to enjoy at the Mogul court. "The Sultan", he tells us,¹ "met our fleet with three hundred or thereabouts, having set up a tent at Bara Delicia, he rode upon a horse and three of his chiefe servants on two horses and one camell, the people marching before and behind him, shouting after the Turkish manner When the General went ashore he received him with state and courtesie: he is a subtle man of good understanding, as appears by his Government and divers Answers. He reigns so absolutely that no man can sell anything but himselfe, his people sit about him with great respect, his officers standing by, who take account of trade and receive and pay: his clothes are of Surat Stuffles, after the Arabs manner with a Cassock of wrought velvet, red and white, and another the ground Gold, a very good Turbant, but barefooted, every night at sunset they stand or kneele all towards the Sunne and pray, the Xeriff throwing water on their heads: their religion is Mahometan."

After several months Roe arrived at Ajmere where Jehangir was then holding his court, and on Jan. 10th 1615 went to the Durbar where the Mogul was accustomed to sit out daily to entertain strangers, to receive petitions and presents, to give commands, to see and to be seen. As he sat in his gallery overhead, with his ambassadors and great men in a rail under him, and his gentry in an outer rail, and the people without, in a bare court, the scene struck Roe's fancy for all the world like a theatre. The Emperor received him very graciously, enquiring for his health, which had not been good; and dismissed him with more favour than

¹ Purchas IV, 319.

he had shewn to any ambassador before. Sir Thomas presented him with an English coach which took his fancy so well that, late as it was in the evening, he got into it and was not content till Roe's men dragged him round the courtyard. "He is very affable and of a cheerful countenance —without pride," the narrative immediately adds.¹ Two days later, Sir Thomas, taking a present, went to visit him in his Palace, where, though struck with the gorgeousness, he was even more repelled by the lack of taste,—“of so divers pieces” he writes, “and so unsuitable, that it was rather patched than glorious, as if it seemed to strive to shewe all, like a Lady that with her Plate set on a Cupboard her imbroydered Slippers.”¹

As months passed, the Ambassador began to see that he was but little advanced in the end for which his Master had employed him “which was to conclude a firme, and constant love and peace between their Majesties”, and Jehangir, after the first declaration that any such request was already granted, refused a thought to anything more practical till Roe chanced to mention that in his country there were to be found curiosities of rare price and estimation. Then Jehangir's interest suddenly revived. What was there, he asked, jewels or rich stones? Nay, answered the Ambassador, such might be found in India, but excellent artifices, rare and unseen, enamelling, carved figures, rich embroideries, stuffs of gold and silver. For these, as it turned out, the Mogul shewed no enthusiasm. “Hee² said it was very well: but that hee desired an English horse. I answered it was

¹ Hakluyt IV, p. 489.

² Purchas, His Pilgrimes, IV, 434.

impossible by sea, and by land the Turke would not suffer passage. Hee replyed that he thought it not impossible by Sea. I told him the dangers of stormes and the varietie of weather would proove it. Hee answered if six were put in a ship, one might live; and though it came leane, he would fat it. I replied, I was confident it could not be in so long a Voyage, but that for his Majestie's satisfacion, I would write to advise of his request. So he asked what was it then that I demanded? I said that hee would be pleased to sign certaine reasonable conditions, which I had conceived for the confirmation of the league and the securitie of our Nation, and their great trade."

Negotiations had not advanced much further when in July, Jehangir, who took delight in miniatures, told Roe he had heard (for his spies were everywhere) that in the English train was a young painter who did excellent work. "I replied¹ according to truth that there was none but a young man, a Merchant, that for his exercise did with a Pen draw some figures, but very meanely, farre from the arte of Painting." This answer did not dull the curiosity of Jehangir and Sir Thomas at last said he would bring such toys as he had. To this Jehangir replied with the offer of an elephant." I made a Reverence and answered that I humbly thanked his Majesty, Elephants were of no such use to mee." A little later Roe received from Mahabat Khan a Firman, or treaty, for merchants to trade at Broach, to buy, sell and transport any commodities at their pleasure without any molestation. So far did Roe succeed in his mission, and

“the copies” he says, “are worth the seeing for the rarenesse of the phrase.”

On the 6th August, he was again summoned to the Durbar to receive the thanks of the King for a picture he had lately given him, and which the King had very cunningly copied.¹ “So with many passages of jests, mirth and bragges, concerning the Arts of his country, hee fell to aske mee questions, how often I dranke a day and how much and what? what in England? what Beere was? how made? and whether I could make it? In all which I satisfied his great demands of state.”

Sir Thomas devotes a considerable part of his account to the celebration of the Emperor's birthday. When Roe saw him that day “He was so rich in Jewels” he says, “that I must confesse I never saw together so unvallewable wealth.” At ten in the evening Jehangir sent for him again: “when I came in I found him sitting crosselegged on a little Throne, all clad in Diamonds, Pearles and Rubies, before him a table of Gold, in it about fifty pieces of Gold plate, yet all with stones, some of less value but all of them almost covered with small stones, his nobilitie about him in their best equipage whom he commanded to drink froliquely, several wines standing by in great flagons.”

The charm and splendour even of such ceremonies as these did not prevent the Ambassador from feeling real annoyance at the slowness with which he progressed in his business. “The fourth of September, I found it easie to judge what it is to traffique with those faithlesse people.

¹ Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*, p. 844.

Seven months I had promise from week to week, and from day to day, and no exception, but finding that I had so drawne them that I should not much need the Prince, and if we disliked, we might refuse his government, he utterly renounced his word in choler and rage. I durst not leave him nor take notice of his falsehood I had a wolfe by the eares."

A little later, there came news of the arrival of four English ships with merchandise, after a victory over the Portuguese. Jehangir applauded the valour of the English but soon "fell off to. What hath the King sent me? I answered Many tokens of his love and affection: that my Master knew he was the Lord of the best part of Asia, the richest Prince of the East. That to send his Majestie rich Presents were to cast Pearls into the sea, the mother and storehouse of them, that therefore his Majestie thought it unnecessary, but had presented him, with his love, with many curious toyes which I hoped would give him content He enquired for Dogges, I told him, some had their fortune in the fight, some dyed, two were preserved for him, at which hee rejoiced, and continued if I could procure him a Horse of our great size, such as I described, he would accept it better than a Crowne."

A little later the Persian Ambassador arrived, bringing a long train of presents, which are detailed by Sir Thomas. "These¹ presents were not delivered now; onely a Bill of them. His own furniture was rich, leading nine spare Horses, trapped in Gold and Silver; about his turbant was wreathed

¹ Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*, p. 368.

a chaine of Pearles, Rubies and Turquesses and three Pipes of Gold, aunwerable for three spridges of Feathers. Yet I caused diligent observance to be made of his reception and compared it with mine owne. And find he had in nothing more grace, in many things not so much, in ranke far inferiour to that allowed me, except onely his meeting without the Towne, which by reason of my sicknesse was omitted to be demanded." So it was that the man who came to plead for the rights of the English merchants held his own in the court whose "pompous braverie" stimulated, as it would have satisfied, great dreams of avarice. "I confesse"¹ wrote Sir Thomas Roe "the expence is wonderful and the riches daily seene invaluable". All this wealth was concentrated on the person of the Emperor, whose gorgeous Eastern state possessed the imagination of England for long years to come, whose realms offered as great opportunities to mercantile speculation as his pageantry outshone all other romantic ceremonial. "The King"² says our Ambassador in one place "descended the staires with such an acclamation of Health to the King as would have out-cryed Cannons. At the staires foote, where I met him, ... one brought a mighty Carpe Then another came and buckled on his sword and buckler, set all over with great Diamonds and Rubies, the belts of gold sutable: another hung on his quiver with thirty arrows, and his bow in a case (the same that was presented by the Persian Ambassadour); on his head he wore a rich turbant with a plume of horne tops, not many but long; on one side hung a ruby unset as big as a walnut, on

¹ Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*, p. 369.

² *Ibid.*, p. 376.

the other side a Diamond as great; in the middle an Emerald like a heart much bigger. His Shash was wreathed about with a chaine, of great Pearles, Rubies and Diamonds dried; about his necke he caryed a chaine of most excellent Pearle thrice double, so great as I never saw; at his elbow armlets set with Diamonds, and on his wrists three rowes of Diamonds of severall sorts; his hands bare but on almost every finger a Ring; his gloves were English, stucke under his girdle; his coat of cloath of Gold, without sleeves, upon a fine Semian as thinne as Lawne; on his feete a paire of embroydered buskins with Pearle, the toes sharpe and turning up." It was this figure, enthroned or moving in procession among the ensigns of majesty, it was the Great Mogul on whom story and imagination were concentrated, to whom Milton referred when he wished to bring his readers to admire in the splendour of Satan's eminence in hell a richness of display beyond the most exaggerated glories of this world.

At the end of 1616, Jehangir went on tour and after some little time Roe joined him. The magnificence of the Mogul's camp struck the Englishman as little less than that of the Palace and is says Roe "one of the wonders of my little experience". His travels with Jehangir were to give him a further insight into the imperial character; the Mogul's drunkenness and his "divers passions", his childish ambitions, his shrewdness, his cruelty and amiability, his respect for Sir Thomas himself, "I¹ acknowledge you an Ambassadour, I have found you a gentleman in your usage At your returne I will send you home with honour, with reward, and

¹ Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*, p. 395.

according to your qualities, and not respecting what you brought me, will like a King present your Lord and Master." This was flattering enough, and yet, says Roe, a few sentences later "There was not a misery, nor punishment, which either the want of Government or the naturall disposition of the Clime gave us not".¹

And indeed when early in 1617 he set sail for England again, his great achievement was to have written down his impressions of India. In them was an "easie and neere view of those remote, Regions, Peoples, Rites, Religions" and "out of them (as was excellently written by Roe's first critical appreciator) "well wrought on by an understanding spirit might be hewed and framed a delightful commentary of the Mogull and his subjects".

Equally delightful is the Mogul's own letter to King James:

"Unto a King rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in Military Affairs, and clothed with Honour and Justice, A Commander worthy of all Command, strong and constant in Religion, which the great Prophet Christ did teach, King James, whose love hath bred such impression in my thoughts, as shall never be forgotten, but as the smell of Amber, or as a Garden of fragrant flowers whose beautie and odour is still increasing, so be assured my love shall grow and increase with yours. Your letter which you sent me in the behalfe of your merchants I have received, whereby I rest satisfied in your tender love towards me; and desire you not to take it ill, for not having writ unto you heretofore: for this my

present letter, I send to renew our loves and herewith do certifie you, that I have sent forth my Firmaunds thorow all my Countreys to this effect; that if any English ships or merchants shall arrive in any of my ports, my People shall permit and suffer them to doe what they will freely in their merchandizing causes, aiding and assisting them in all occasions of injuries that shall bee offered them, as also that they bee as free and freer than my owne People. And as now and formerly I have received from you divers Tokens of your love: so I desire your mindfulnessse of me by some novelties from your Countrey, as an Argument of friendship between Us: for such is the Custome of Princes heere.

“As for your merchants, I have given expresse order through all my Country, to suffer them to sell, buy, transport, and carry away at their Pleasures, without the let or hinderance of any person whatsoever, all such goods and merchandize or other things, as they shall desire to buy, and let this My Letter as fully satisfie you in the desired peace and love, as if my owne sonne had beene the messenger to ratifie the same. And if any in my Countrey not fearing God, nor obeying their King, or any other void of Religion, should endeavour, or be in Instrument to breake this league of friendship; I would send my sonne Sultan Coronne, a souldier approved in the warres, to cut him off, that no Obstacle may hinder the continuance, and increasing of Our affections.”

With such examples of the flowered design of Persian literature before them, English observers were the better disposed to write of “the Orientall India” whose stately and romantic scenes were working impression on their thoughts; but our first travellers were too close to the realities of life

to be carried away from vividness by any literary convention; they were just and accurate observers. As Sir Thomas Roe with all his courtliness never scrupled to mention the weaknesses of the Mogul's character nor the childishness of his fancies, so his chaplain, Edward Terry, who wrote a very appreciative account of the country, describes the meanness of its hovels as well as the splendour of its palaces. His essay supplements the Ambassador's narrative. Sir Thomas gave despatches of his embassy and his attention was focussed on the court; Mr Terry delighted in describing simpler quaintnesses, and how at a tropic island they could purchase a hatfull of oranges for a piece of blank paper; his was a quiet and grateful spirit, he loved to point out fresh instances of the bounty with which his Maker provided for the pleasures and the wants of creatures, and where he could not do that, he found a reflection which was appropriate to his profession.

So after enlarging on the delights to be enjoyed in the Mogul's empire, he points out "lest this remote country should seem like an earthly Paradise without any discommodities, very great was the danger there from lions, tigers, jackals, in the rivers from crocodiles, and on the land from snakes and other venomous and pernicious beasts, in the houses men were stung by scorpions, and in the heat of the day they were pestered by swarms of flies which would not allow the food to be placed on the table, it was spoiled before they covered it; at night the buzz and sting of mosquitoes, and there were many rats so hungry that they would often bite even a man as he was lying in his bed". As for the climate, as we all know, the months of April and May and the beginning of June till the monsoon bursts are so extremely hot

that, in Terry words "the winde blowing but gently receives such heate from the parched ground that it much offends those that receive the breath of it. Besides the heat there are dust storms, thick clouds of sand, blowing so violently that they bring dust through every door and window and causing great annoyance to all they fall upon".¹ But so everywhere pleasures and discomforts compensate for one another and the chaplain reminds us that "there is no Country without some discommodities for therefore the wise Disposer of all things hath tempered bitter things with sweet to teach man there is no true and perfect content to be found in any kingdom but that of God".

Reviewing this world so amiably from the standpoint of eternity, he naturally saw the world, and Indian things, in their right perspective. Much occupied, as we should expect, with peoples and manners and religion, he still describes his India truly, not omitting the mention of heathen virtues though he loves to dilate upon the more excellent way of the faith of which he was himself persuaded. Here for instance is his account of the mosque and the muezzin crying from the minaret.

"The Mahomedans have faire Churches which they call Mesquits, built of stone, the broad side towards the West is made up close like a Wall; that toward the East is erected on pillars so that the length of them is North and South which way they bury their dead. At the corners of their great Churches which stand in Cities are high Pinnacles to whose tops the Moolaas ascend certain times of the day, and

proclaime their prophet Mahomet thus in Arabian: La Alla illa Alla Mahomet Resul Alla: that is No God but one God, and Mahomet the Ambassadour of God. This in stead of bells which they endure not in their Temples, put the most religious in minde of their devotions. Which words Master Coryat after hearing in Agra, upon a certaine time got up into a Turret over against the priest and contradicted him thus in a loude voice: La illa illa Alla Hazaret Gesa Ebn Alla, No God but one God and Christ the Sonn of God," a profession for which, as Terry remarks, under a Mussulman regime less tolerant than that of Jehangir, he might well have been tortured to death.

The zeal was in any case a little strident, and is noted in Purchas as an example of "Coryat's Cruditie". So we come upon one of the most striking, not to say notorious, persons ever connected with the history of travel, and catch him at a characteristic moment; for his methods of procedure were always egoistic and bizarre. His style, at once pompous and pseudocomic, is for the most part as affected as can be found. Though the *Crudities* have their value, and here and there the description is vigorous and vivid, Coryat was on the whole one of the most tiresome creatures that ever existed.

"When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?" Donne asks him. Donne wrote a satire on the book of travels which the author, as we have seen, frankly called by a suitable name and which Donne says had the mysterious value of that of the Sybils, for "every piece is as much worth as all", but, he adds, his brain was unequal to the task of reading it, and rather than read all he would read none.

“You then”, he says, “appear
As deep a statesman as a Gazetteer.
Homely and familiarly when thou com'st back
Talk of Will Conqueror and Prester Jack.”

The abrogation of familiarity with things or people more remote, dignified, or august than a particular individual is likely to know at all is one of the most aggressive forms of pretentiousness: Coryat's way was not unlike that of the suburban gentleman who always mentions by their nicknames a society which he neither enters nor is likely to enter. Pretentiousness flavoured everything he wrote. The Indus, he tells us, rises in the Caucasus. He had a passion for sensationalism; he was for ever crying wolf; it was his principle that if one cannot always be accurate, at least nothing need prevent one exaggerating. He delighted in superlatives. The plains between Lahore and Agra are described as “such a delicate and even tract of ground as I never saw before”, the trees planted along the road for shade are described as extending, from the townes end of Lahore to the townes end of Agra; the most incomparable show of that kind that ever my eyes beheld”; the elephants fighting before Jehangir are “the bravest spectacle in the world”. Coryat spoke of himself at Ajmere as enjoying “as pancraticall and athleticall a health, as ever I did in my life”. India is “the most famigerated region of all the East”. His rage for superlatives was but one expression of his general tautology. So writing of Jehangir, he says “He is of complexion neither white nor black but of a middle betwixt them: I know not how to expresse it with more expressive and significant epitheton than

olive: an olive colour his face presenteth"¹ and again of a present to Jehangir "the whole of it, was worth ten of their Leakes as they call them: a leake being ten thousand pounds sterling; the whole a hundred thousand pounds sterling".

And yet from one point of view Coryat was no fool. It is he who tells the story that Akbar once threatened to torture a man for being a Christian and when the man still affirmed his faith gave him instead a pension of a rupee a day; but when the same man, being ordered to carry home a boar for the Emperor, threw it away because Mussulmans watching him despised him (the pig to them being a polluted animal) then Akbar called for him once more, and said that to a Christian there was nothing shameful in touching a pig; if then a Christian refused to carry out an order, because Moslems jeered at him, he was not constant in his faith. So Akbar took away his pension and ordered him a thrashing instead. Coryat's account is probably quite untrustworthy. There are substantial differences between it and a story told by Father Jerome which happens to relate to the same incident.² Yet Coryat brings out the point of this story with zest": and whatever his failings he always managed to attract the attention of more distinguished minds. He was lampooned by John Taylor "the water poet" who thus added to his notoriety, and he induced Sir Thomas Roe at once to take him into his train, he lived on the English embassy for nothing, he shared a room with Terry, he established himself

¹ Purchas IV, 478.

² See Sir E. Maclagan's monograph on *The Jesuit Mission or the Emperor Akbar* first printed in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. Vol. LXV. Part I, no. 1 (1896).

as a friend with Sir Robert and Lady Shirley as they were returning into Persia through Afghanistan, in England he was on terms at least of good acquaintance with Ben Jonson, with Donne, and Donne's friend, Christopher Brooke, and with Sir Dodmore Cotton. Like Disraeli, he knew how to make affectations attract attention. Not a literary man but knew something of him and had some regard for him. Indeed he more than all others brought foreign countries, and among them India, to the attention of the world of letters.

John Davis, Thomas Best, Nicholas Downton, Thomas Elkington, Edward Dodsworth, Richard Steel, John Crowther, and Walter Peyton, a company of gallant adventurers, able captains, shrewd observers came back with relations of the Orient, but their plainer heroisms are not more noted than the eccentricities and peregrinations of Thomas Coryat. Evidently there is worse to do than adventurously to play the clown.

Another adventurer of more doubtful character than Coryat made at this time a contribution to English drama directly inspired by the Company's voyages. His play *The Lanchinge of the Mary, or the Seaman's Honest Wyfe* has never been printed, and has not been noticed in histories of the drama. It remains in MS. in the British Museum.¹ Professor Boas in articles in the *Times Literary Supplement* in December 1917 and in August and September 1918 first drew attention to its existence, and by the help of Mr. Foster at the India Office, he was able to identify its author, described on the MS. as "W:M:Gent", with Walter Mountfort,

an officer of the Company. This Mountfort had entered its service before 1615, and by July 1621, being in serious trouble over his accounts was temporarily dismissed. He was still in disfavour when the *Mary*, a ship named after the Queen, was launched in 1626. His persistent importunity, however, afterwards procured him service overseas. After two or three years in the East, he returned to England in 1632 on the *Blessing*. His transactions on the voyage caused him to be charged with embezzlement, and whether to distract attention from his dangerous courses, or to curry favour with the Directors from slightly different motives, he beguiled the long voyage by writing his play. In this he exposed the outrage of the Dutch at Amboyna; he made a detailed apology for the commercial activities of the Company on the lines of Sir Thomas Mun's political economy which he closely followed; he attempted to defend, as his sub-title suggests, the wives of East Indian Seamen as a class from scandal. But these considerations cannot give it the literary quality, cannot alter the fact that it is a rough play and it is a poor play.

Side by side with the more literary accounts as those also of Burton, and Methold, and Lundy, the English impression of India was completer and more definite from the letters which our English factors and settlers were sending home. These however were far more occupied with the details of their own life and business than with a study of oriental India; and though they are of interest and value as giving a picture of a life of the first merchants who came out, they were read by few in England except those interested in the honourable company, they could not provoke excitement about India as Stevens is said to have done; and though the great

age of Elizabeth and Raleigh and Shakespeare was passing away, literature was still unable to fasten its interest on the subjects of every-day business. Its pictures were still to be high-coloured, it loved portents and phantasies and hyperbole and display. The next traveller of note to visit the East and to indulge this taste was Sir Thomas Herbert, another member of the great family of the Earls of Pembroke, and thus a distant kinsman both of George Herbert and of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Though he did not publish his account of them till 1634, he began his travels in 1626, at the age of twenty, and remained in the East for some time visiting Persia and India and the Islands as far East as the Celebes.

Turpe mihi abire domo vacuumque redire est. So Herbert chose to express the intention kept before him. Amongst Englishmen he was the first to visit India other than as a commercial traveller. As Thomas, Lord Fairfax quaintly wrote in his commendatory verses on Herbert's book,

"He traded not with lucre sotted,
He went for knowledge and he got it."

In his book there is therefore, except for Coryat's letters, a complete departure from the style of those who had visited India before him. Here again was the clever young man seeing strange things in a far country, and wishing to lose no opportunity of showing his cleverness. But he had juster means of doing so than Coryat. He studied diligently to be accurate: "If I have made no topographic mistakes" he tells us, "I feare no other deviations". His writing is vigorous when he is able to shake himself free of the attitudes of a young poseur; he makes a study of Hinduism which in

consideration of his circumstances was just and thorough. This is the more remarkable because his temperament had but little affinity with the people, and he indulged his wit in giving them a description as fantastic as he felt themselves to be outlandish. In Ceylon, Heber was to say, "only man is vile". Herbert was franker still: "Thé ile" he writes "is over-runne with stinking weeds of cursed Heythenisme", as the ports of the East were "lorded by many black but daring Pagans". Nor was he less forcible in his account of the inhabitants of the mainland: speaking of the Zamorin of Calicut, that "respectable coast chieftain" according to Sir W. Hunter, Herbert describes him "a Prince of great power and awe, black as the devill and as treacherous, is also of his religion and makes him heir of all his offerings" "A naked negro" he adds later "but as proud as Lucifer, as swarthy and tyrannical. The Nairoes are his hords, a sort of Mama-luck; they live by the sweat of other men's browes, lust wholly masters them." Not less quaint is his account of the people as a whole: "The people generally are big limb'd, strong, coleblack and weare their haire (More like wooll than haire) long and curled, about their heads they wreathe a small but curious sort of lynnenn wrought with gold and silk: their waist is circled with a peece of callico, which makes them modest: from the thigh downwards and from their middle upwards are surely naked. The vulgar sort weare about their waist a parti-coloured plad (like Barbers' Aprons') and prick their skin in many places. The women (such as credit Mahomet) vaile themselves like other Indyans: such as affect gentilism covet nakednesse; their greatest ornament and pride is their eares and noses, they suppose them most

brave most courtly, who can teare or dilacerate their eares widest (which they effect by many ponderous baubles they hang there) and ring their snouts with silver, brasse or ivorie: their armes and leggs also are chained richly. The ethnique marriages want not superstition: where God is not knowne, the devill envelopes and traines them up in mystique darknesse."

Not that Herbert refuses to give its due to the mildness of the Hindus and the Jains: he laments that they are lorded over by the "lawless Moores": they are no swaggerers, nor roisterers; domineering and fighting they hate, and rather than engage in it they would always allow themselves to be fleeced; and would that all were like them: "courteous in behaviour, temperate in passion, moderate in apparell, abstemious in dyet, humble, mercifull and so innocent as not to undoe the silliest vermin; doubting that if they should destroy any living thing, thereby they might dispossesse their parents or dear friends of a peaceful mansion, but by eating such may peradventure devour the soules of such as once were dearest to them."

For some years after his return from the East, Herbert was occupied in travel. When the civil war broke out, he took the side of the Puritans, but when later appointed to attend the King in captivity, he appears to have fallen under the spell which the personality of Charles, especially in the sorrows which led up to his execution, exercised on the sentiments and imaginations of those around him. For his faithful attendance on the unfortunate King, Charles II rewarded Herbert with a baronetcy at the Restoration, and he passed the remainder of his life in pursuing in England

at his leisure the studies which had occupied his youth and which, as we shall see, absorbed much of the interest of intellectual England in the years which followed the Restoration of the Monarchy.

JEREMY TAYLOR, MILTON and SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Before we reach the consideration of that period, we must pause and survey the amount of Eastern treasure in the ideas then inspiring great English prose and poetry. The feeling for keen adventure, the tension and excitement of the Elizabethans had passed away, and Englishmen were no longer concentrated on the life of action; thinking interested them more; even when they fought, it was in support of ideas. Philosophy, theology, controversy, these absorbed them. Travel became more of a study, less of an adventure. Its inspiration affected more the student than the chronicler of events. Burton acquainted himself with India not by listening to sailors, but by reading the Portuguese Garcia d' Orta. "Garcias ab Horta makes mention of an hearb called *Datura* which if it be eaten for twenty-four hours following takes away all sense of grief, makes them incline to laughter and mirth." Clarendon tells us nothing at all of India. Nor did remote countries appeal to all students. Cowley was a philosopher as well as the most popular poet of that age: there is no mention of India in his poetry; the nearest he comes is to Arabian perfumes, which are vague enough; the next to that is a reference to a fleet in the Mediterranean. Isaak Walton wrote the lives of several poets and searched the world for anecdotes and observation on his favourite sport.

All that India meant to him he learnt from Pliny: even when he speaks of suttee, he refers only to the Greeks: he seems to know nothing of that arresting phenomenon as a custom of India. It was indeed never the merely quiet student whom India attracted: she meant no more to Baxter or to Bunyan, than she meant to Isaak Walton. And indeed what should a tinker, even a tinker inspired by his passionate study of the Bible know of the voyages of merchants towards the domains of the great Moghul? But we are not to think that because Bunyan, or Baxter or Lucy Hutchinson, never mention the inspiration of eastern travel, therefore it never affected the growth of the seventeenth century. If it was meaningless to the immortal Nonconformist dreamer, it was pregnant and familiar to the polished ecclesiastic who so carefully and beautifully decorated the piety of a High-churchman.

Coarse satire was not the method of Jeremy Taylor, but the depth of his knowledge and the sweep of his discursive imagination returned him several times to India. In his theological studies, he notes that the Christians of India kneel to receive the Divine Mysteries of Holy Communion, and from profane scholarship he culled a pretty story of Aelian's about the respect which according to even Brahminical ideas was due to parents from their children:— "The Brahmans tell of a certain King of the Indians that had many sons who being all of them (the youngest only excepted) immorigerous and rebellious, at last drove their father and mother from their kingdom; and they with their youngest son wandering in strange places were quickly consumed with age and weariness and inconvenience. The youngest son

seeing his parents dead, burnt their bodies, and striking his head with a sword, put the ashes in the wound, by that act of piety giving his parents the most honourable sepulture, but with it also emblematically representing that his parents even after death had power upon his head and that his head ought to be submitted to them."

Twice Taylor reverted to the Orient as he developed a moral similitude by a reference to the shining of the sun. "Repentance is like the sun which enlightens not only the tops of the Eastern hills or warms the wall-fruits of Italy, but it makes the little balsam tree to weep precious tears with staring upon its beauties; it produces rich spices in Arabia, and warms the cold hermit in his grot, and calls the religious man from his dorter in all places where holy religion dwells; at the same time it digests the American gold and melts the snows from the Rhiphaean mountains because he darts his rays in every portion of the air, and the smallest atom that dances in the air is tied to a little thread of light which by equal emanations fills all the capacities of every region. So is repentance." In his discourse of the nature and offices of friendship, it is the same similitude. "The sun is the eye of the world, and he is indifferent to the negro or the cold Russian, to them that dwell under the line, and them that stand near the tropics, or the scalded Indian or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Rhiphaean hills; but the fluxures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south respectively change the emanations of his beams; not that they do not always pass from him, but that they are not equally received below, but by periods and changes, by little

inlets and reflections: they receive what they can; and some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well digested fruits, great wit and great courage because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the East. Just so is it in friendships." But India was clearest to Taylor's ideas as the resort of merchant adventures; and so, considering the power of belief in this world, the lure of riches overseas supplies him with a powerful illustration:—

"If a man believes there is gold to be had in Peru for fetching, or pearls and rich jewels in India for the exchange of trifles, he instantly if he be in capacity leaves the wife of his bosom and the pretty delights of children, and his own security and ventures into the dangers of waters and unknown seas, and freezings and calentures, thirst and hunger, pirates and shipwrecks; and hath within him a principle strong enough to answer all objections, because he believes that riches are desirable, and by such means likely to be had."

This is no conventional allusion; its detailed exactness shows it to be a familiar consideration; even from the pulpit men's minds went back to Indian opportunities.

Let us now turn to the most sublime and catholic of England's seventeenth century poets, and see what there is of India in Milton.

He whom Dryden hailed as surpassing, all modern as well as ancient writers in loftiness and majesty most excelled among our English writers as a scholar and a man of affairs.

His youth brightened and sustained by images of surpassing richness, purity and beauty, delighted by pomp and feast and revelry, occupied in musing meditation in the pensive secrecy of desert cells, and by the glassy cool translucent waves of streams and rivers, watching the vernal brilliance of primrose and violet, of woodbine and daffodil, listening to the most musical and melancholy of birds as she made night melodious by her mourning or to the lark singing from his aery watch-tower, dissolving into ecstasies as the sweetness of pealing organ and clear anthem brought all heaven before his eyes, Milton learned more and more with years advancing to scorn delights and live laborious days. He plunged into the thick murk of civil war, of divorce, dethronement and usurpation, he became a secretary to Cromwell's Commonwealth; and through it all he maintained a tireless study of learning and science. And then, blinded by his eyes' tireless activity, he turned once more to poetry in the political constraint which overcame his maturity, and produced the most sublime, comprehensive, and gorgeous fabric of imagination that it has been the world's felicity to know. Hardly less remarkable than the "consistent and unflagging elevation" of his style is the sweep and accuracy of his knowledge. "For the material of those palaces", said Sir Walter Raleigh of his poems, "whole provinces were ravaged and the waste might furnish forth a city".

Life and imagination and the love of beauty were not unassisted by scholarship in his early poems, but he did not then display the detailed appreciation of the whole world's splendour which fills and decorates *Paradise Lost* as with barbaric pearl and gold and all "the wealth of Ormus and

of Ind". The gorgeous East came upon the maturity of his mind's excursions as it had rewarded the later efforts of Elizabethan rovers. His work as Secretary of State repeatedly engaged his mind with the concerns of traders, and it is on their account we find him writing some of his State letters. His youth described "the Indian steep"¹ as the loop-hole of the morn, and the orient wave as the pillow over which the sun lifted his chin, rising from bed; these fairy fancies were recalled in his reference to "that pygmean race beyond the Indian mount"² in *Paradise Lost*, but when at that time the poet caught the balmy smells of nard and cassia it was from the *west* winds that he caught them.

His occupation in the world brought him to know the exhilaration and wonder of the sea, and really to understand that verse which had been the inspiration of Hakluyt's lifework, "They that go down to the sea in ships; and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord: and his wonders in the deep."³ Leviathan Milton thought of first among the mysteries sailors recounted of the sea:—

"Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night,
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."⁴

¹ *Comus* 139.

² *Paradise Lost* I, 780.

³ *Psalm* CVII, 23, 24.

⁴ *Paradise Lost* I, 203.

Satan's spear he likened to a memory of ships:—

“the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral,”¹

But what most moved Milton's enthusiasm was the picture of the East Indian fleet. As he ransacked the riches of the Orient to gather magnificence for the bottomless pit, so he brought the gallant beauty of ships in sail for a similitude of that ‘spirit unfortunate’ for whom he always produced the most telling of his images.

As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend.²

And he recalled the same voyage when he pictured Satan wandering among the sweet scents of the Garden of Eden:—

“Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow Sabean
Odours from the spicy shore

¹ *Paradise Lost* I, 292.

² *Paradise Lost* II, 636. Cf. Thomson: “Ships dim discover'd dropping from the mist.”

Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;¹

Even when done with the brave words and boasts of the Archangel ruined, he returned to the same image to suggest the flaunting woman sailing stately like a ship of Tarsus bound for the Isles of Javan or Gadier, her sails filled and streamers waving, courted by the winds in an amber scent of odorous perfume. And though careful and scholarly, Milton refers his simile for Dalila only to Mediterranean sailing his suggestion, manifestly came from a remoter journey.

His interest in the East went further than the voyage. Her cities, Damascus, Cairo and Babylon he describes as pleasant and magnificent. Agra and Lahore struck him among Indian cities as seats of the great Moghul; the Ganges twice he mentions, and he refers both to the Indus and by its ancient name Hydaspes to the Jhelum. He pictured the elephant wreathing his lithe proboscis, and his studies lead him to a lively description of the banyan tree.

The fig-tree
 . . such as, at this day, to Indian known,
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 High overarched, and echoing walks between:
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.²

¹ *Paradise Lost* IV, 157.

² *Paradise Lost* IX, 1101.

This description which, as Warton pointed out, follows that of Gerard's Herbal, shows how well Milton's reading coalesced with his power of observation and imagination in producing his effects.

If, as Sir Walter Raleigh has pointed out, Shakespeare's references to sailors "testify rather to a love of the sea than to a love of navigation" and "the seamen whom he sketches unerringly were to be met on shore", then it is true also that Milton was a lover of the beauty and mystery and traffic of ships rather than a sailor. He knew them as they rode at anchor rather than as they churned their way through foaming seas. As he watched them thus, their charm so worked on him that the roar of wind and wave, combined in one ensemble of impression with their beauty, provided him with a simile not unmeet for the majestic voices of Pandemonium.

Such murmur filled
The assembly as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest.¹

And yet this colossal genius never fails to baffle us; as in one line he amazes with the appositeness of his classical scholarship, so in the next he will dazzle us with the detail and vividness of a direct description. Even while we are vaguely wondering at the embassies filling the Appian Way

¹ Paradise Lost II, 284.

from Syene, Meroe and the realms of Bocchus, he flashed before us the tableau of another:¹

From India and the Golden Chersoness²
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,³
Dusk faces with white silk turbants wreath'd.

He saw, and through the centuries he had forced others by that line to see, the very aspect of Indian nobles congregate.

Such a line shows his power of visualizing a story told from living lips. But when he writes:

¹ Paradise Regained IV, 74.

² Cf. Camoens;

"A notre ilha Samatra que ja d'antes
Juntas ambas a gente antigua vio
Chersoness foi dela, e das prostantas
Veas d'ouro que a terra produzio
Aurea por epitheto che adjuntaran."

³ Cf. Sir T. Herbert's Travels, 1638 edn. p. 322.

"Sumatra is that famous ile, by Aristotle lib. de mundo and others of old called Taprobane: Symund in the lib. Ptol., and now by the inhabiteres, Salyce or Salutra, and (provided Japan be not an Ile) may truly be reputed the thrd great Ile in all the Universe . . . a place where many petty Kings advance their Scepters. The most glorious Dyadem in-circles the ecliptik brow of that great tyrant of Acheen. All of them rich in gold and fruits and stones but miserable in their mawmetry and superstition; most of them so ingulph't in the abyse of Paganism that they adore Cat, Rat, Dog, Divell, or what can be moulded into the representation of an elementary Creature. Both Sexes go most part naked; both are courageous; and apt in Bellona's dances."

In calling Sumatra Taprobane Herbert follows da Conti and is wrong. Cf. Cosmas Indicopleustes on Ceylon. "This is the great island lying in the ocean lying in the Indian sea. By the Indians it is called Sielendipa, but by the Greeks Taprobane."

"The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Ispahan"¹

his eastern references are a memory of his reading of Aelian.²

More beautiful and famous as a prose writer than Jeremy Taylor, or even Milton, the author of *Religio Medici* was then at work. Not only did his activities extend over an interesting period of development but in other ways a discussion of him is singularly suitable for our purpose. For of all the writers of that age whose work we regard as literary, none took as wide a survey of the world as Browne. His was a life of tireless observation. On a continuous voyage through the seas of historic and contemporary study, he was for ever climbing to the crow's nest, and noting every feature on the surface of the waters. "Of the earth" says Whitefoot, his biographer, "he had such a minute and exact geographical knowledge as if he had been of Divine Providence ordained Surveyor General of the whole terrestrial orb and its products, minerals, plants and animals". His first book was written before Charles I had been ten years on the throne and he went on writing for ten years after the Stuarts were restored. He lived to see a great advancement of commerce and knowledge, and he left us a record of much that he observed.

¹ Paradise Lost XI, 898.

² Aelian: De Natura Animalium, XIII, 18, 1.

Ἐν δὲ τοῖς βασιλείοις τοῖς Ἰνδοῖς, ἔνθα ὁ μέγιστος τῶν βασιλέων διατίθεται τῶν ἐκείθι πολλὰ μὲν καὶ ἄλλα ἐστὶ θαυμάσαι ἄξια, ὥς μὴ αὐτοῖς ἀντικρίνειν μήτε τὰ Μεμνόμενα Σοῦσα καὶ τὴν ἐν αὐτοῖς πολυτέλειαν, μήτε τὴν ἐν τοῖς Ἑκβατάνοις μεγαλουργίαν· οἷοις γὰρ κόμπος εἶναι Περσικὸς ἐκεῖνα, εἰ πρὸς ταῦτα ἐξετάζοιτο.

His first work, *Religio Medici*, was a study of Christian ideals in the light of his own character, a series of personal confessions graciously adorned by the philosophy and the traditions to which they were attached. From his countrymen's exploits, he now and then would take an image. "I have not" he says in one place, "I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence and ability to perform those good works to which the Almighty hath enclined my nature"¹ and again "I would not entertain a base design or an action that should call me villain for the Indies".² So much is all he says of them in this first work,—a cloudy reference like Bishop Taylor's to the same vague stores of wealth.

Meanwhile Browne married and settled down in Norwich to earn his living as a physician and to study nature. By the political troubles then distracting England, he shows little sign of being disturbed. In 1646, he produced a portentous folio to correct the Errors of the Vulgar, the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, and in this he mentioned the Indies well over a dozen times, as indeed in the *Garden of Cyrus* and *Hydriotaphia* which he published in 1658 he refers again to them several times more. But examined more closely hardly one of these references is direct. India is only a name he echoes from his ancient authorities, Theophrastus, or even the Tarquins, as he collects references to Jews, or elephants, or mistletoe, or the plants in Solomon's garden, or the quincunxial lozenge, or birds of Paradise, or hares, or funeral pyres, or relations geographical, or the armies which Ninus

¹ Works (1835) II, 115.

² Works II, 114.

King of Assyria brought against the Bactrians and Staureobates against Semiramis. Not one of these references hints that England knew any more, nor as much of India, as the indefinite phrase in *Religio Medici*, and indeed the only reference in all this work to English navigation is in his discussion of Solomon's possible knowledge of magnetic bearings. So large was Solomon's knowledge in philosophy that he may have comprehended it. "Yet" adds the careful Browne, "if he knew the use of the compass, his ships were surely very slow that made a three years voyage from Ezion Geber in the Red Sea unto Ophir which is supposed to be Taprobana or Malacca in the Indies, not many months' sail; and since, in the same or lesser time, Drake and Cavendish performed their voyage about the earth".

After the year 1658, nothing of Browne's was published during his lifetime; and we can only guess at the dates when his later treatises were written. This much is plain certainly that they were the works of his advanced age; and they show that the Indies were no longer an unknown region: that scientific observation was taking the place of a romantic vagueness. And here, as we shall see, Browne is an index of the temper of the epoch. The tracts and letters of loyal Sir Thomas Browne are, like the references already quoted in *Paradise Lost*, a suggestive example of the change generally apparent in England. He had read Coryat as well as Linchoten, and now shows a close acquaintance with Tavernier. His son Edward had sent him a coin which he recognised as the "larin" of Arabia described by the French traveller. "This¹ is that which the emirs and

¹ Book I, 286.

princes of Arabia take for the coynage of their money and the profitt which they make by the marchands which travell through the desert into Persia or the Indies, for there the emirs come to the caravant to take their tolls and to change their realls, crownes and ducats of gold into larins."

In a letter written a year earlier, in 1679, there is a very interesting because exact reference to Sir Thomas' interest in the products of the Orient. "Dear Sonne",¹ he writes, "Mr. Alderman Wisse went this day to London with his wife, whose brother, Mr. Letting keeps the Green Dragon, at Bishopsgate. By him, I sent a letter, and a small box, and therein an East India drugge called sebets² or gebets or cussum sebets. It was brought from the East Indies by order from Mr. Thos. Peirce, who liveth near Norwich, 1663, who gave mee some divers yeares agoe. Hee sayth that there was a considerable quantity brought into England; butt not being a good commodity, it was sent back agayne; butt he reserved a box full, whereof these I send were a part, hee sayth they in those countries thicken broath with it, and it serveth to make jellies. I never tried it nor know whether it bee wholesome, for they looke a little like Ahouai Theveti, or Indian Morris Bells, in Gerard or Johnson's herbal, which are sayd to be poysonous. I send them unto you because you being acquainted with many of the East India Company, you may enquire about it and satisfie yourself as well as you can, for perhaps few knowe it, and 'tis good to knowe all kinds of druggs and simples. In the list of commodities brought over from the East Indies, 1678; I find among the

¹ I, 246.

² What was this? Salep as the note suggests?

druggs Tincal and Toothanage¹ set down thus; 105920 Toothanage 69610 Tincal. Enquire also what these are and get a sample of them."

Some five or six years before this indeed, Browne's interest in India had been stimulated by the fact that his "loving friend" Escaliot or Escaillot had gone out—presumably as a chaplain, for Browne notes him as a minister—to Surat from Norwich, and had busied himself in making a collection of antiquities and 'varieties' for his Norwich friend. And though Escaliot died out there, and so failed to get the collection home, he wrote Browne two letters which establish a connection between the retired prose writer and life of the English colony in the Gulf of Cambay, and show that a study of the life there has a direct connection, as well as threads of interlacing interest, with the world of English letters. In Sir Thomas Browne's later work we see India becoming something more than a gorgeous portent of story,—for she was still that even when Shakespeare's universality of observation lighted on amazing details—she is emerging now into the light of commoner day: she is beginning to touch on more ordinary concerns of life. For the next hundred years, and indeed for long after that, she remains a grand poetical dream, but now no longer seen only in the light that never was,—varied with a dim refraction of the glancing lights of historians and natural historians. She is clothed still in the enchantment of distance, but England begins to scan her mundane form across waters mingling in a continuous swell or sparkle with the waves breaking on her own

¹ Toothanage = Zinc.

shores. The Indies are seen to provide problematical, as well as eminently desirable, commodities, just as Browne notes there are disadvantages in the Company as an investment. "For the disposing of your money into the East India Company" he writes to his son Edward in 1681, "it were fitt to take friendly and good advice before you resolve thereon. Two complaints I have heard of the East India Company ever since I was a youth that it was a very hard matter to gett their money out who putt any in; and that considerable profitt went unto the officers. I remember my uncle Browne had eight hundred pounds in that stock, and hee always complayned that proved the least profitable summe he imployed in his estate and could not gett it out but was fayne at last to sell it to his great disadvantage. The East India trade hath been great of late, butt how long it will be so is uncertaine for the commodities silkes and gownes and the like is not like to hold all wayes with a mutable and changing people, and how the trade will be interrupted I knowe not, when the French growe powerfull and buisie in the Indies. And therefore consider, advise well, before you part with your money or whether you may not as well or better otherwise dispose of it."

Browne's shrewder closer interest is evident through his later tracts, his reference to Indians' complexions and to Hindus' teeth, to the eastern custom (so familiar and sometimes painfully familiar to the official even of the present day, who wears them thicker as he is more popular) of wearing garlands at festivals, and to the rooting branches of the banyan tree. So sweeping was Browne's foresight that he considered the time when Indian colonies should be as powerful

as their Mother countries, while his devouter fancy saw in oriental treasures an allurements to others remoter still. "Certainly" he writes in one of the most charming passages of *Christian Morals* "true beatitude groweth not on earth nor hath this world in it the expectations we have of it to enjoy true happiness, we must travel into a very far country and even out of ourselves for the pearl we seek is not to be found in the Indian but in the Emyrean ocean."¹

If the range of Sir Thomas Browne's mind was exceptional; if he was indeed a "Surveyer General" of the world, he was, though an original thinker, not a great discoverer; yet in his later work we have seen a distinct advance in his ideas of the East, an advance consonant with that increase of serious practical interests which accompanied the relaxation from the Puritan régime. How much of those interests were with Coromandel and Malabar and Cambay and the Moguls, neither English nor Indian historians have ever quite made clear.

THE RESTORATION AND ITS TRAVELLERS.

Let us go from the Royalist to his King. Charles II modelled his court on the magnificence of that of Louis XIV which gave an immediate stimulus to commerce and steadily supported it. There was a growing demand for luxuries and curiosities, not least for Oriental products, gems, gauzes, spices, carpets. Charles II, and even James II, took a keen interest in mercantile affairs. The secret alliance with France assisted them in their desire to rid themselves completely of

¹ IV, 100.

any bond with Holland, and the marriage of Mary to William of Orange never affected their policy. This made a natural alliance between the King and the merchants, and perhaps no better example of the King's astuteness can be found than his relations with the East India Company which, in his reign, freed itself from all its earlier difficulties, and began to make the wealth of all connected with it. The King on the one hand and the Board of Directors on the other were all business men, and being so, they knew that it was profitable to play into one another's hands. Not only so, but their appreciation of one another's capacities ripened to regard, and there came to be much the same affection between them as, in later days, between Edward VII and certain successful merchants and financiers. Charles II turned this to his own advantage in securing loans, and secondly in gaining support in his policy against the Dutch: he thus brought the Company into favour with his friends including Dryden, who, as we shall see, wrote his tragedy of *Amboyna* to support the King and the Company. The Company had received a Charter from Cromwell: it received five more from the King who found it convenient moreover to make over to the Company the island of Bombay.¹ And what with this and other causes the Company began to flourish exceedingly. Sir Thomas Browne, as we have seen, warned his son in 1681 against investing in the Company's stock: doubtless that was because a boom was making it an investment that took the fancy of most speculators. In 1682, however, it was still higher, for Evelyn²

¹ See Hunter History of British India II, p. 187.

² Evelyn's Diary. Dec. 16, 1682.

in December of that year sold for £750 the stock he had purchased originally for £250. Tea, then imported into England almost exclusively from India, was so popular a drink that it seemed to Waller in 1683 fit cause for a compliment to the Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza, who was the second wife of Charles II.

“Venus her Myrtle, Phoebus has his Bays,
Tea both excels which She vouchsafes to praise,
The best of Queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold Nation which the Way did show
To the fair Region where the Sun doth rise,
Whose rich Productions we so justly prize.”

The interests of the consumer encourage the enterprise of the trader: luxurious tastes and the increase of wealth walk parallel. Already the East India merchant began to assume that splendour in the display of riches which made the “Nabob” hated in England fifty or a hundred years later. Sir Josia Child, the President of the Bombay Board of Directors, who had been raised to a baronetcy to soothe him when he was aggrieved at royal displeasure, began to beautify his estate in a sumptuous manner “in planting walnut trees about his seat and making fish ponds many miles in circuit”.¹ He married in 1683 one of his daughters to the Duke of Beaufort’s heir, Lord Worcester; and it was rumoured some years later that another was engaged to the Duke of Richmond; while his son was to be raised to an earldom in the following century. Even in our own days when England has come to see the vanity of such worldly baubles as peer-

¹ Evelyn’s Diary. March 16, 1688.

ages, these phenomena would provoke perhaps the attention of the uninstructed. In those days they made nothing less than a sensation. And even matter-of-fact people do not disrate great fortunes: so the wealth of the East Indian Merchant impressed the subjects of the restored monarch. Doubtless many read the treatise¹ which Sir Josia wrote under the name of *φιλοπάτρις* showing that the objections to the Company were groundless, that the Domination of the Sea depended on the East Indian trade, that this trade was more useful to England than to any other nation and that a joint-stock company was the best way to carry it on. For there was, as we have seen, a different temper in England, from that in which Sir Thomas Browne began to write: the development of his work showed us that it was a matter-of-fact age. If the King was astute, he did but strike the note of the tune to which his subjects were pleased to dance.

It has been another of the errors of the vulgar to view the Restoration of the Monarchy as an age of profligacy and idleness: history knows it as nothing of the sort. It was the age when the Royal Society was founded, and the King's physician discovered the Circulation of the Blood; when eminent theologians amended the Prayer Book of the Church of England into the form in which it has remained to the present day, when the country busied itself in philosophical enquiry, when the English navy was victorious on the High Seas, and when the stately reflections which thirty or forty years before had swept in the train of kingly state through a world which often mocked them were, like the moral energy of hard-

¹ I. O. tracts no. 239.

headed Puritanism, exchanged for the practical activities of a more worldly people. A classical tradition ousted Gothic and Elizabethan traditions of architecture. Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely painted the noblemen of England instead of Sir Anthony Van Dyck; Tillotson and Stillingfleet took the place of Laud and Juxon. It was the age which produced not *Il Penseroso* but *Hudibras*, not *Religio Medici* but *Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners*, not the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* but the *Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which is to Come*, and Shaftesbury instead of Strafford. It beheaded no Royal Master, but acclaimed a Merry Monarch, whose every remaining portrait shows him as grim and powerful as we have said he was astute. To this age the East India Company was a most important corporation, and we shall see what thorough arrangements were made to satisfy their curiosity in the matter of oriental travel.

Eden's *History of Travayle*, Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Purchas were no longer thought sufficient: there were increases of knowledge which it was necessary to publish. Even in 1660, Mr. Edward Wright's *Projection of the East Indies* was revived by Robert Sagger; in 1664 another book was published called *The Mariner's Compasse Rectified*, as well as *The Cosmographie* of Heylin (of which a later edition was demanded in 1667) and Moron's *Tutor to Astronomie and Cosmographie*. In 1675 appeared *The Mariner's New Kalendar* by H. Colson. In 1665, new editions were called for of Terry and of Herbert; in the same year Pietro della Valle was translated from the Italian and bound up in a new edition of Roe in a volume by Havers, dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, and it was not the first translation of the reign to

cater for English curiosity about India: in 1663 Sir Peter Winch had translated from the Portuguese the *Life of Don John de Castro, the fowerth Vicekinge of India* and a man called Cartill had translated Corneille's *Héraclius, Emperor of the East*, which provided Dryden with an example for his Eastern plays. Twelve years passed before *Almahide or the Captive Queene* was translated from Scudéry: this was preceded, however, in 1670 by a translation from the Spanish of Palaforé's *History of the Conquest of China by the Moguls*. In the same year there appeared in English a translation from the most famous of all visitors to the Mogul court, the Frenchman Bernier from whom, as Professor Saintsbury has shown, Dryden got the material for *Aurengzebe*. This book was called: *A History of the Revolution in the Empire of the Great Mogul*: it was followed a year later by Bernier's *Memoirs*. In 1673 a new edition of *Lithgow's Travels* appeared and *Raymond's Voyage* in 1675. Just then, fifteen years after the King's return, the interest in navigation almost displaced the passion for spreading theological opinions about Popery and Dissent which dominated the writers of the Restoration. Not only divinity now found a publisher. The books of sailors compete with those of clerics to fill the Register of Stationer's Hall: and cosmography even sugared the moral discourse. So we see in 1671 a *Mirroure or Looking Glasse both for Saints and Sinners Whereunto are added a geographical discripcon of all the countries in the known world*. In 1675 there was published Charles Molloy's treatise *De Jure maritimo et navali*, Gellibrand's *Epitomy of Navigacon*, the *Practicall Navigacon* of Sellars, a *Geographical Descripcon of the World* by H. Broome, *A Voyage to Athens*

translated from de la Guilatière, long list of nautical books and *A serious though briefe discourse of elephants translated from Justus Lipsius*. In 1674 John Evelyn published his *Navigation and Commerce*. There are more lists in 1677, more of Sellars, and a translation of Tavernier. Further relations from Tavernier appeared in 1679, and an *Atlas Maritimus*.¹ And although the interest in trade and navigation was so complete that Drake's Voyages, a book on Jamaica, the Dutch East India Company's answer to memorials, and Bryatson's *Mutation of the Seas* all appeared in the next three or four years, it is still clear that to the subjects of Charles II as to those of Elisabeth, India was looked upon as the great goal of sailing.

The *Travels of Sir John Chardin into Persia and the East Indies* (1686) dedicated to the King by the writer, who was born and bred in Paris, is a very charmingly written book. He does not write of India except to say he touched the Indus, but he says that he had visited India in earlier voyages in 1669 and later. "I have written nothing of the Indies because I lived but five years there, and understood

¹ On page 224 of the Register of Stationer's Hall. See also:

- 1688. Jos. Conyers. Strange news from Plymouth, or a wonderfull and tragicall relacon of a voyage from the Indies.
- 1684. Travells of Don Francisco de Mevedo through Terra Australis incognita, discovering the laws, customes, manners and fashions of the South Indians. A novell originally in Spanish.
- 1684. History of the Bukaniers. Translation from Dutch of Esquemaling.
- 1685. The true portraitiere of that strange and worshipful monster brought from the East Indies by Sir Thomas Grantham, commander of the good ship *Charles II*, presented to the view of their Majesties and Royall Highnesses.

only the Vulgar languages, which are the Indian and Persian, without the knowledge of that of the Brachmans which is the proper and necessary organ to arrive at the knowledge of the wisdom and antiquity of the Indians: on the contrary, as the winters in that country will not permit one to travel, I employed that time in a work which I had long in my thoughts and which I call my Favourite Design by the pleasure wherewith I laboured in it, and the profit which I hope the publique will receive thereby: which is certain Notes upon very many passages of the Holy Scripture, where of the Explication depends on the knowledge of the Customs of the Eastern countries, for the East is the scene of all the historical facts mentioned in the Bible. . . . In the East they are constant in all things; the habits are at this day in the same manner as in the precedent ages, . . .”

The example of foreigners, and the vogue of their translations into English, provoked several well-known books from English travellers. The earliest and the most famous of these is Fryer's. John Fryer had just taken a medical degree at Cambridge when he exchanged the courts of Trinity for Asia and the Arabian Sea. He was thus, like Herbert, an educated young man travelling: he speaks in one place of “curiosity more than business” being his motive:¹ he had, though in a restrained degree, the same taste for retvoric, the same love for Latin tags, as Herbert. His book is less amusing than Herbert's but more dependable. Religion, philosophy and his sense of the grotesque dominated the trend of Herbert's mind; the study of medicine led Fryer to detailed exactness in his

¹ p. 26.

description of men and his study of nature. He enriches his volume not only with good maps but with excellent plates of the cocoanut, the maize and the betel nut, both trees and seeds. He was more of a scientist, the other more of a gentleman; but they were both educated children of the 17th century, they were both members of the Church of England and they meant to tell the truth.

Fryer after an interesting voyage around the Cape, calling at Madeira, St. Jago, Johanna, the Maldives and Ceylon, finally landed in India at Masulipatam. He thus formed his first impression of the inhabitants from the Madrasi of the lowest caste. "The boatmen" he says, "were of a sunburnt black, with long black hair, tied up in a clout of Calicut lawn,¹ girt about the middle with a sash, in their ears Rings of Gold; those that were bareheaded, were shorn all to one Lock, which carelessly twisted up (some have foolishly conceited) to be left for *Perimel* (one of their Prophets) to hold fast by when he should haul them to Heaven; but more truly to preserve them from the *Plica Polonica* which attends long hair not cleanly kept, and to which these people are incident.

"Among these, some more modish than the rest, as going in a Garb more civil, coiling Calicut about their Heads, Turbat fashion, on their Bodies light Vests, underneath long loose Breeches, and swaddled about the waist with a Sash; offered their service for a small pension, to execute our Affaire on Shore, or wait on us aboard."

This is a good example of the way Fryer observed natives of India. All classes were subject to his scrutiny,²

¹ p. 26. — ² p. 80.

and he describes the nobles of Malabar much in the same words as Herbert. He too speaks of the "Moors being by nature plagued with jealousy, cloistring their Wives up and sequestering them from the sight of any but the Tapon that watches them"; he too saw the "Gentue women manacled with Chains of Silver" and hung with ear-rings of gold. But the splendour of the Anglo-Indian was something more than that of the Gentu or the Moor: "none of them surpass the Grandeur of our *East India* Company, who not only command but oblige their mutual respect."¹ When the Chief Merchant moved in state it was "very pompous" and this impressive result was obtained without any adaptation of oriental splendour: the Englishmen went dressed in white, in clothes cut to their English fashion. Anglo-Indian ways therefore are not the growth of yesterday, their customs are venerable as a relic of past centuries.

From Masulipatam Fryer went on to Fort St. George (now swallowed up in Madras) and thence down the Coast of Coromandel to Cape Comorin and so round to Malabar. He is more merciful to the Zamorin of Calicut and his Nairoes than Herbert; he describes the citizens as urbane, being bred to commerce and explains what Herbert has said of their nakedness, explaining that at least each of them, "peer as well as peasant" wrapped a "Lunga" about his middle. The vermin of India are mentioned by Fryer more than once:² they were "plaguey pernicious" in Calicut; so other travellers have found them in other places. Thus Fryer sailed on by Karwar and Cheul to Bombay.

¹ p. 54. — ² p. 54.

Of Bombay, as "a matter of great import to the Kingdom" he gives the history and a full account; and when he relates the arrival of the English under Sir Abraham Shipman to take Bombay, he turns to the purple: "About the House was a delicate Garden, voiced to be the pleasantest in *India*, intended rather for wanton Dalliance, Love's Artillery, than to marke resistance against an invading foe: . . . This Garden of Eden, or Place of Terrestrial Happiness, it would put the Searchers upon as hard an Inquest, as the other has done its Posterity: the Walks which before were covered with Nature's verdant awning, and lightly pressed by soft Delights, are now open to the Sun and loaded with the hardy Cannon; the Bowers dedicated to Rest and Ease are turned into bold Rampires, for the watchful Sentinel to look out on; every Tree that the choristers made their charming Choir trembles, and is extirpated at the rebounding Eccho of the alarming drum; and those slender Fences only designed to oppose the Sylvian Herd are thrown down to erect others of a more warlike Force." Such was Fryer's style when he tried to express his sense of the luxuriance of tropic growth, and his feeling at seeing its beauties marred by the devices of contemporary militarism. He was intoxicated. Even the name of the famous Sir George Oxenden was muddled and we see the famous merchant as an Oxendine.

Yet, the doctor noticed, the place had an unhealthy climate and the inhabitants "walk but in charnel-houses".¹ English women had been sent out for the merchants "but they beget a sickly generation"²; and though he thought that

¹ p. 68. — ² p. 69.

by abstinence and vegetarianism, Europeans might better cope with the climate, he was inclined rather to believe that "we are here, as Exotick Plants brought home to us, not agreeable to the soil".

And then he breaks out into one of those expressions of melancholy which Mr. Oaten has shown to be a recurring subject in Anglo-Indian literature: it is amongst the first of the laments played to the theme: "Happy certainly then are those" he writes,¹ "and only those, brought hither in their nonage, before they have a gust of our Albion; or, next to those, such as intoxicate themselves with Lethe and remember not their former condition: when it is expostulated, is this the Reward of an harsh and severe Pupilage? is this the *Elysium* after a tedious wastage? For this will any thirst, will any contend; will any forsake the Pleasures of his Native Soil in his Vigorous Age, to bury himself alive here? Were it not more charitable at the first Bubbles of his Infant Sorrows to make the next Stream overswell him? Or else if he must be full grown for Misery, how much more compassionate were it to expose him to an open Combat with the fiercest Duellists in Nature, to spend at once his Spirits, than to wait a piece meal'd Consumption? Yet thus abroad and unknown, is the ready Choice of those to whom Poverty threatens Contempt at home: what else could urge this wretched Remedy? For these are untrodden paths for Knowledge, little Improvement being to be expected from Barbarity." Nor was that all: not only were travel and experience in such a climate vanity, but all the conclusions of thinking

¹ p. 69.

were stultified by the paralysing effect of the Indian climate on the European mind; for it bred up in men a sloth which made them fanatically conservative, which made them think that for any man to be wiser than his forefathers was a Heresy, that new ideas were damnable, and nothing was of any account but custom and tradition. "Everybody's doing it" is a phrase that expresses a familiar impulse in the human mind. "Everybody always has done it" is the solider dictate of the Anglo-Indian: knowledge, efficiency, perhaps even decency itself, must conform to the standards of the Company and the traditions of the Services.

But what can you expect, asks Fryer, from poor fools who have gone mad in the lust for money and position? Mad—"For in five hundred, one hundred survive not; of that One hundred, one Quarter get not Estates; of those that do, it has not been recorded above One in Ten Years has seen his Country".

Fryer continued his explorations, visiting a Jesuit college near, and "a Portugal city" Bassein, and gives us an account of the Monsoon, and of an embassy to Shivaji. He then went on to Surat.

Surat was then the great business centre of the East Indian Company: as such therefore Fryer describes it; Ovington (on whom with Ogilvy we depend for our other knowledge of Surat at that time) as we shall see describes it more fully still; and as the model of all English stations in India it is interesting to look at it as it appeared to the subjects of Charles II. The life of the English then centred round the factory as much as it now appears to centre round the club: the occupations were however different: the factory

was the centre of the Company's business as well as the habitation of the Company's servants. Prayers were said as regularly as now cards are dealt, or whisky mixed with soda; and after "some easy innocent recreation all retired to their rooms, no one being allowed without permission from the President to lie abroad or to leave the Factory."¹ The Englishmen in the Factory lived as well as the country could provide: wine was brought for them from Shiraz in Persia; when they were alone they would adopt the oriental custom of eating from a divan; together they sat to the table: their silver was massive, as their chapel "neat but solemn". In the chapel supplications arose that they might prove a public blessing by increasing the wealth and power of their native country as they increased their own; that they might live virtuously in due obedience to their superiors, and that "these Indian nations among whom we dwell, seeing our sober and righteous conversation, may be induced to have a just esteem for our most holy Profession of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to whom be Honour, Praise and Glory, now and for ever."² The Moors were "well pleased with the innocence" of the worship of this Anglican community, who tactfully refrained from the use of any Symbol which might seem to Moslem taste to give a suspicion of idolatry. The directing geniuses of the Company were not without a sense of their responsibilities as representatives of England and the religion of England: it was their wish to reduce all the people in their factories and colonies "not only to a Civil

¹ Quoted in "Surat and the English" by Mrs. H. R. Scott, p. 22.

² Ovington, p. 409.

but also to a Religious and Pious Comportment that may render our Nation Honourable, and the Religion we profess amiable in the sight of those Heathens among whom they reside.”¹ The agents and chiefs, therefore, in the Factories were to enjoin the strict observance of Sunday and the avoidance of cursing and oaths, of drunkenness and uncleanness; any whom they could not control were to be dispatched forthwith to England.

But we must not anticipate too many of the animadversions of the cleric. Let us give his due to Fryer, who wrote at greater length of Moslem than of Christian practices. He notes like Roe the cruelty of their punishments; he notes also their strict observance of the hours of prayer, their grave carriage, their neat apparel: “their Women wear the Breeches, but in a most servile condition”, for indeed “of the girls they make small account, being instructed within doors how to pray”. Of the Fakirs, those people always remarkable to Western notions, he gives a long account, not wholly favourable,—he thought them more like plunderers than beggars. He follows the Mahomedans systematically through the practices of their religion, and then discusses the Parsis. His observations are hardly systematic: yet the result is amusing and it is just.

After some sojourn at Surat, he is led back to Bombay and to Shivaji and the Deccan. A journey across the Ghats was at that time no mean adventure. The track was as rough as any would be now over the least frequented passes in Kashmir, and much beyond the most difficult sheep tracks in

¹ Ovington, p. 406.

Cumberland and Westmoreland: they clambered up precipitous rocks in the burning sun, and the journey seemed yet more outlandish by its accompaniment of astonished monkeys: "the busy Apes, the forlorn hope of these declining woods, deeming no place safe where they beheld us, made strange levaltoes with their hanging tails from one Bough to another, chattering an Invasion; but these saw us presently exalted beyond their Bowers, and feared us from above, as much as we to salute them below."¹ And Fryer's party travelled in the scorching heat of the day.

When they had climbed to the top of the Ghats, however, the air was naturally more refreshing, and the nights even chill. He travelled on thence in more comfort to the territories of Shivaji, stopping on the way with one of the Governors of that great ruler. Here Fryer was allowed to examine the harem, which he describes, with the industries and interests of those mewed up in it. That with a description of the fort was Fryer's chief interest at this point. In the next letter he describes his visit to Goa and Karwar.

It is doubtful whether even the most impressive monuments of the Moguls surpassed in richness the effect of Goa as it was observed by Dr. Fryer. It was built near the sea as none of the Great Mogul cities have been, and its harbour was at that time convenient for the reception of stately ships: it was surrounded by the richest growth of palms, orange-trees, mangoes and plantains: the insinuating atmosphere of the tropics perfumed its harbour and its streets: paroquets, cockatoes and doves of gorgeous plumage flew among the

trees which decorated it: and in such a place the Portuguese had established an organization which expressed in its palaces and its state their most ambitious dreams of power. Nor was this all. The secret of Goa's splendour was the place it occupied in an organization greater than Portugal's colonial empire: of an organization of whom it may be said that when the monuments of dominion upon dominion have become spectacles of interest only in their ruins, its power and dignity have never passed away: Goa was the seat of an Apostolic Delegate of the Pope: among the kingdoms of the East, this was the Capital of the Catholic Church, as Fryer says "a Rome in India". He saw the Cathedral¹ "not often excelled by ours at home for the bigness of the pile"; he saw the tomb of the martyred Francis Xavier where the body of the saint was miraculously preserved in the colour and freshness of life; he saw the religious house of the Jesuits close by, and the monasteries of the Augustinians and Franciscans; he saw the convent of the Carmelites with² "Many Devout Old Men Praying Fervently and Living Piously," and an Almshouse where the poor enjoyed good fare from the hands of their Benefactors.

Such was the spectacle which religion set before the Portuguese; but those who know the Portugal of to-day, and who have seen the debasing influence of oriental luxury on the severity of Gothic, by a survey of the growth of the Monastery at Batalha, from the splendid simplicity of its central aisles to the columns of its unfinished chapels, or who have seen the cloisters of Belem, will realize that simple

¹ p. 149. — ² p. 150.

religion was not the only impulse of the Portuguese. The Viceroy, said Fryer, was to see a Pious Comedy at the Church of the Misericord, but those who attended it made¹ "religion the least of their business", and indeed so scandalous was their behaviour, Fryer was thankful to return to his lodgings: even there they were disturbed by a man who rushed in to escape from an attack: for at evening in self defence men had to walk the streets with their swords drawn. With no greater gift for maintaining order it is not surprising the Portuguese have not extended their dominion in India.

The next field of Fryer's study was the Deccan. He visited Bijapur and gives an account of Shivaji which was afterwards used by Grant Duff in his *History of the Mahrattas*. Whether the good Shivaji did in defending the Mahrattas from the Moguls was not outweighed by the booty he demanded in return, was, Fryer thought, a question. He describes a tiger hunt, and treats generally of animals and plants. After passing part of the winter in Karwar, he passed through Goa from whence he finally set sail for Persia. The remainder of the fourth letter is given up to a list of weights, coins and jewels, and what he calls "a special chorography and history of East India." His history begins with Porus and then takes a leap to Tamerlane whose race he later explains is Aryan.

"The Moormen" he writes,² "domineer over the Indians most insufferably." He draws a gorgeous picture of the Moslem in his rich apparel, with turban of gold, embroidered sash and

¹ p. 151.

² Letter IV, Chorography, p. 196.

slippers, gold-hilted sword, with a silk tunic; riding on his Arab, caparisoned in gold or silver. He gives an account of the four great Hindu castes, and says a few not unsympathetic words about their religion; he mentions the fruitful soil, the tropic climate and its effect on production, and, like all travellers, the mines of jewels. Not least interesting is his note upon the English: they are he says¹ "content with Bombaim and a peaceful way of Trade; square with the Humour, and meet with the praise of the Banyans; but command not that awe by which these people are best taught to understand themselves".

Another account which exists in almost every library of Indian travel is that of Ovington. It was called *A Voyage to India in 1689*, and was published in London in 1696. It has a verse introduction by Nahum Tate, and is a full account of a chaplain's voyage to India. It describes the unhealthiness and the good harbour of Bombay, the charm of the Surat climate once the "mussoons" were over. The writer was out to acquire information and has sense. He describes not only Bombay and Elephanta but the great Mogul (Aurengzebe), the city of Surat, its Mussulman inhabitants, "Bannians", "Faquires", "Persies", "Halatchors" and in a most circumstantial and interesting chapter, the English Factory. He compiles a businesslike narrative, not without some passages of real eloquence; his contemporary Hamilton gives it however stinted praise.

"I knew" he writes "a reverend Gentleman in anno 1690 who came to Bombay, in India, Chaplain of the ship

Benjamin, the ship was sent on a voyage to Atcheen, and the Streights of Mallacca while the chaplain stay'd at Bombay and Surat, employed in his ministerial Duties and, in making his ingenious Observations and Remarks, which he published when he returned to England, for which he received a great deal of applause and many encomiums from some of his Revrend Brethren, and a particular Compliment from the Governors of the Church. Yet I knew, that his greatest travels were in Maps, and the Knowledge he had of the Countries, any Way remote from the afore-mentioned Places was the Accounts he gathered from common Report; and perhaps those Reports came successively to him of Second or Third Hands; for to my certain Knowledge, there were none of them at Surat or Bombay that could furnish him with any tolerable Accounts of some Countries that he describes, particularly of the Growth and Nature of Tea, and shews its Bush very prettily among his Cuts; which Accounts are not essily procured, even in China, much less at Bombay.

“The Taste of those Times relished all he presented with a very good Gusto, and the reverend Traveller received almost as many ample Rewards and Praises for his personal Travels to Surat by Sea, and over the rest of India by Maps, as Sir Francis Drake had for his Tour round the world; so, that if this Age has retained any Relish for personal Travels, and new Observations of India, these have as right to claim a favourable Reception as any that ever came to Britain before them.

“The reverend Traveller, nor any that had made Trips to India before him, could not well be acquainted with many Occurrences that have come within the Reach of my

Observations; and I can perceive several Things, worth noticing, they have neglected or leapt over, either for want of Curiosity, Language or some other Impediments so that if any of them are found in this, I presume they will not be unacceptable.”¹

However Hamilton himself said that Ovington’s task would have been much lighter if Gazettes and other public papers had been obtainable in India.²

Alexander Hamilton who passed the years from 1688 to 1723 in the East produced his observations and remarks in two volumes in his *New Account of the East Indies in 1727*. He had been a simple sailor, trading over the whole Eastern seas from the Cape to Japan. He realized that he had no particular gift for writing, and he was only induced to make a book by the solicitations of his friends. However he managed to make a clear story; he had shrewdness and a sense of humour, and he had been long enough in the East to know what he was talking about. After Queen Anne’s death, there was a revived interest in travel, and Hamilton remembered a number of places of which his contemporaries knew little and of incidents which but for him might have been left unrecorded. His most interesting memory is that of Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, a sinister but sturdy figure who served the Company loyally, though his life brought little pleasure to those amongst whom he lived. His way of dealing with troublesome natives was the simple one of flogging them; he had them flogged, says Hamilton, while he was eating his

¹ Preface XIII—XV.

² Preface XVII.

dinner, at leisure to enjoy their cries. And seeing a lovely Hindu widow tied to the funeral pile, he had her released and took her to live with him as his wife. When she died, he annually sacrificed a cock on her tomb "in the Pagan manner". In his new settlement at Calcutta he reigned, says Hamilton, "more absolute than a Rajah". Nor was he alone in his despotism, for Hamilton states that he chose to omit many oppressions and other injustices committed in that "earthly Paradise" which came within the reach of his knowledge and experience.

Hamilton's account of the coasts of Bombay and Madras touches generally on happier things. He moved about in the time of Aungier and Child, and heard many stories of their transactions with Aurengzebe. There were few of the emporiums on the coast he did not visit. But Hamilton is taking us on too far from the Restoration, closely as he is linked with it through Fryer and Ovington.

RESTORATION LITERATURE.

When we turn back to our literature, we shall see what line the poets' ideas were taking. Parallel with the more concentrated study of India manifested in the works of trade and travel are the allusions in the works of Dryden, Poet Laureate from 1670 to 1689. His was a genius that comprehended the knowledge not only of politics and the theological philosophy which was emmeshed in them, but still better of all the ambitions and the tastes of aristocratic and city life. He drew all these together in a masterly compliment of literature paid in principal to the two Stuart Kings and, secondly, to those he favoured among the nobles of their

courts. Born in 1631 however, he began his poetic career with his *Stanzas to Cromwell*, hailing the Protector of the Commonwealth as such another conqueror as he who went from Macedon to subdue the East; Cromwell, the favourite of Destiny, whose fortunes weighed heavier in her scale than Indian mines. If Dryden had ransacked the Orient for a compliment to the usurper, he could hardly satisfy the restored monarch with meaner references: he hailed his Sacred Majesty therefore as King of an Empire stretching like the sea in ever widening circles, as Master of a fleet to conquer in its sweeping victories the petty monarchs of the land. And if Charles did not choose to lay hand on South America, it was his simple generosity to Spain: and so

Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine free
Our Merchants shall no more Adventrers be:¹

For had not Charles both Indies providing for them: those Indies which would send gold and jewels to adorn his bride? It was not Charles, however, who presented his bride, but she him, with an Indian treasure, when Catherine of Braganza a year later brought him Bombay as her dowry; a harbour of which ships of bigger tonnage than those of Charles II were to learn the value. What princess now could bring her bridegroom such a dower? Yet when it came, its worth was a problem. Pepys was no doubt reflecting the feelings of the time when he wrote that "the Portugals have choused us it seems in the matter of Bombay".²

¹ To his sacred Majesty: a panegyrick on his coronation, 1661.

² Diary, 15 May, 1663.

Dryden sums up the whole vague feeling of the age in two lines of *Annus Mirabilis* which are almost as gorgeous as the contemporary references in Milton, and which, like his, hark back to the splendour of an earlier age: only they lack his subtlety in tone and detail, as Lorraine's sunsets and vapours show the same lack in comparison with those of Turner. These are Dryden's lines:—

And now approach'd their Fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising Sun.

This was the last time he looked through the dazzling hazes of the dawn towards the oriental kingdom. The next he saw her idols,—typical of her ways like the richness of the Persian carpets spread for the mock solemnity he imagines of Shadwell's coronation.

And indeed the question of Indian religions was already disturbing the theological theory of England: were these countless human beings all doomed to damnation for not believing on a Name they had never heard of? Yes, Browne had said in *Religio Medici*, they were, for they were all the children of Adam, no matter how amazed they might be when they should make the post-mortal discovery. Not Dryden when he wrote *Religio Laici*. The people of India had become too real for charitable minds calmly to entertain so cruel a prospect. It is an instance of the sympathetic view with which Dryden regarded Indian ideas that in *The Hind and the Panther* he could cite the wife's sacrifice in suttee as "a rare example".

Turning from Dryden's poems to his plays, as a base for those he was for ever searching material. Sometimes—as

in the *Tempest* he worked up the work of one of his predecessors in the English drama, sometimes he searched history for a plot. France, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Peru, Sicily and Mexico were one after another the scenes of his plays. In 1673, to please his Royal Master, he attempted to work up the feeling of the country against the Dutch by writing his tragedy of *Amboyna*, closely modelled on the story of the Dutch atrocities as we have it in Purchas.¹ They are a horrible story and Dryden was apparently revolted by them even while he wrote the play: for he could not work them into a great drama.² Indeed "this play is beneath criticism" says Scott, and Professor Saintsbury adds "The play is the one production of Dryden which is utterly worthless". Dryden himself asserted it was hardly worth reading seriously, for it was contrived and written in a month on an uninspiring subject, without real dramatic characterization or dramatic effects. And yet it succeeded on the stage. The reasons were two. First that the theme of Dutch villainy was a popular one, just as that of alleged German atrocities was in 1915, and secondly, that in *Captain Towerson*, Dryden made no mean attempt to depict the true heroic English gentleman.³

Were I to choose, of all mankind, a man
On whom I would rely for faith and counsel
Or more, whose personal aid I would invite
In any worthy cause to second me, it should
Be only Gabriel Towerson;

¹ For the development of the feeling against the Dutch over *Amboyna* see I. O. Tracts, nos. 377. 432.

² In 1665 he had written a poem to the Duchess of York complimenting her on the victory the Duke had just gained over the Dutch.

³ Act I, Sc. i.

Daring he is and thereto fortunate;
 Yet soft and apt to pity the distressed,
 And liberal to relieve them:
 I have seen him not alone to pardon foes,
 But by his bounty win them to his love.
 If he has any fault, 'tis only that
 To which great minds, can only subject be—
 He thinks all honest, 'cause himself is so
 And therefore none suspects.

Here was a character for good British audiences to applaud to the echo, a model of merchant captains among miscreant Hollanders, a noble sacrifice of loyalty to the great cause of English trade with India.

“Tell my friends”—says the dying here,
 “I died so as
 Became a Christian and a man; give to my brave
 Employers of the East India Company
 The last remembrance of my faithful service;
 Tell them I seal that service with my blood;
 And dying wish to all their factories,
 And all the famous merchants of our isle,
 That wealth their generous industry deserves.”¹

Here were sentiments and a death for English merchants to applaud to the echo: no wonder this play succeeded on the stage: And its success mingled with interest in traders' business.

Three years later, Dryden produced *Aureng-zebe*, a heroic drama on the succession of the last of the Great Moguls to his throne. It seemed much even to Dr. Johnson a hundred years later, that Dryden should have dared to

¹ Act V, Sc. i.

take as his subject a monarch actually reigning on his throne. But Dryden gave a presentment of his subject flattering beyond the account of his authority Bernier,¹ and distance added a sufficient vagueness for decorum.

Aurengzebe a model of highmindedness, loyalty and virtue overcomes his baser brothers, but in his strife attracts the incestuous passion of Nurmahal, who tries to divide him from the beautiful Indramora. The play is Indian in nothing but name. Brahmins and the 'Persian sect' are mentioned but so too is Greek mythology. "Officious Cupids, hovering o'er your head, held myrtle wreaths" says Dryden's Nurmahal to Aurengzebe. The mystified monarch would only have seen this as another sign that his irrepressible admirer was lapsing into her dotage. However it is a tribute to the march and energy of Dryden's mind that he took the history of Aurengzebe for his plot: his play gave English audiences another reminder that they had strong links with the Empire of the Moguls: but it did practically nothing to clarify their minds in their hazy notions of that Empire.

No, in a chart of the real evidence of the English bond with India, the most interesting subject in Dryden's dramatic work is the character of Sir Martin Marall, who attempts to impersonate an Anglo-Indian on the stage. It is one of the best scenes in the play when Sir Martin's bad memory being unable to keep up the deception leads him into being beaten for an imposter by the very man who had coached him for the part. To prove he is the true "East India gentleman",

¹ As Mr. Archibald Constable pointed out: not, as Scott says, Tavernier.

he boasts of his knowledge of hurricanes and calentures and eclipses and tropic lines, and 'Prester John of the East Indies. and the great Turk of Rome and Persia'—a display of learning which gives the greatest pride and pleasure to the old fool, Moody, who thought he was his father. But there Sir Martin's invention broke down: asked what way he came home, he could only say it was by land, which his man explains as "from India to Persia, from Persia to Turkey, from Turkey to Germany, from Germany to France".¹

So Dryden forces on us the following considerations:—Through the thirty years when he was producing his most individual work, he did not write one considerable poem without a thought of India; he made the impersonation of an East Indian merchant the motif of an excellent scene in one of his most successful comedies. He worked the story of the atrocities which the Dutch committed seventy years before in the Spice Islands into a play which produced enthusiasm for the Company's merchants and seamen. He found in the history of the contemporary Mogul the subject of what some have thought the best of his dramas. This is indeed an amazing record for a writer who for twenty years of the 17th century was Poet Laureate of England.²

In Dryden's time India meant something even to clerics and metaphysicians: so (one is almost startled to find) Joseph Glanville,—a friend of that Bishop Rust of Dromore who preached the funeral panegyric on Jeremy Taylor, and who

¹ Sir C. Davenant, quoted in Lyall's *Rise of British Administration*.

² A last reference in Dryden is:—"And runs an Indian muck at all he meets" (*Hind & Panther* III, 1188).

himself wrote that charming Platonic essay on *The Vanity of Dogmatizing* in which Matthew Arnold was to find an account of the original of the Scholar Gipsy,—published in 1682 an “enquiry into the opinion of Eastern sages concerning the pre-existence of souls” to which he gave the significant title *Lux orientalis*. To this were added annotations by Henry More. Glanville works it out however not by any reference to Buddhist or Brahminical theology, though his line of thought was parallel to theirs, but to the Platonist, Pythagoreans, Chaldeans and Rabbis. It is improbable that India ever really influenced the development of Platonism at this time, or any other: the references in Diogenes and Iamblichus (lacking as they do the support of any contemporary writer) to visits to the Brahmins prove nothing about origin. And we argue no more from it than a vague sympathy with the Indian traditions which Sir William Jones, and Sir Charles Wilkins, followed fifty years later by Mr. Colebrook, made familiar to English scholars, as Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant have later done to English who are not scholars. But the resemblance to Indian ideas is made more telling by a reference which Glanvill made to Indian music in *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*.¹ “The Most delicate musical accents of the *Indians* to us are but inarticulate hummings; as questionless are ours to their otherwise *tuned Organs*.” If Glanvill knew enough of India to judge the effect of Indian music on his ear, he could not have failed to hear of Indian analogies to the philosophic doctrines which were his special subject.

¹ *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, orig. edn. p. 246.

A flavour of the fanciful and dangerous was ever in the Platonic tradition, which inclined it to a more sympathetic bearing towards Indian religions than could be expected from the general trend of Anglican orthodoxy: the letter from the Bishop of Chester written on April 2, 1695, preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian,¹ to a contemporary Archdeacon, probably Archdeacon Prideaux of Norwich, to whom the Bishop of Lichfield wrote on the same subject eighteen days later, first shows the conscience of the Church of England concerned in the spiritual life of the Indians: yet more concerned, it is interesting to note, with the habits of the Company's servants: "The case of ye Indians under the English Government is sad; but that of our East India Company is, doubtless, much more deplorable; for they have some sort of excuse for their Infidelity, and consequently their punishment will be more easy; but these can pretend nothing for their wretched neglect and contempt of those poor souls, but who will be so far from excusing that it will indeed aggravate their sin and render their damnation more intolerable." The Bishop of Lichfield's letter² to Archdeacon Prideaux speaks only of interesting the Archbishop of Canterbury and the King in a project concerning the East India Company which probably includes both the matters mentioned in the Bishop of Chester's letter.

Henry More had, however, by a curious coincidence already been the occasion of the first direct study of oriental philosophy. Before Raynal, before Pétis de la Croix, before

¹ M. S. Tanner XXIV, f. 17.

² M. S. Tanner XXIV, f. 82.

Roth and Hauxleben, the German Jesuits, an Englishman had been busy. These researches first make his name known to the world. It is John Marshall. He was a Cambridge man who entered into the East India Company's service 8th January 1667 at the age of 25, according to his own relation "not being capable of preferment in the Colledge in which I was by reason of Mr. More, my countryman, and by the statutes of the Colledge two men of one country could not at the same time be fellows of yt Colledge". On Dec. 29th 1667 he sailed for India in the *Unicorn* via the Cape and Mauritius and arrived on the coast of Corromandel in the following September. Six years later Marshall began to write down some impressions of Sanskrit philosophy which are preserved in the British Museum (B. M. Harleian MSS. f. 4252—4256 inc). Of the five MSS. there, two are a memorandum of which the first (MS. 4254) from Sept. 11, 1668 to Jan. 1671 is crowded with information about Brahmin philosophy and Indian traditions. The next, MS. 4255, is a continuation of the Diary after Jan. 1671 with cursory remarks on the Customs, Popular Astronomy and Medicine of the Hindus.

The other three are very largely a translation of the Shri Bhagavata Purana which was translated into English from a Persian version of the Sanskrit original dated June 25, 1674. They begin with a familiar and free dialogue which was begun in March, 1674 between "Muddoosooduh Raure Bramine" at Kassimbazar and Marshall. Marshall, whose mind was not subtle nor knowledge profound, asked his Brahmin very crude English questions. The gist of the first was How and why was the world made? How does it continue? What and How will be the end of it?

The Brahmin answers with an introduction to the study of the Purana:

"First God was alone" he said, "but in his mind was the seed of Fickur or care, which seed, when God see, then God's minde or Fickur was to make the world. From this Fickur or care sprange three Gunns or thinges, viz. Rojagun, Suttagun and Tomagun, all which God see was right and pleased yrewith. From Rojagun was care of making, from Suttagun care to bring up, and from Tomagun care to kill all wch seemed to be perfect. Soe God said to them, Goe you are three into one Wyr. I will see how you kill (subdue) or shape it wch was soe; and they were become one woman, wch God calles Adea, or first woman, wch God was well pleased with being a shape that well pleased him. Then God asked her whence she was and what she wanted. She constantly looked on him: soe, said she, she wanted a mann. To which God replied where is mann? were there one you should have him."

The Conversation between the Brahmin and Marshall was then continued thus:

Brahmin:¹ I will be free with you nor do I desire you should conceale what I say to you further than at present, that the people of my religion here in your factory may not know it now Before God there was nothing: nor can it be answered where he was. But before the world or any part of it was, God was, and he was alone.

Marshall: How shall I know that before the world was, God was?

Brahmin: There comes into every man's reason or mind two things—is and is not. Now every man's reason or idea tells him, when he thinks of God, he always thinks of Is, and when his mind or idea thinks of anything else in the world, or of the world itself, those thoughts suggest to him both is and is not; and therefore does imply by this general agreement of the mindes of men that there is a God certainly: but for the world 'tis munswa i. e. uncertain whether it be not, being capable of not being in the mindes of men. So in reality there is three worldes, as first Is, second Not, third is Is or Is not, Now, every man's minde wch thinks of God cannot but think of Is; and upon the world man's mind suggesteth to him both the letter—both that it was not and a query, that it will not be. Also it may be said of God not—for cannot bring into mind anything before him, yrefore the mind saies there was not anything before him.

God alone is, and and we see is but his strength or emanation. He made the world for a sport to himselfe. Before the world was he enjoyed it within himself, and in time he allowed the world to act extra eum. He created it simply from a movement of his free will; for "God is always merry"—The world was a seed within the heart of God which emanated from him, it swelled when he added to it the elements of wisdom and delight First woman was made then man, and "from there the Devas or Devlas: it is all explained in the Booke". Such is the introduction to the Shri Bhagavata Purana.

The phrases of Marshall (put into the mouth of the Brahmin) are an echo of St. Thomas which it is extremely

interesting to remark in the work of a fellow-student of Henry More.

Marshall's work was evidently much appreciated by Halhed who when he went to work 100 years later meticulously copied it all out.¹ And the tradition of Sanskrit learning begun by Halhed and Jones has never been interrupted. It has comprehended and still comprehends many illustrious names. They all go back for the first impulse of their study to the Cambridge Platonists, and it was a survival Scholastic philosophy which first interpreted Sanskrit philosophy into English.

THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.

But however striking these facts are the freer intercourse with India now possible did not coincide with a new impulse of commerce and discovery. The financial rivalry between the two companies led to difficulties in commercial development and almost compromised the control of parliament.² The rise in the value of shares had taken place, and for the time there was no more money to be made. And though trade and England's control of wealth were developing into the vast organization we now see, and were in a few years to lead to the institution of the national debt and the development of the Banking System, this organization gave no longer the great promises which nourished imagination and spurred

¹ British Museum, MSS. 7037—7040.

² See I. O. Tracts, no. 269. Cf. also Charters and Pamphlets India Office Library A. L. R., I. A. which show also the abuse of the Company's powers beginning in the oppression at St. Helena.

ambition. The return of Protestantism, with William and Mary did not make for romance to the extent the Reformation had done as it mingled with other impulses. Holland had no treasures of that kind to barter with us. A foreign prince, who took no interest in commerce or colonies or possessions overseas, cautious, cold, whose high principles did not prevent him being unscrupulous, reigned widowed on our throne; the Church of England made itself secure; Bentinck became the Duke of Portland; something more cumbrous came into our building. Those are important facts but they never inflamed the literary imagination. Literature took a new turn in the reign of Anne: it desired no longer the wings of the morning, and the uttermost parts of the sea were visited only by the obscure, by Wilkins and Defoe. Addison, serene and courtly, drew upon the Moslem countries for some of the graceful moral tales he chose for the *Spectator* such as the Turkish tale of *Shacabac and the Barmecides' Feast*; and he put two of his own inventions into an oriental dress, the *Story of Helim and Abdallah*, and the story of *Hilpa, Harpath and Shallum* and the famous *Vision of Mirza*; he was attracted to the Orient, however, not by India but by the Bible; he wanted to reproduce tales and images with some "likeness to those beautiful metaphors in scripture". The four Indian kings, mentioned in No. 50 of the *Spectator*, who came to London and made naïf observations in the best Satiric manner, were American Indians, not Moslems or Hindus. The East Indies hardly existed for Addison or Steele, or indeed for Prior, or Gay, or any of Queen Anne's men. Take Swift for example. He took his ideas from many fanciful sources, he had read Lucian and Rabelais,—possibly Robinson Crusoe,

and even the *Arabian Nights*. He had read as a young man, Bishop Godwin, Cyrano de Bergerac and the *Lunary Adventure of Bishop Wilkins*. He had read contemporary accounts of Peter, the Wild Boy, the History of Sevarambes by D'Alais, and the story which Foligny gave of the Journey of Jacques Sadent to Australia. There are resemblances in Lilliput to the description of pygmies Barnes gave in *Gerania* in 1875. He copied the account of the storm in the second voyage almost literally from Sturmy's *Compleat Mariner*. And he made deliberate use of other travellers' tales. But his object was to satirize his country; he took no interest in her distant ventures.

There is however one interesting reference to India and her heat in one of the most charming songs of Gay's *Beggars Opera*, sung to the lilt of "Over the hills and far away".

Were I laid on Greenland's Coast
And in my Arms embraced my Lass;
Warm amidst eternal Frost
Too soon the Half Years Night would pass.

Were I sold on Indian soil
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd
I could mock the Sultry Toil
When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd.

And I would love you all the Day,
Every Night would kiss and play
If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away. .

Dryden, as we have seen, following the royal example, turned his attention constantly to India. Pope who supplies

the next great name in the history of English poetry makes hardly a single reference to the life or products of the oriental empire. Eloisa implored Abelard to waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole, and a vague memory of India's royal palaces furnished a contrast with the eager life of Pope's Unfortunate Lady:

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life that burn a thousand years.
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

But such a reference proves only how vague was Pope's touch with India: it might apply to Mogul or Raja, but not more than to Shah or Sultan. It is no more Indian than Simon Ockley's *Conquest of Syria, Persia and Egypt by the Saracens* the first volume of which was published in 1708, though the third was not published till nearly fifty years later, when Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke, had added to it a life of Mahomet. Ockley was a link in the tradition of Arabic scholarship which was originated by Pocock and carried on a few years later by Sale, whose translation of the Koran published in 1734 still holds its reputation; it did indeed lead further into the religious life of India through its great Moslem peoples.

Pope's Indian

“whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind”

was like Addison's Indian kings, American. Thackeray, himself a native of Calcutta, in his unrivalled historic picture of

that age in "Esmond" sends his hero to Virginia, not to Bengal. And it must be remembered that when North America attracted Englishmen, it diverted their attention from the East.

The general reader has long thought of Pope as the passionless and correct poet. Polished he always was, but perhaps there is no keener incentive to finish than a fiery nature, or intense sensitiveness. Pope combined both; he felt acutely, and his sufferings and sympathies racked him within his twisted frame: his heart was not a glowing coal: it burnt with the continued flameless intensity of anthracite. The anguish of Eloisa as she slowly revolved in penitential constraint her passion and her piety; the dear ideas of a devoted lover convulsively struggling with the gracious serenity of conventual religion to dominate a mind—such Pope understood. A passion trembling and beating not into meditation and action, but filling the place of both in life itself, among quiet surroundings, took Pope neither to the Court, nor the counting-house, as Dryden had been taken. What could India give to him? Where was her poetry of the heart constrained by passion? It is clear. That same suttee to which eager Meredith was later to refer, the most arresting, the most poignant phenomenon of Hindu life: at this point Pope touched his India. Lady Mary Montagu, who herself aroused an interest in the East by her letters from Constantinople, was a friend of Pope! He wrote to her on September 1, 1717, while she was still abroad, to describe the death of two rapturous lovers killed by lightning as they embraced,—John Hervey and Sarah Drew,—begging a tear for them, he said, from the finest eyes in the world. He told

her of the epitaph he had written for them on the monument at Stanton Harcourt, not far from Bab-Lock-Hithe: the first lines told those Oxfordshire villagers of the Hindu widow's immolation:

When Eastern lovers feed their funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire.

From the rest of Queen Anne's men, from Ambrose Philips, or from William Law; from Byrom or Parnell; from Berkeley or from Butler, her two philosophers, who died long after her as Bishops, we must not expect to learn more of India than we heard from Pope. His age is a clear and interesting picture in the roll of historic scenes: like Queen Anne architecture, it had a certain elegant English plainness: but the greatness, the splendour of other times and countries did not interest it; the "bookful blockhead ignorantly read" could stock his brain with loads of learned lumber. He was not expected to enrich the world with great and romantic ideas. Empire meant, as far as we can see, nothing to that sober age. But the English genius is too varied long to be content with accomplishing only correctness.

The Romantic Revival in English poetry began in the simple appreciation of natural scenery as in the poems *The Fleece* (which was praised by Wordsworth) and *Grongar Hill*. Thomson followed the example in the *Seasons*, which have one noticeable reference to India¹ and crossed deeper

¹ Thomson: Summer.

"all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast or Malabar.

Same spelling of Coromandel as Lockyer uses in 1711. A. Hamilton in 1727, I, 349 has Cormandell.

over into the enchanted country in his *Castle of Indolence*, Collins took it nearer to the East when he wrote the *Persian Eclogues* (1742), his first literary exercise, published indeed several years before the *Castle of Indolence*, and less vividly oriental than one or two pictures in the *Castle* in which soft music raised luxury to its height:

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris shore
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great
Held their high court.¹

This is in the high vague manner of a hundred years before: it might be one of Milton's allusions to the East. This poet cheers the minds of the indolent with Mocha coffee, though his healthy simplicity prefers British wool to all

"Soft India's cotton or her silk."

There are one or two references in contemporary literature which give a hint how the idea of India was working beneath the surface of expression, Sir William Temple frequently mentions India in his *Essay on Heroick Virtue* written some years before Anne ascended the throne. In another essay which appeared about that time on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, he goes so far as to say the seeds of Greek productions and institutions came from among Indian and Chinese learning and opinions. He adduces as examples the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul and the classification of the four cardinal virtues; the interior discipline of silence, and

vegetarianism, and the essential value of tradition; the eternity of matter and the rigid rules of enduring hardship and pain, of disregard of this life and its pleasures, and the forbidding of commerce with strangers. Sir William Temple had a very good idea of the Brahmin system. We see these ideas working more vaguely in the eminent nonconformist poet and divine, Isaac Watts who was born on July 17, 1674 and died in 1748, a pious Nonconformist. He wrote many correct but rather dull poems, among them *The Indian Philosopher*.

He shows in these stongas from it one of the first examples of Indian religion affecting English verse:

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide
On Fancy's airy horse I ride
 (Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges Flood
In a tall ancient grove I stood
 For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Risen with his god, the Sun, from rest,
 Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream
The birth of souls was all his theme
 And half divine his tongue.

He sang th'eternal rolling flame
The vital mass, that still the same
 Does all our mind compose;
But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames
Thence differing souls in jarring names
 And jarring tempers rose.

The mighty power that prim'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd
And blest the new-born pair;
This be a match for this, he said
Then down he sent the souls he made
To seek their bodies here.

But parting from this warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance and crossing fates!
Our Eastern souls have dropped their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

Happy the Youth that finds the bride,
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life;
But oh the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds
And chain'd t'eternal strife.

William Somervile (1692—1742)¹ published in 1725 *The Chace*. By 1773 it had run through six editions. Book II which begins with hunting roebuck and hare goes on to give a description of Mogul hunting. This was modelled on Bernier and a *History of Genghizcan the Great 1st Emperour of the Antient Moguls and Tartars* by Pétis de la Croix.² It is a spirited description of a big beat (such as Indian princes still make) for lion, tiger, wolves, bears and pards, made from Delhi.

¹ Somervile, Deighton's edition of Aureng-zebé (Constable).

² (London, 1722, Book III, ch. vii.)

There are Miltonic echoes:—

The passage where the hunter
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern Review
Thro' groves of spears, from File to File, he darts,
His sharp experienc'd eye; their Order marks
Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,

is very close to that in *Paradise Lost*, Book I where Satan
"traverse"

The whole battalion views—" ¹

and the later one when

Now high in air th'imperial standard waves
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a sheet of fire, thro the dim Gloom ²
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shout,
And all the brazen instruments of war
With mutual clamour and united din
Fill the large concave.

echoes a later passage from *Milton*.

The Author lends his work a personal vividness:—

"Tygers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws."

And though here and there a conventional phrase, like
"Kindling fires gleam from the mountains", hardly applies
to Delhi, the rest is accurate and vigorous.

Such references show the meaning to England of the rise
of the East India Company, and is a prologue to the story

¹ *Paradise Lost*, I, 538—546.

² *Paradise Lost*, I, 549—553.

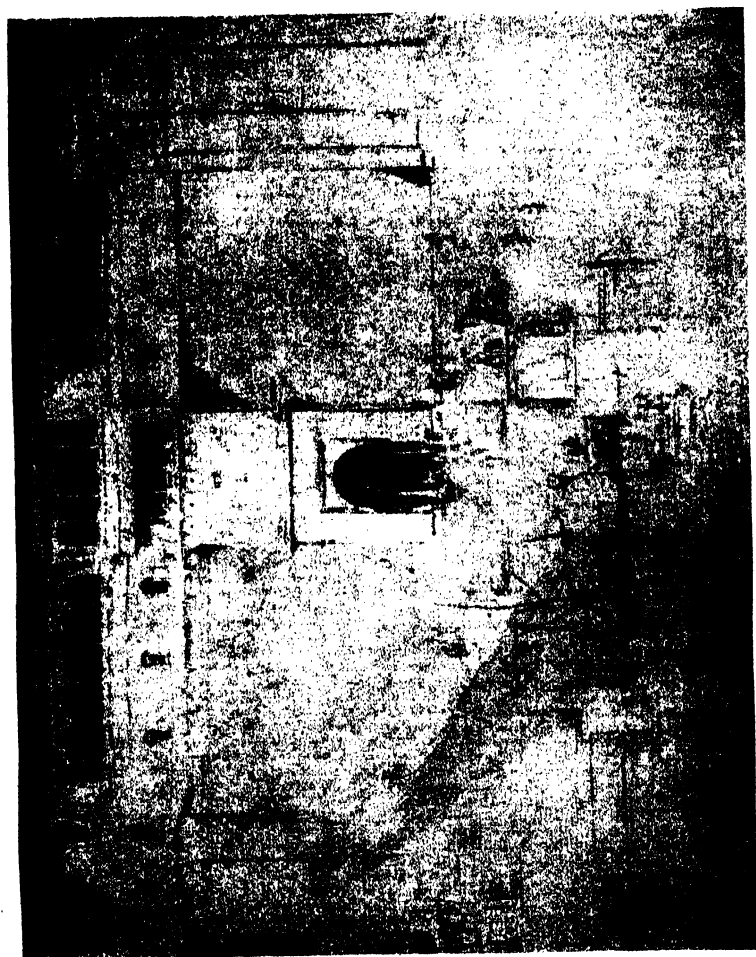
of the change in India from 1700 to 1770, which is so masterfully told in the words of Burke.¹

It has been an interesting development. We have got very far from the blaze of romantic interest which made the Elizabethans long for adventure and wealth, and led them to the founding of the Company. The development of the Company has led to a more concrete interest and a more detailed knowledge, not to a more passionate interest or to the familiar acquaintance, even remotely, of educated men. Money had been coming in regularly and generously to the Shareholder of the Company, and to traders. Kings have treated with the directors, letters have come home, travellers have given their full accounts; great poets and writers have made exacter, and then again vaguer references; material has been found for an episode in a poem, but in the mind of England, India had not yet attained an outstanding importance. Indeed, England's tendency to be insular and parochial was almost undisturbed. The connection with Holland had got no further. Marlborough's campaigns left England satisfied with herself. Except for Boileau, and the influence of France, renewed since the Restoration, the Continent hardly touched her. Travel was expensive, difficult, risky and therefore rare. The Continent was a fantastic place, and Roman Catholicism a fantastic idolatry. What was Asia?

¹ *Impeachment of Warren Hastings*. Bohn I, 22. "By degrees, as the theatre of operation was distant it was found necessary to enlarge their powers the India Company came to be what it is—a great empire carrying on subordinately a great commerce the same power became the general trader, the same power became the supreme lord."

A tract with caravans and camels; India? An emporium of rich wares, a haunt of odd, though powerful, kings; Mohammedanism, though it provided entertaining fairy tales, was not a thing to be taken seriously; Buddhism was practically unknown. "It was not until the victories of Clive in India, and the era of expansion under the elder Pitt that England took any vital interest in the Orient."¹ Events were at hand which were quite to change the relation of India to Great Britain. The Calcutta Charnock had founded was to be not a trading centre but the capital of an Empire, the metropolis of British India.

Conant "Oriental Tale in England" p. 234.



A RIVER PALACE

by E. S. Lumsden A. R. S. A. R. E. 42 York Place. Edinburgh.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH INDIA.

THE FRENCH RIVALRY.

If the first forty years of the 18th century show England unmoved by the gains or promises of the Company's work, was there no other country with enterprise enough to dispute them with her?

Italy had never followed up the tradition of her medieval travellers and sailors; Spain had fastened on the New World; the voyage of Vasco da Gama consummated the record of Portugal; Holland, after taking Ceylon, Java and the Spice Islands, had lost her place on the sea; Central and Eastern Europe never came into the reckoning.

What of France? The French mind has always had a sense of symmetry: while England has given practical gifts of the highest order in commerce and administration to the support of an inspired opportunism, France has from time to time evolved great schemes for the domination of Europe or of Asia. In the latter part of the 17th century it had dawned on the English that they might move forward to administering an Empire in India, and in 1687 the directors of the Company expressed the wish to establish, "and create such a large and secure revenue as may be the

foundation of a large, well-grounded, sure English dominion in India for all time to come". But a Frenchman first definitely planned to subordinate the Mogul Empire to a European will; a Frenchman first developed the idea of supporting European power in India by the organization of an Indian army; French soldiers first showed that European science and discipline were a greater power in war than India's vast numbers. Energy, ability, bravery, these native qualities the French never denied to the development of great conceptions. They turned these first towards India in 1503 when two ships were fitted out at Rouen to trade in Eastern seas. A company was formed in 1604; but money, which for many centuries has put enormous power into English hands, prevented the company doing anything for another fifteen or twenty years. It was Richelieu who first established the company as a power to obtain an oriental empire, and before he died, French sagacity had selected Madagascar for its first attempt at colonization.

In 1664 Colbert, who succeeded Mazarin, revived the enthusiasm of the French for trade with India. But for Parmentier who went in 1679 to Sumatra, Francois Pyrard de Laval was the first of them since Guillaume de Rubruquis. He went out in 1601 and published an account of his adventurous journey with very valuable remarks on what he had seen in 1619. Tavernier was the next traveller of importance to visit India; he made six journeys to the east, beginning in 1631 with Persia and in 1668. In 1676 appeared his *Six Voyages* which attracted great attention, for they recalled in vivid words the many interesting and novel things that he had seen. Ten years before Jean Thevenot had arrived

at Surat; he published a thorough and dependable account of India in 1686, a year after his namesake Melchisedech Thevenot had published his *Relation des Divers Voyages*. Thevenot's work, wrote one student of India in the middle of the 19th century, "reads more like a romance than the active realities of life";¹ to men, manners and things Thevenot might, if he had chosen, have given a closer attention; but if he had done so, probably fewer people would have read his work. As it is, the keenness and wit of the French travel-writers carry on the reader, and his instruction is entertaining. He was in quest of information, and had a mind of high ability. A greater man was Bernier; he was not only a very accurate and careful writer but a shrewd politician, and to him Europe owes its first truthful view of Mogul power. Other accounts were given by Bellanger de Lespinay of Vendôme who was in the East from 1670 to 1675, and Belloi who was there from 1667 to 1677, the year Delestre published his book. And we have also the story of De la Haye's expedition and of the ship which was sent out to reinforce him. But the most famous traveller of them all was Bernier who spent twelve years at the Mogul Court and wrote his history for that time, the most important record of the age that we now have. His thorough and acute mind was as accurate as it was ready², and his record, which secured an immediate success, will remain memorable. Chardin's book was published in 1686 and makes a fascinating story.

¹ H. G. Briggs. Preface to "Cities of Gujarastra".

² Sir Aurel Stein told me that his long labours in Kashmir have shown him that Bernier did not make a single mistake in his account of Kashmir, though he was there only a few weeks.

The actual rise of the Royale Compagnie des Indes is told in the unpublished manuscript of the memories of Francois Martin in the Archives Nationales at Paris. They cover the 30 years from 1664 to 1694.¹ Francois Martin was born in 1634, the fruit of an amour between Gilles Martin, a Parisian merchant and Peronne Gosselin, and after a year or two in Madagascar, arrived in India about 1670. He devoted the next twenty-five years of his life to the foundation of a French Empire in the East. About this time Colbert sent out the famous scholar Pétis de la Croix to the East. It was he to whom Europe owes the famous French translation of the *Arabian Nights*, and in 1792 he became Professor of Arabic in the Collège de France. Nine years after his death his excellent translation of the Zafnama was published, in which appears his history of Jenghiz Khan. Colbert had another confidential agent in the East; the Abbé Carré, who had just gone out from 1668 to 1671 by sea, made a journey overland in 1672, coming back the same ways two years later.

Carré's *Voyages des Indes Orientales* (1669—1671; 2 volumes 12 mo) is an account of travel varied, as the title page announces, with several curious stories. A considerable part is given up to Shivaji's history, of which it mentions some details not elsewhere obtainable. There are stories of the women of Georgia and of a Persian Princess, of four French renegades, and of two Portuguese women sold by one of their countrymen to a Moslem prince. These vary a gossiping account of the Abbe's two voyages to India, of the

¹ Not 1696 as the title says.

longer story of which these little volumes profess to be an abridgement. If that longer account exists, no record of it has yet been found, but a document of the greatest interest is the MS. of Abbé Carré's *Courier de l'Orient* which describes his second journey in the years from 1672 to 1674. This important work has lain hidden in the India Office Library, few know of its existence.¹ It is the most detailed account that any Frenchman has sent home from India, and is full of interesting details. It is the only record of a Frenchman's impressions of the English Company, and supplements that of the French Company in the MS. of F. Martin in the Archives Nationales.² He himself describes it as a polished mirror in which he shows clearly the most secret and hidden things of all that had passed in the administration of the business of those most distant parts of the world: he claimed to give an account of the conduct, the feelings and the enterprises of those to whom the Company had committed its interests; of the accounts and establishment of the Company; of the way other European nations managed their business; of Christian Churches and how others differed from the French in living (*Vous y verez les églises de nous chrétiens et leurs manières différentes de vivre, à notre esgard*), and he said he would show how the kings and princes of the East studied and protected the French interests.

¹ When I discovered it, it was not even mentioned in the catalogue. I published this account of it in the *Geographical Journal* in August 1921.

² It was his use of this MS which gave the greatest value to M. Kaepelin's book, the *Compagnie Royale des Indes. Directions de la Chambre generale de la Royale Compagnie d'orient*.

Carré received his despatches from Colbert at Versailles in March 1672, and coached to Marseilles where he took ship for Aleppo. From there he travelled overland to Babylon and then down the river to Basra. He then sailed down to the Persian coast, calling at Kung, and skirting the coast of Cambay till he landed at Diu. And then he sailed back in a little Portuguese vessel to Surat where he compares the French and English settlements. He pays a great compliment to the English who had to struggle first with the Portuguese and then with the Dutch and been in difficulties a thousand times worse than the French had been, and who excelled both in administrating their settlements and in navigation; he gives ten observations on the discipline maintained by the English and Dutch companies over their servants, and adds twelve salutary rules to be observed by those responsible for the traffic of merchandise in ships.

After a short stay in Surat the Abbé set out overland for San Thomé, calling at Goa, the ruined grandeur of which impressed him as it did Fryer, and then he struck inland to Bijapur and Golconda. One interesting account of the privileges won by the French from the king of Bijapur shows that the French *flaire* for getting on well with Indians had already had its success, a success which struck Carré anew on the Coromandel coast.¹ At the same time he saw that

¹ Cf. This extract from Heber written 150 years later. "I took this opportunity of enquiring in what degree of favour the name of the French stood in this part of India, where for so many years together it was paramount. I was told that many people were accustomed to speak of them as often oppressive and avaricious, but as of more conciliating and popular manners than the English Sahibs. Many of them indeed, like

difficulties might arise from their missionaries interfering in matters which did not concern them.

Carré gives a good many details of the triangular struggles between the Dutch, the English and the French; though he receives personal kindnesses from all. When he sets sail from Madras it is in an English vessel. He had a great appreciation always of the way the English Company did its business, he praises the cleverness, the order and the promptitude with which the English repaired their ships after combat with the Dutch; the regularity of the sailing timetable; the skilful navigation; the far-seeing way in which they encouraged the commercial enterprise of other ships than theirs; and their sagacity in their dealings with their employees and in accomodating their wares to the Indian taste. It is to Bombay that he returns in the English ship in which he sailed from Madras. He again discusses the English establishment there: and a few weeks later he has sailed from Surat for Basra on his homeward journey.

In actual facts, the *Courier de L'Orient* adds little to the history of the period. Indeed much of the ground has been covered in the letters which Carré sent, during this trip, to Colbert, and which are now in the Archives of the Ministère des Colonies in Paris. But as a detailed, and often

this old Colony had completely adopted the Indian dress and customs, and most of them were free from that exclusive and intolerant spirit which makes the English, wherever they go, a cast of themselves, disliking and disliked of all their neighbours. Of this foolish, surely, national pride I see but too many instances daily, and I am convinced that it does much harm in this country. We are not guilty of injustice, or wilful oppression, but we shut out the natives from our society, and a bullying, insolent manner is continually assumed in speaking to them." Journal II, 342.

garrulous history of an important errand of the trusted agent of the French statesman who first gave solid support to the French enterprise in India, this diligent work of the adventurous Abbé deserves to be rescued from the obscurity in which it has rested for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Pyrard de Laval's story had first hinted to the French nation that the East provided a new field for their enterprise, and the French Literature of travel, which was published while Carré was busy on the errand of Colbert, offered every reader a memorial and an example of the aptness of the French genius for the exploits and the observations of oriental travellers. There was not only the work of Bernier, Tavernier, Thevenot and Chardin. The *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot de Molainville was the first compendium of information about the Indies and purported to contain everything which concerned an acquaintance with the peoples of the orient, their histories and traditions whether true or fabulous, their religions and political institutions. When Dupleix was in India these were all outstanding authorities, and the time had yet not come when the work of Anquetil du Perron or The Abbé Raynal was excelled by that of contemporary Englishmen.

Another French work of historical importance is Picart's *Cérémonies et coutumes religieuses*.¹

¹ Amst. 1723, described by Graesse in his *Trésor des livres rares et précieux* (1861) as follows:

Cette compilation, faite sans critique ni érudition profonde, n'est recherchée aujourd'hui que pour ses 266 belles gravures dont elle est ornée. Quant aux collaborateurs ce fut Bruyon de la Martinière qui avec quelques autres hommes de lettres sous la rédaction de J. F. Bernard composa cet ouvrage dont le fonds appartenait à plusieurs savants renommés. — Translated into English by a Gentleman some time since of St. John's

Although there is no depth or originality of learning in the book, it is founded on sound authorities, and describes subjects directly and reasonably.¹

When Martin died in 1706 he left the French power firmly established at Pondichery. At this time Mahé de la Bourdonnais and Dupleix were still boys. In 1725 La Bourdonnais made his name by the capture of Maihi, or Mahé as it is now called after him. Dupleix first adequately displayed his genius in the ten years from 1731 to 1741 that he was intendant of Chandernagore. From a decayed and forgotten settlement he made it in that short time the most flourishing port in India, a clearing-house for the rich products of Bengal, a trading centre for a large fleet of ships sailing on the one side to China, on the other to Surat, Jeddo, Mocha and Basra. In 1741, two years before the arrival of the young Clive in India, Dupleix succeeded the able Dumas as Governor-General of French India.

The difficulties of Dupleix in Southern India showed that his genius was for commercial development rather than

College in Oxford. — One hundred and seventy Folio copperplates, all beautifully designed by Mr. Bernard Picart and curiously engraved by most of the best hands in Europe.

These words describe the English Translation, published in 1733. The engravings in this edition are indeed finer than those in the original volume. Apparently those had been copied on to another plate, for the right and left are transversed. The later ones are vague, but the colour is finer in most cases.

¹ (See its Preface.) But it is probable that the imagination of Southey who, as we shall see, mentions it was equally fascinated by the pictures which are extremely good. These pictures are before him still as he writes *Kehama*, and of them all that of a suttee is probably the most telling. — Suttée is mentioned by Mucius Scaevola.

for political rivalry with his own countrymen or as their protagonist with other nations; still less did he shine in the hazards of war: till he became Governor of Pondicherry, however, he had never been thwarted. His own brilliant career as the climax of the long, wise, patient labours of French colonists in India, supplied him with material for optimism.

CLIVE.

Up to the time of Dupleix, in what they had to do with the Indians the French had been extraordinarily successful and extraordinarily popular. They showed with the Indians the same flair that they exhibited under Napoleon with the Syrians and Egyptians. As Governor of Pondicherry Dupleix had established the power of France on that of the Nabob of the Carnatic and the Viceroy of the Deccan, and assumed under their names the rule of Southern India. His success was blazoned with all the expressions of signal triumph. Under Dupleix the French in India were acknowledged as supreme, when Clive, by the capture and defence of Arcot, turned the whole current of affairs. The wild young subaltern of twenty-five, trained as a book-keeper, gave the first check to the successful statesman of fifty. He raised the siege of Trichinopoly and ejected the French from Covelong and Chingleput. By fortune, by daring, by military genius, he carried a dramatic victory through to a thorough vindication of British power. He inflamed the imagination of his own countrymen by supplying them at the same moment with an achievement, a project, and a hero. And in this blaze of approbation he appeared in person in England in

1752. From that time his country's view of India from a blur became a distinct object of the first magnitude. The history of the effect of India on the English imagination for the next twenty years is the story of Clive, the story with which we are all familiar in the brilliantly coloured, but not falsely coloured, *Essay* of Macaulay.

For the next forty years the history of India's influence on England is the story of Clive and of Hastings. Circumstances combined to focus his countrymen's attention on the young hero. The applause which always greets the successful soldier, was naturally his. He had taught Orientals that the English could excel in what struck the Eastern mind as better and greater than commerce, in war. But he had done something more than vindicate the credit of his countrymen; he had rescued their investments; he had established the ventures of merchants. The Company thanked him in the warmest terms, and presented him with a sword set with diamonds.

The spectacular rewards of success not only satisfy an instinct of peoples: they arouse the comments of envy. Clive had made money; he competed with the great world; he went about in splendid clothes, he drove in a carriage, he rode the best horses: and he was unable to reinforce these claims to social equality by family connections, by social training, or even by his personal appearance. Anglo-Indians in those days had even more their own ways than they have now, and they were far more ostentatious. Clive's was a commanding, not a sweet personality; his early home had been remote from taste, fashion and polish; and the less the fashionable world accepted Clive, the more they noticed him. Not satisfied by

the private attention of society, he plunged into its side-track, politics, and was returned to the House of Commons: the validity of his election was then disputed before the whole house. It was made the great point in the contention between Newcastle and Henry Fox for the leadership of the Whigs, and, first decided in favour of Clive and Fox, it was finally turned against them by the Tories. After this Clive could not be forgotten. He returned to India in 1755, from an England who was henceforth to show a rather intimate acquaintance with the Empire he was winning for her.

He had found his opportunity for early glory in repelling the encroachments of a Frenchman on British power in Southern India. The menace to the British in Bengal from the tyranny of Suraj-ud-Daula provided the occasion of the triumph he secured during his second sojourn in the East. It was Suraj-ud-Daula who gave the command for the atrocity familiar to every English child in the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. "Nothing in history or fiction" wrote Macaulay¹ "not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that dreadful night."² These exaggerated phrases convey an idea of the horror which the agonies of the Black Hole aroused in England and which was always present, a relic of the old view that, as heathens, the natives of India were hardly human, struggling with the new view more in accord

¹ Essay on Clive.

² Cf. Dante, *Inferno* Canto XXXIII. Ugolino della Gherardesca was treacherously denounced as a traitor by Ruggieri in 1288.

with the doctrines of Rousseau. Clive was intimately connected with the development of both views: as the avenger of the Black Hole on the odious Suraj-ud-Daula, as the conqueror of Bengal, he maintained uncompromising British pride. He who defeated the treacherous Omichund by clever treachery to place Suraj-ud-Daula's treacherous captain Mir Jafar on his master's throne; who succeeded in defeating Omichund only by forging the name of Admiral Watson when the Admiral refused complicity in Clive's devices; who returned to England, with these devices known and remembered, as the first and greatest of the Nabobs, tended to arouse that distrust of British administration, which produced the sympathy of England's liberal sentiments towards India long before Burke so emphatically expressed them. After a dramatic victory outside Calcutta, Clive again finally won the supremacy of Bengal from Suraj-ud-Daula at Plassey in 1757; Three years later he sailed a second time for England, not before he had established the power of the English over any danger of Dutch rivalry. Here again his strategy was dictated by the cavalry spirit. Clive was playing cards when his commander, Colonel Forde's, message reached him, asking for an Order-in-Council to attack. Clive took a piece of paper between the deals, and scribbled on it. "Dear Forde, fight them at once. I will send you the Order-in-Council to-morrow." He did not leave India before, from among the other young servants of the Company, he had picked out Warren Hastings.

If Clive had attracted attention in London in 1752, he received more solid honours in 1760. At the age of 35, still in military standards a junior officer, the son of a little Shropshire squire, he was raised to the peerage. The king

distinguished him with personal attention. Pitt, who had compared him with Frederick the Great in the House of Commons, headed the ministers of state in paying him honour.

The situation in which he had found himself on his first return was developed, not altered. He had acquired a fortune which brought him an income of £ 40 000 a year; by the conquest of Bengal he had added immense riches to the Company; at the capture of Moorshedabad heaps of gold and silver had fallen into his hands. The wealth which had thus accrued to Clive and the Company had provided for all its astuter servants in Bengal, and the greed and excitement of the Elizabethan age were again aroused. In this case not even courage was required, but chance itself was the passport to success. This was a situation to rouse to the highest point the gambler's fever. A man of thirty-five held a prize as great as the estates of the great noblemen of England.

With such tremendous resources, the temptation to be ostentatious was not less than before. Clive's father, whom Walpole¹ describes as an "old unfashioned man" came to court, and by referring to Clive's loyalty to the King as providing His Majesty with another vote, gave rise to a story which, in the words of Walpole "occasioned much diversion". As an Irish peer, Lord Clive was able to sit in the House of Commons. He was elected in 1761, and his wealth controlled a powerful interest. He devoted his chief attention to Indian affairs, and remained in England until 1765.

Meantime a state of affairs had arisen in India which was a scandalous contrast to the ideals of Clive. Clive had indeed

¹ *Memoirs of George III*, ch. xxiii.

overcome treachery by treachery; but he had done so in a patriotic cause which appealed to Englishmen's loftiest instincts. He had received colossal sums of money, but he had done so with a legal right not inferior to that of the Company, for in those days no one argued that a man is not entitled to accept a free gift; placed in a situation which might have corrupted the virtue of men more straitly trained in ethics, he behaved with a moderation which afterwards amazed him. He had made, however, just enough compromise with expediency to allow his name to be connected with the scandals he now proceeded to attack. "During the five years which followed the departure of Clive from Bengal," wrote Macaulay¹, "the misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society." This statement has never been disputed. Far from the control of the Company, greed for their own gains was their only standard. First dethroning Mir Jafar, and then his successor Mir Kasim, and then Mir Kasim again, they made each change the excuse for new depredations. Thirty millions of Bengalis became the prey of those who could make and remake their sovereigns; they suffered the miseries of tyranny, the most grinding and unbearable of miseries, while every servant of the Company did his best to accumulate a rapid fortune. The Bengalis were powerless, for the resources of civilization were in the devices of the oppressors, in their monopoly of trade, in their astute bargaining, in their revenue system, in their control of dependents, above all in their military strength. Syed Ghulam

¹ Essay on Clive.

Hussein Khan wrote at that time in his *Syyar-al-Mutaqherin* that if to so many military qualifications the English knew how to join the arts of government, if they were as anxious for the reputation of benevolence as for military glory, no nation in the world would be worthier to command. "But the people under their dominion groan everywhere, and are reduced to poverty and distress."¹

Such a state of affairs could not endure long. A thoroughly corrupt administration achieves nothing: the unscrupulous rapacity which originated in the Company's civil service soon brought the army to a state of disaffection; the national character was disgraced for nothing in return; there was war on the frontiers. These were the scandals which Clive in 1765 went to India to put down.

He did it with such success that the odium which they deserved fell upon himself. The men who were dispossessed of their unique opportunities for wealth, hated him with furious hatred. Nor were they the first enemies he had made. It is indeed an extraordinary coincidence that the ill-report which the Company's servants had earned in India should fall on the two great men who did most to purify the administration; first on Clive, then on Hastings. When in 1767 Clive returned to England, he became known as the leader of the Nabobs; he was extraordinarily unpopular, and in 1772 the hatred from which he suffered burst upon him in charges of the House of Commons. The whole attention of Parliament was concentrated upon the conqueror of India, as it was afterwards, and more, to be concentrated on Hastings; but

¹ Quoted by Macaulay on Clive.

Clive was vindicated. Parliament laid down once more excellent moral principles of government; they hinted that their successful general had deviated from them; but they asserted in conclusion that his services to his country had been great and meritorious.

His brilliant career was not to end without once more provoking comment, for the aggravation of diseases and accusations led him into tragic fits of melancholy which he could alleviate only by the most dangerous of remedies—opium. When in 1774 he committed suicide, the feelings of society saw their violent prejudices confirmed, and a villainous career brought to a terrible end by an afflicted conscience. The great man who at the age of twenty-five had been the deserving receiver of national applause died before another twenty-five were over, borne down by the undeserved weight of national shame. His military dash had made him England's Indian hero; his administrative reforms laid on him the last straws of the scapegoat's burden. To England Clive was India.

The flood of attention which poured along his career towards the Company and her business, was swelled by not a few rivulets and streams.

Every Nabob was to some extent a centre of comment; and it is more than a coincidence that the first Minister of State owed his fortune to his ancestral connection with India; it was a diamond in Madras that made the fortune of the Pitts; Thomas Pitt had been Governor of Fort George when his grandson, William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, was born; and Clive, who won his early glory in the same place, had a special claim on the great statesman's interest. Clive's

first commander, Stringer Lawrence, had won his reputation in Europe, and Clive's generosity saw to it that Lawrence was never forgotten.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

The struggles of Clive against Dupleix and Labourdonnais, Godeheu and Lally Tollendal, attracted not only English but French attention, and there is an oriental influence in French literature which accompanies England's interest in India.

Voltaire in 1750 produced *Lettre d'un Turc sur les fakirs et sur son ami Babadec*, and in 1756 *Dialogue d'un Brachmane et d'un Jésuite sur la nécessité de l'enchaînement des choses*. In 1769 (when the privileges of the Compagnie des Indes Orientales were abolished), appeared *Lettres d'Amabed*; a short story relating the Tragi-comic adventures of a Hindu and his wife, as the basis of a satire on the ways of the Portuguese inquisition and the habits of the Roman clergy.

Diderot in the *Encyclopaédie* had written several articles on the religion and philosophy of India. Abbé Raynal in 1770 produced his *Histoire Philosophique et politique des établissements et du commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*. He was assisted by Diderot, d'Holbach, and Naigon.

On 30 July 1770 the *Comédie Française* played Lemièrre's *La Veuve du Malabar*, and on 13 Nov. Favart's *L'Amitié à l'Épreuve* which was played on 17 Jan. 1771 by the *Comédie Italienne*. The scene is in London, but the heroine is Indian. Favart was popular for his mingling of the sprightly with the sensitive, and Indians must have been

in mode for him to bring one on the stage. But his heroine is Indian in nothing but name, given her, probably, to make her sound more real. The play of *La Veuve du Malabar* is founded on suttee. It commences as follows:

Un illustre Indien a terminé sa vie:
Sachez donc si sa veuve à l'usage osservé,
Conformant sa conduite aux moeurs de nos climats
Dès ce jour met sa gloire à le suivre, au trépas.
C'est un usage saint, inviolable, antique;
Et la religion jointe à la politique
Le maintient jusqu'ici dans ces Etats
Que traverse le Gange et qu'entourent les Mers.¹

Though there was the same acquaintance in England with the suggestiveness of India, there was also a much more palpable contact through history and affairs.

Thus the difficult time which followed Clive's second administration has left an English record in the quarto volumes of Bolts and Verelst. Harry Verelst was a trusted friend of Clive, a man possibly wanting in firmness, but of a high integrity, who carried on Clive's work of attempting to purify the administration and to put down the excessive and dangerous activity of private trade. In this work he came in conflict with a Dutch adventurer named Willem or William Bolts, who was generally distrusted and disliked and who was certainly by no means a persona grata to the

¹ What devices did Lemièrre employ to reproduce Indian atmosphere?

(1) Names. Malabar, Bengal, Hoogly, Ganges. (2) history facts-reference to son of Porus (got from Diodorus). (3) A vague reference to customs: Yoghis, caste, celestial origin of the Ganges. He had probably read the *Dictionnaire*.

Company. Verelst removed Bolts from India; Bolts, after his arrival in England, published first one, and then a second volume of *Considerations of Indian Affairs*. The first of which was answered in an important volume by Verelst, praised by Mill and by Malcolm, and described on the title page as *A View of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the English Government in Bengal*. This was published in 1772. That Bolts main contention was unsound we cannot in these days argue. He saw the Company in an anomalous and illogical position in which to some extent British Government there has remained ever since: that it was an administration of a vast empire conducted by a few for the profit of a few, and they not natives of the country. It had just obtained a vast addition of territories, over which it exercised a despotic authority without due administration of justice, and as Bolts says "whatever view we take of the constitution of the East India Company to whom these Indian territories, and with them no inconsiderable portion of the national influence and power in Europe are intrusted, it must appear that such possessions are of too much consequence to be abandoned to twenty-four Directors, who, it may be feared, are on many accounts but ill qualified for the entire management of concerns of such infinite importance, being generally elected by the combinations and intrigues of a few monied men who may be actuated by no better motives than the acquisition of power and influence to themselves, and of rapid fortunes to their families, dependents and creatures."¹ But with this sound constitutional principle, well-argued and well

¹ *India Affairs*, p. 211.

expressed, he combined a great deal of unfair attack upon his enemies: he exposed abuses, and published Clive's complaints about them, and then turns his reforming energy to personal and spiteful ends. So that, as Verelst in his reply very cleverly said the mode of reasoning he employed was "by declaiming strongly on *possible* effects to inflame the mind, to mention a *particular* fact which proves nothing and then very liberally to deal with general invectives, leaving the reader to suppose practices thus alluded to have frequently prevailed". Verelst after all had been a governor; he had been compelled to understand, because he had been compelled to apply his system; and he saw that it would work. But we are prejudiced too easily in favour of our own way of doing things; we cling too loyally to the system in which we have done our best. The argument between Bolts and Verelst was that between all conservative administrators and all reforming critics. Each sees evil where the other sees good. The vice of the foregone conclusion decides every step of the argument. Both took a broad view and a philosophic view and Verelst was no doubt the fairer and saner of the two: both wrote well, and supported their restrained eloquence with documentary evidence. The case of Bolts was a preliminary to the great constitutional issue which was to be argued out fifteen and twenty years later in the case of Warren Hastings.¹

¹ The following books were published about that time and might be noticed:

1765. Interesting historical events relative to Bengal & India.

1767. History of India from the earliest account of time to the death of Akbar.

Cf. p. 202.

About this time an Indian lady, married to one of the Company's servants, made a voyage to England and attracted the amorous Sterne, who wrote her the *Bramine's Journal*, a long love-letter. This has never been printed and remains in manuscript in the British Museum.¹ The "Eliza" to whom it was addressed was Elizabeth Draper, the wife of Daniel Draper, who was, in turn, chief of the Company's servants at Surat, and Counsellor in Bombay. She appears to have been an accomplished creature, and attracted Sterne's attention to a little study of the country.² "Bought Orm's account of India" he writes. "Why? let not my Bramine ask me—her heart will tell her why I do this and everything." But for a reference on the 12th page to the "length and dangers of the voyage", India comes in no more. The title is misleading. Bramin and Bramine were simply the pet names that they gave each other.³ The M. S. was sent to Thackeray in 1851, and on the 18 Sept. in that year he wrote a characteristic letter about it to its possessor. "I am sorry" he says "that reading the Bramin's letter to his Bramine did not increase my respect for the reverend Lawrence Sterne

1772. History of India from the death of Akbar to the complete settlement of the empire under Aurengzebe.

Books became common after 1788.

1773. Accounts of the Manners and Customs of several nations in India.

1785. Sketches of the Mythology and Customs of the Hindus.

1786. Francis Robson. Life of Hyder Ali.

1786. Considerations of the State of India. A. F. Tytler.

¹ M. S. 34527.

² Folio 3.

³ M. S. in B. M. Show case VII, 62.

On the day Sterne was writing to Lady P. and going to Miss —'s benefit, he is dying in his Journal to the Bramine, can't eat, has the doctor and is in a dreadful way. He wasn't dying but lying, I'm afraid. God help him—a falser and wickeder man it's difficult to read of."

Orme, whom Sterne mentions, Thackeray makes the favourite author of Colonel Newcome. He was born in Travancore in 1728 and returned from England to Calcutta in 1743 as a writer in the Company's service, the year of Clive's arrival. In 1752 he drew up "*A General Idea of the Government and People of Hindostan*" but it was not published till 1805, after his death. The work to which Sterne refers is the first volume of *History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Hindostan from 1745*. This was published in 1763, but it was another fifteen years till the second volume appeared. His third important work was *Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes and of the English concerns in Hindostan from the year 1659*.

Of all Anglo-Indian writers none have received such distinguished attention as Orme. He was for many years a friend of Clive, who is the hero of the first volume of his history. Dr. Johnson favoured him with excellent talk and valued his praise. Scott found his pages delightful, Macaulay described him as inferior to no English historian in style or power of painting, and indeed borrowed from him the material for some of his own brilliant pictures. Thackeray's phrase, put in the mouth of Clive Newcome, is that Orme's History "is the best book in the world," and everyone remembers how the Colonel read it in his boyhood and loved it ever

afterwards. Stevenson mentions him in one of the last of the Vailima letters.¹ There was in his work a quality which recommended it to the masters of style and of romance.

What was the secret of this gift? Orme's knowledge of events and persons was not only direct, it was intimate, continued and inevitable. It was the great interest of his life in the world. He described places, people, situations and events with detailed exactness, so much so that Macaulay accuses him of being minute even to tediousness: but from time to time the personal chronicle thrills far beyond the interest of the names and places which Orme, and not others, knew familiarly. It becomes not an epic of merchants and captains fortuitously exalted into the history of the conquest of a mighty empire, but an epic by the force with which it describes great dramatic events. The purple passages which tell of the Black Hole, of the way Clive undeceived Omichund, of the Battle of Plassey, have the qualities of great literature. They are familiar to the great mass of English readers not

¹ Stevenson, wrote as follows:

(Vailima Letters, XLII.)

Aug. 7, 1894

(He died in December 1894).

I do not much like novels, I begin to think, but I am enjoying exceedingly Orme's *History of Hindostan*, a lovely book in its way, in large quarto with a quantity of maps, and written in a very lively and solid eighteenth century way, never picturesque except by accident, and from a kind of conviction, and a fine sense of order. No historian that I have read is so minute, yet he never gives you a word about the people; his interest is limited in the concatenation of events, into which he goes with a lucid, almost superhuman and wholly ghostly gusto. By the ghost of a mathematician the book might be announced "A very brave, honest book".

as the work of Orme but as masterpieces of Macaulay, who in some cases repeats his original word for word.

Orme prefixed to his history an account of the Mahomedan establishments in the kingdom of Hindostan: a clear and useful sketch. It was probably this which attracted Sterne when he wanted to study his Bramine and her environment. It would not have told him very much about such a life as hers.

Although a year or two after Clive's last return from India Orme and he became out of sympathy, it would have been thought that Johnson's regard for Orme must have given Johnson an opportunity for a more accurate impression of Clive than the one fixed by Boswell. Johnson repeated the saying of Capability Brown, who was surprised that Clive liked to have near his bedchamber a chest in which he had stored Indian Treasure. The old doctor described Clive as "a man who acquired his fortunes of such crimes that his consciousness of them compelled him to cut his own throat".¹ Boswell and Dr. Robertson were more merciful, for they recognised the greatness of his mind and admired the way it would flame brilliantly up to touch on a congenial subject.

Indeed Johnson was out of sympathy with India. A fortune made there he thought was hardly worth the disadvantages, he considered the native inhabitants barbarians. When Boswell mentioned India in an argument, he lost patience. Yet he had once or twice thought of going there; he knew about the Indian practice of making a trade or profession hereditary; he spoke of the corrupt administration

¹ Boswell's Life. Hill's edition, III, 350.

which he had evidently confused with Clive; he argued that Indian judges might engage in trade and make some attempt at winning the fortunes other people won. He saw what Burke was to argue so forcibly that the amount of power put into the hands of officers beyond the reach of criticism was very dangerous. "All distant power is bad" he said. "I am clear that the best plan for India is a despotick governour; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governour whose power is checked lets others plunder that he himself may be allowed to plunder: but if despotick, he sees that the more he lets others plunder, the less there will be for himself, so he restrains them."¹ Johnson is an example of contemporary feeling about India amongst intelligent men. England was obsessed by the ostentation of the Nabobs, of whom Clive was, as we have seen, the most outstanding; they had not however begun with him. Job Charnock of Calcutta was the earliest specimen of them—the orientalized, somewhat sultanized Englishman, who, vulgar and almost fanatical as he might seem, was associated with deeds of epic greatness.

*Qui postquam in solo non suo peregrinatus est diu reversus est domum suae aeternitatis.*² This inscription on Charnock's tombstone gives a hint of his scale and conceptions. Clive and his successors combined the portentousness of Charnock with the English eminence of the Childs. Mackenzie satirizes the class in the *Lounger*, but lets them off lightly.

¹ Boswell's Life. Hill's edition. IV. 48.

² cf. Quarterly Review. Jan. 1901, pp. 72, 73.

He gives the animadversions of John Homespun on the arrival from the East of Mr. Mushroom and his wife. John Homespun remembers her as a girl riding home double-back behind one of the ploughboys; however, she had forgotten her old acquaintances, and associates only with people of the class which has, as she says, *capability*. Mushroom himself had sent home for his father's house to be made fit for him, and "a trunkful of fineries dress up his mother and sisters for the same purpose."¹ We can imagine the stir they made,—the grandee and his family—when they actually arrived, with his fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. Their Indian muslin took the shine out of the home-made gowns of the Squire's daughters; their curries and pilaus robbed the roast fowl of its deliciousness; their India Madeira made it impossible to drink the country October wine; the talk of the mysterious Bengal with its Nabobs, Rajahs and lacs of rupees, where suppers were given costing ten to twenty thousand pounds, where princes and "Rajahpouts" moved in processions of palanquins and elephants—it was too much for the neighbourhood, all this. Everything, writes Homespun "so stuckful of gold, diamonds, pearls and precious stones, with episodes of dancing girls and *otter* of roses!—I have heard nothing like it since I was a boy, and used to be delighted with reading the Arabian Night Entertainments.

"The Sunday after those two newcomers' arrival they appeared in church, where their pew was all carpeted and cushioned over for their reception, so bedizened—there were flowered muslins and gold muslins, white shawls and red

¹ *Lounger* No. 17. May 28, 1785.

shawls, white feathers and red feathers and every now and then the young Mushroom girls pulled out little bottles that sent such a perfume around them—nay, my old friend, their father, like a fool he was, had such a mixture of black satin and pink satin about him, and was so stiff and awkward in his finery, that he looked for all the world like the *King of Clubs*, and seemed, poor man! to have as little to say for himself.”

A few weeks later¹ a letter arrived from Marjery Mushroom, the sister of the *nouveau riche*, saying that their good fortune was not unalloyed: she had come to the conclusion that her brother's changes, ostentations and “improvements” were more than they were worth. She was not more comfortable when her relation took her up to town with him to acquire the *ton*. She had not only to endure the humiliation of being told how little chance she had had to learn anything, but the equally great one of knowing that her instructors were almost as ignorant as herself; that however generously the fashionable world might accept their invitations, they were not less generous with their criticism. This was not edifying for

Turpe est quidem dictu, si vera fatemur
Vulgus amicitas utilitate probat.

She saw the vulgarity of her family become the occasion of vulgarity in others. Miss Mushroom finally returned alone to the country leaving the Anglo-Indian family in the care of Miss Gusto, and in her last letter describes her impatience with the odd ways, and oldfashioned tastes, of Mr. Homespun.

¹ “Lounger” No. 86. Oct. 8, 1785.

Mackenzie's papers on the Mushrooms were light satires on contemporary manners; in another paper¹ he takes advantage of the praise he gives to a virtuous East Indian to be much more severe on the marauders who sheltered beneath the venerable Company: his hero was Jack Truman, who in twelve years' practice as a medico had accumulated a fortune of £ 25,000, and returned to enjoy it in a life of retired virtue. "Various, sir," he said, "are the methods of acquiring wealth in India." To this an uncompromising note is added at the end of the paper as follows: "Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of some other Asiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much less happy than he is, even without considering the means by which it is possible such a fortune may have been acquired. In the possession of such overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more ostentation than pleasure, more pride than enjoyment: I can but guess at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from devastated provinces, when covered with the blood of slaughtered myriads."

These papers,² with the remarks of Johnson, given out in the eighties of the 18th century, show the feeling which

¹ No. 44. Dec. 3, 1785.

² Vide sequentia.

Anna, or Memoirs of a Welsh Heiress, interspersed with anecdotes of a Nabob. 4 vol. London, 1785.

Timothy Touchstone. *Tea and Sugar, or The Nabob and the Creole.* 1792.

William Bolts. *Considerations on Indian Affairs.* London, 1772.

N. F. Thomson. *Intrigues of a Nabob.* 1780.

Indian Observer. April 22, 1794.

A General View of the East India Company. London, 1772.

Cf. p. 210.

was working up before the case of Hastings concentrated and misdirected it. Such an attitude is a repetition of the attitude Foote had taken 13 years before in his Anglo-Indian play. Foote's experience as actor and playwright had given him a very good idea of what was likely to go down with London play-goers. He had already learnt to command success when in 1772 he produced *The Nabob*, a play in three acts, in which a returned wealthy knighted Anglo-Indian, Sir Matthew Mite, was exposed and discomfited. No mercy was shown to the old man or any of his ilk. The type was at once familiar and thoroughly unpopular; it is portrayed so clearly that it provides a remarkable addition to England's impression of India as it was in the interval between the celebrity of Clive and that of Hastings.

Sir John is discussing with Lady Oldham a proposal for the hand of their eldest daughter Sophy by Sir Matthew, who, to enforce his claim, has procured the mortgage on the Oldham property, when Sir John's brother, Thomas, arrives, and explains there is already an understanding between his son John and the girl. When Sir Matthew is refused, he

History of Management of the East India Company. 1777.

A short History of English Transactinos in the East Indies. Cambridge, 1776.

General Remarks on the System of Government in India. London, 1778.

Authentic Papers concerning Indian Affairs. 1771.

The Nabob or Asiatic Plunderers. A satirical Poem. London, 1778.

The Disinterested Nabob. A novel. 1785.

The Saddle put on the right horse, or an enquiry why certain people have been designated Nabobs. By the author of the *Vindication of General Richard Smith.* London, 1788.

threatens to sell up the Oldham property and reduce the old man to the debtors' prison. At this point Thomas Oldham again appears as a merchant. He too has made his fortune; he redeems his brother's debts and Sir Matthew retires discomfited, hooted doubtless by a delighted audience.

Sir Matthew is a sinister figure: the first thing we hear of him is his ostentation, for, preceded by all the pomp of Asia, he scatters the spoils of ruined provinces. The next is unscrupulousness: might they not appeal to his feelings? asked Sir John. "His feelings?" Lady Oldham takes up. "Will he listen to a private complaint who has been deaf to the cries of a people? or drop a tear for particular distress who owes his rise to the ruin of thousands?" He talks of rupees and jaghirs in a style more intelligible to Clive's Indian Mir Jaffir or Cossim Ali Khan than to plain English people. He would provide for the younger members of the family by taking the daughters to be married in India and shipping out the younger sons in the Company's service: for this, with now and then a little kidnapping, is the way they supply their settlements. Sir Matthew knew ways of doing business a little too clever for the plain Englishman or the innocent Indian; for with the wealth of the East he had imported its vices.

In the second act Sir Matthew appears as a fool and a parvenu, for he would learn the ways of a sportsman and a gambler. The waiter turns the ignorant old creature round his little finger. Mite learns that it doesn't matter how much he loses if he throws the dice gracefully, and so he sits down to learn the fashionable oaths which the waiter brings him written on a piece of paper. Next he discusses, with his

friend Mrs. Match'em, his marriage; for he wants some one to sit at the head of his table, while he founds in London a seraglio, an institution which he found of singular use in the Indies.

At the commencement of Act III Mite talks nonsense to an Antiquarian Society, to which he presents with solemn speeches many antiques before giving a lecture on Dick Whittington's cat. After this a little shabby fellow called Putty knocks at the door and insists on seeing the great man. This little man and Mite were at a charity school together, and he reminds the Nabob of his tricks. Mite refuses to remember him. At last Putty recalls his whole character and jeers at him, Mat Mite, son of old John and Margery Mite at the *Sow and Sausage* in St. Mary Axe, who stole tarts from the man in Pye Corner, and was sent beyond sea for fear worse should come of it. He returns to England now with a heart made callous by crimes; but, because grown great by robbing the heathen, won't own an old friend and acquaintance.¹

The Memoirs of Samuel Foote² give an interesting comment on this play. "About this time a general outcry had been raised against several members of the East India Company who, from small beginnings and obscure origins, had

¹ cf. the following "*Narrative of a Gentleman long resident in India.*" p. 17. "Samuel Foote's Nabob was Sir Francis Sykes, who was stoned in Yorkshire for his rudeness and hauteur to old school companions. The whole story is written by a protégé and champion of Hastings, and throws a worse light on Francis, who is seen there caught in attempting adultery with the author's wife."

² William Cook, 1805, London. I. p. 175.

raised immense fortunes in a very short period. What made this more disgusting to the public, and particularly to the higher orders of the English, was that these *new men* from the extent of their purses, and the extravagance of their tempers, not only ousted many of the old families from their seats in Parliament, but erected palaces about the country, and blazed forth in a style of magnificent living that eclipsed the steadier but less brilliant lights of the hereditary gentry.

"On his return from Scotland Foote seized upon this popular subject, so congenial to his own vanity as well as to his talents; and in the summer of 1772 brought out a new comedy called *The Nabob*. In this piece, in the person of Sir Matthew Mite, the son of a cheesemonger, who is supposed to have made an immense fortune in the East Indies, he ridicules all the expensive vices and follows generally attached to such a character.

"The public gave this portrait to a gentleman who had then lately returned from India, and who had been the son of a cheesemonger. Whether the author in fact particularly alluded to him I do not exactly know; as, except in the single point of his birth, there was nothing in the person, manners or address that in the least resembled the supposed original."

Taking oak cudgels they went out to call on Foote, who received them with great urbanity. In reply to their remonstrances he said very solemnly that "he had no particular person in view as the hero of his comedy; that he took up his story from popular report; and that as he was by trade a *wholesale popular monger*, he thought he was perfectly secure from giving offence to individuals, particularly

to the honourable part of the East India Company's servants, by satirizing in a general way those who had acted otherwise."

He followed up this apology by taking the manuscript of the comedy out of a drawer near him, and reading it to them; and by a happy display of ingenuity, so congenial to his character, he explained so fully to their satisfaction that it was only a *general* satire on the unworthy part of the Nabob gentry, that his visitors called for coffee and sat down to it in the most perfect good humour.

In the end they got their fellow Anglo-Indians to support the play through the whole season: for after all they must have been familiar enough with Foote's idea.

The Nabob or Asiatic Plunderer, 1773, aims also at chastising the vice charged on the servants of the East India Company. Behind the shelter of the services of Clive, villains had committed crimes scarcely less than those of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru in their cruelties, extortions and ingenious modes of murder, hiding their tyranny under the sacred trust of civil authority. The terms of this satire are uncompromising. It is one of the first expressions of Rousseau's new humanitarianism:

Clime, colour, feature, in my bosom find
The friend to all.

Why rob the Indian and not call it theft?

The author sees in the love of money, as William Arnold was to see it, the chief evil of British Government in India, and declaims

. 'gainst
Low thoughted commerce! heart corrupting trade.

As a general index of the place India then, occupied in the mind of England three rather exact references to India in Cowper give some indication.¹

The Brahmin kindles on his own bare head
The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade!
His voluntary pains, severe and long
Would give a barbarous air to British song;
No grand inquisitor could worse invent
Than he contrives to suffer, well content.

. self-deprived
By other screen, the thin umbrella spread
.
And range an Indian waste, without a tree.

The villas with which London stands begirt
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads.

They show that popular impressions were influenced by the pictures of the Company's servants before the time of Hastings. And there is another reflection of it in

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night.

But it is necessary to return to India to consider the literature which arose there during the rise and government of Hastings. Hugh Boyd, who was born in 1746 in Co. Antrim, came out to India as a secretary to Lord Macartney in 1781. He had been a friend of Garrick and of Burke and assimilated from his great fellow countryman the grand style of the later eighteenth century. He lacked Burke's imagination and passion, and wrote rather with the vigorous classic conventionalism of Johnson, but so successfully that he was

believed by many to be the author of the *Letters of Junius* instead of Francis. In Boyd's work, however, there is none of the venomous and acrid energy which characterises Junius, or Francis. It has a certain mellow scholarliness, a certain apartness from affairs. He seldom deals directly with India in his work, but the influence of the East gradually spreads over it. It was objected to it by contemporaries that it was not sufficiently Asiatic, and it was remarked that he never delineated the native inhabitants of India. But, as his biographer, Lawrence Dundas Campbell, wrote at the time, "His grand object was to animate the provinces with the spirit of the mother country, by the inculcation of moral truths, by rousing the passions on the side of virtue, by infusing a desire for the pursuits of polite literature, and a taste for the curiosities of art." He lamented that in India so great a portion of time was devoted to the avocations of his office, and laudably endeavoured to inspire his countrymen with more elevated sentiments. He said to them, in the words of Molière,

A de plus objects élevez vos désirs

Songez à prendre un gout des plus nobles plaisirs.

Such was his motive for writing his essays for the *Indian Observer*, a paper which was modelled on *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and which in its short life was perhaps the most dignified of any periodicals published in India. The influence of India came to him through the books of Sir William Jones, rather than from the jungle or the bazaar. From the essays of the *Observer* a certain conventional formalism is never absent.

Boyd wrote a longer paper in a different style, the *Journal of an Embassy to Candy*. He performed this at the request of the Governor of Madras, and described it in a vivid, light, amusing style. But its subject is Ceylon, not India. It begins and ends with his impressions of Trincomalee.

While the administration of Hastings did so much to inform and interest England, it witnessed also the rise of conscious Indian journalism. Hickey's *Bengal Gazette*, a scurrilous rag, came out in Calcutta in 1783. Other periodicals followed it, and we have a definite attempt at an Anglo-Indian book in *Hartly House*.

Hartly House, described in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* as a novel, is the first journal written by a woman for her friends in England. It was published anonymously in three volumes in 1789. The narrative is personal experience, probably embroidered, and the author's style is a thin, feeble imitation of Richardson. The writer's point of view was that of the empty-headed girl who had escaped from the constricted opportunities of middle-class life in England to the princely scale in which Calcutta magnates sought to compensate themselves for their lack of European culture on the one side, and, on the other, an exhausting climate and the danger of disease. The fear of sudden death is the only alloy to her enjoyment of Anglo-Indian luxury, and the intenser inward luxury of admiration, such as then and long afterwards always greeted the young Englishwoman on her arrival in India. The flattery of men, she said, was the Calcutta woman's daily bread; if, on this flimsy diet, Calcutta women were sometimes light-headed, and would spend four or five thousand pounds over their shopping in a morning,

it was to be expected from the exaggerated way in which everything was done. So tempting were the shops that "many husbands are observed to turn pale as ashes on the bare mention of their wives being seen to enter them." With their love of ostentation, however, went the compensating virtues of generosity and sympathy. *Hartly House* is, after all, very readable. The example of Richardson in working up detail into sentimental and pictorial effect has not been lost on the writer; to this, malice added its spice. For even if Calcutta was steamy, Sophia Goldborne was enjoying oriental state; the Arabella to whom she wrote, poor girl, could know nothing of "all the transports of animation and magnificence"; her round of humble tables and humble pleasures made her life but a creeping through "one dull track from infancy to age". This is the tone which has never ceased to re-echo from the talk and letters of our self-sacrificing countrymen exiled in India. The age of Hastings had indeed changed much of the outlook of Indian life, and we will see its effects in the time that followed.

THE SCHOLARS.

There is perhaps no clearer vindication of the principles and ideals of Warren Hastings than that he gives in his prefatory letter (addressed to Nathaniel Smith), to Sir Charles Wilkins' translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. There he shows himself in the best light as an enthusiast for Indian people and traditions, as a scholar of taste and discrimination, as a statesman of great and noble ideals. Indeed of all great administrators of India, he was most in sympathy with Burke's

generous point of view. "It is not very long" he writes¹ "since the inhabitants of India were considered by many as creatures scarce elevated above the degree of savage life; nor, I fear, is that prejudice yet wholly eradicated, though surely abated. Every instance which brings their real character home to observation will impress us with a more generous sense of feeling for their writings; and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the forces which it once wielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance."

"Every increase of knowledge" wrote Hastings, "is the gain of humanity: it attracts and conciliates distant affections: it helps the natives of India to acquiesce in British domination: it imprints on the hearts of our own countrymen the sense and obligation of benevolence." The very ring of Hastings' phrases suggests the largeness of the mind of Burke; and here too we find the same definite assertion of moral principle as superior to efficiency: "it is on the virtue, not the ability of their servants that the Company must rely for the permanency of their dominion." Hastings was perhaps the most outstanding example of that subjection of frankness to *esprit de corps*, which has characterised late Indian administrators: he knew his service was by no means perfect, yet he wrote only to give an impression that it was so. He wrote of men of cultivated talents and liberal knowledge abounding as the result of long and laboured application. A reference to the most conspicuous examples thus adroitly diverted attention from the general standard on which Lord

¹ Preface p. 18.

Valentia was to comment. In an exact judgment on the *Gita* no English critic has excelled Hastings: "Many passages will be found obscure and many will seem redundant, others will be found clothed with ornaments of fancy unsuited to our taste, and some elevated to a tract of sublimity into which our habits of judgment will find it difficult to pursue them; but few will shock either our religious faith or moral sentiments. Among the ancients Hivelus, the writer of the *Gita*" said Hastings "first reduced the gross and scattered tenets of their former faith into a scientific and allegoric system", and he pays a compliment to the vigour and elevation of the style when he describes "the series of adventures worked up with a wonderful fertility of genius and pomp of language into a thousand sublime descriptions" through which the exiled sons of Pandu, of whom Arjuna the hero was the chief, returned with a powerful army to avenge their wrongs and assert their pretensions to the empire of their father.

Halhed, whom Hastings encouraged to write a translation of Hindu laws, is one of the pioneers of Hindu knowledge as well as of the Aryan etymology. He was a friend of Sheridan at Christ Church, and first engaged to the Miss Linley whom Sheridan married.

Halhed's *Code of Gentoo Laws* was published in 1776 from a Persian translation from the Sanskrit. It was done in conformance to the wish of Warren Hastings for whom Halhed felt an admiration, "so that" as he said to Hastings "in your own right, the whole Result of the Execution is yours, as well as the entire merit of the original plan".

He begins his preface by saying "The importance of the commerce of India and the advantages of a territorial

establishment in Bengal, have at length awakened the attention of the British Legislature to every circumstance that may conciliate the affections of the natives, or ensure stability to the acquisition. Nothing can so favourably conduce to these two points as a welltimed toleration in matters of Religion, and an adoption of such original institutes of the country as do not immediately clash with the laws or interests of the conquerors."

He makes a reference to the ceremonial and mythology of the Hindus, and explains it was a compilation from the Pundits, who themselves wrote an introduction amplifying what Halhed wrote of tolerance. Contrarieties of religion and diversities of belief are, they said, a demonstration of the power of the Supreme Being: "the truly intelligent well know that the differences and Varieties of created Things are a Ray of His glorious Essence, and that the Contrarieties are a type of His wonderful Attributes: whose complete power formed all Creatures of the animal, vegetable and material World from the four elements of Fire, Water, Air and Earth, to be an Ornament to the Magazine of Creation, and whose comprehensive Benevolence selected Man, the Centre of Knowledge, to have the Dominion and Authority over the rest, and having bestowed upon this favourite object Judgment and Understanding, gave him Supremacy over the Corners of the world; and when he had put into his hand the free Control and arbitrary Disposal of all Affairs, he appointed to each tribe its own Faith, and to every sect its own Religion; and having introduced a numerous variety of Casts, and a Multiplication of different customs, He views in each particular place the mode of worship respectively

appointed to it. Sometimes He is employed with the Attendants upon the Mosque, in counting the sacred Beads; sometimes He is in the Temple at the Adoration of Idols; the intimate of the Mussulman and the friend of the Hindu. The Companion of the Christian and the Confidant of the Jew." The book was written that justice might be administered impartially according to the tenets of every sect.¹

Halhed's Preface to his Sanskrit Grammar (1778) is very interesting. "The wisdom of the British Parliament has within these few years taken a decisive part in the internal political and civil administration of its Asiatic territories, and more particularly in the Kingdom of Bengal, which, by the most formal act of authority, in the establishment of a Supreme Court of Justice, it has professedly incorporated with the British Empire

¹ Heinrich Roth and Hauxleben the Jesuit preceded Jones and Halhed as students of Sanskrit, but their work was not published.

Schlegel, *Weisheit der Indien*. Heidelberg 1808, Vorrede, p. XI. Sakuntala was translated into German in 1791 from the version by Sir W. Jones, and influenced Goethe who used it in his Faust Prologue five years later. Dapper's book of travel had already made him acquainted with Hivelus' Fables. (Wahrheit und Dichtung.) Book XII vol. XXII, p. 86, but he hated the monstrosities familiar in Indian Myths:

	Und so will ich, ein für allemal
	Keine Bestien in dem Göttersaal!
Indische	Die leidigen Elephantenrüssel,
Dichtung.	Das ungeschlungene Schlangengewüssel,
Vol. I,	Tief Urschildkröt' in Weltensumpf,
p. 252.	Viel Königsköpf' auf einem Rumpf,
	Die müssen uns zu Verzweiflung bringen
	Wird sie nicht einer erst verschlingen!

Apart from Friedrich Schlegel's Book, A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on India gave Heine his fondness for the Ganges and the Lotus.

"I have been astonished to find the similitude of Sanscrit words with those of Persian and Arabic, and even of Latin and Greek; and these not in technical and metaphorical terms but in the main groundwork of the language.

"The Raja of Kishenagur, who is by much the most learned and able antiquary which Bengal has produced within this century, has very lately affirmed that he has in his own possession Sanscrit books which give an account of a communication formerly subsisting between India and Egypt, wherein the Egyptians are constantly described as disciples, not as instructors, and as seeking that liberal education and those sciences in Hindostan which none of their own countrymen had sufficient knowledge to impart. The few passages which are extant in the ancient Greek authors respecting the Brahmans, at the same time that they receive a fresh light from this relation, very strongly corroborate its authenticity.

"The advice and even solicitation of the Governor General prevailed upon Mr. Wilkins, a gentleman who has been many years in the India Company's civil service in Bengal, to undertake a set of Bengal types. He did, and his success has exceeded every expectation. In a country so remote from all connection with European artists, he has been obliged to charge himself with all the various occupations of the Metallurgist, the Engraver, the Founder, and the Printer; to the merit of invention he was compelled to add the application of personal labour. With a rapidity unknown in Europe, he surmounted all the obstacles which necessarily clog the first rudiments of a difficult art, as well as the disadvantages

of a solitary experiment; and has thus singly, on the first effort, exhibited his work in a state of perfection which in every part of the world has appeared to require the united improvements of different projectors, and the gradual polish of successive ages

“Even the credit of the nation is interested in marking the progress of her conquests by a liberal communication of Arts and Sciences, rather than by the effusion of blood.”¹

Wilkin's translation, though a pioneer work and not always correct in its renderings, was calculated to give a real understanding of the great tradition of the Upanishads: it is written in a solemn Hebraic style, more acceptable to English readers because it recaptures the cadences of the Authorised Version, with the added Latin sound and effect which the later 18th century had learned with Johnson to master. “I wish not for victory, Krishna; I want not dominions; I want not pleasure; for what is dominion, pleasure, and enjoyment to be coveted by those who have abandoned life and fortune, and stand here in the field ready for the battle?” So the solemn tones and high tragedy lead into the metaphysics of the ancient lore, and treat of the origin and destiny of the soul which is ancient, constant, eternal. Echoes of *Ecclesiasticus* and the *Proverbs* deepen the tones of this later translation from the ancient literature of the East, give a new content to the famous dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna, to this solemn eastern exposition of doctrines, largely universal, of wisdom and spiritual discipline and the divine nature.

¹ Emerson's *Brahma* is a translation from Kaladasa through a Latin version known to Dr. Morison of the Indian Institute.

Wilkins adopted a style of spelling Hindu names which is irritating to modern scholars, and he misses many of the special names applied to Krishna by Arjuna, but considering that he was writing not to Sanskrit scholars but to a world which knew nothing of Sanskrit learning, he was justified in reining his scholarship to the pace of the early translators of the Bible, and giving the English mind a translation which it could understand and admire. Unembarrassed by those hideous, because unintelligible, associations which even to our own day have caused repugnance to the Hindu system, English men might learn how the ancient religions of India had nobly conceived their God. "I see Thee without beginning, without middle, and without end; of valour infinite; of arms innumerable; the sun and moon thy eyes; thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with they reflected glory! The space between the heavens and the earth is possessed by Thee alone, and every point around; the three regions of the universe, O mighty spirit! behold the wonders of Thy awful countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands some I see fly to Thee for refuge; whilst some, afraid, with joined hands sing forth Thy praise; worthy to be adored; for Thou shouldst bear with me, even as a father with his son, a friend with his friend, a lover with his beloved." There too they learned of those lofty notions of morality which from time immemorial had been enjoined on those inhabitants of the Ganges basin to which the Company had a hundred years before opened up its trade: "He my servant is dear unto me" says Krishna to Arjuna "who is free from pride and enmity, the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and

pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions, and firm resolves, and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone. He also is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid, and who of mankind is not afraid; and who is free from the influence of joy, impatience and the dread of harm. He my servant is dear unto me who is unexpected, just and pure."

This translation was dedicated to Hastings, as the great encourager of a study of the languages and laws and customs of the natives of India. Hastings notes himself in his own preface with what interest he had observed a Hindu exercised in the exercise of contemplation at Benares, every sense absorbed in the subject of his concentration; he noted the correspondence of this exercise to methods of training approved by the most ancient form of Christianity, and he refers finally to the words commanding abstraction and concentration spoken by Krishna at the conclusion of the Gita.

But not Halhed, not Wilkins, was the first pioneer of Sanskrit learning. The original impulse to oriental studies came not from Hastings, but from his predecessor. For indeed the beginning in Indian studies which had been made by Marshall¹ was continued. In 1753 Alexander Knox who wrote a long letter which is preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian, describing the four castes of Hindostan; and during a stay at Mocha he made a study also of Islam.

The first scholar or writer to have printed in Europe a real dissertation in Sanskrit learning was Alexander Dow, who prefixed it to his history of Hindostan. The whole work

¹ See chapter III.

appeared in three octave volumes in 1768. The History is for the most part a translation of Ferishta, and the more important work is the essay on Hinduism, boldly entitled "A Dissertation concerning the Customs, Manners, Language, Religion and Philosophy of the Hindus".

Dow's work was directly inspired by the interest that Clive's victories had awakened. Dow went out to India in 1760 with a commission in the Company's service, and must have immediately devoted himself to scholarship. He was the first really to make known to England the lofty philosophy of Hinduism and the riches of Persian literature; and indeed when he commenced to read Sanskrit and Persian he knew nothing of the great world into which they were to lead him. He lived to see gratified his hope to interest scholars and men of thought in a people remarkable, as they seemed to him, for their antiquity and civilization and the singular character of their religion and manners. Turgid and florid as Persian poetry might be, it contained passages not short of sublime; diffuse, verbose, redundant was the style of their history; but at times the generosity of their spirit expressed itself in nervous sentences worthy of the highest historical genius in Europe.

But no Persian writer, says Dow, has done justice to the treasures of learning locked away in Sanskrit. Ferishta did not know the language and he thought of the *Mahabharata*, which is the religious epic, as the chief historical authority of the early Hindus. "But that there are many hundred volumes in prose in the Shanskrita language, which treat of the ancient Indians, the translator can, from his own knowledge, aver, and he has great reason to believe that the Hindoos carry

their authentic history further back into antiquity than any other nation now existing.”¹ This was the first sentence to appear in an important book in England which hinted at the treasury of Sanskrit which Europe in the next twenty or thirty years was to open. Dow preceded most merchants and civil officers, as well as all soldiers in the service of the Company, in learned interests. “Literary enquiries” he frankly asserted, “are by no means a capital object to many of our adventurers in Asia”.²

The language is difficult, the philosophy disconcerting, the fables heard in connection with Hinduism repellant; but no prejudice that had arisen should come in the way of a study of Sanskrit and its masterpieces. Dow himself like Marshall before him had been first attracted by a Brahmin’s elucidation of their system of ethics and metaphysics: this had led on to an examination of the shastas and the vedas and to an appreciation of their lofty tone: Dow learnt to differentiate between the bizarre customs associated with the religion in the popular mind, and the height and profundity of its original wisdom. He deprecated the vulgarizations of Hinduism which had been made by certain Europeans: he enforced this with an illustration pointed to the arrowy sharpness of Macaulay: “Some writers have very lately given to the world an unintelligible system of the Bramin religion; and they affirm that they derived their information from the Hindus themselves. This may be the case, but they certainly conversed upon that subject only with the inferior tribes, or with the unlearned part

¹ Preface VI.

² Preface XXI.

of the Bramins, and it would be as ridiculous to hope for a true state of the religion and philosophy of the Hindoos from those illiterate casts, as it would be in a Mahomedan in London to rely upon the accounts of a parish beadle concerning the most abstruse points of the Christian faith: or to form his opinion of the principles of the Newtonian philosophy from a conversation with an English carman."¹

To correct these absurd prepossessions Dow produced the evidence of the documents themselves, quoting from three of the Shastas on the creation, on the nature of God, the intellect, the state of the blessed, time and eternity; on the apprehension of God, and the pure sacrifices in which he delights, and on the government of the mind; on the philosophy of Gautama, with its postulates of the ultimate real behind the delusion of appearances, the vital soul, the duration of time, the destiny of the individual, the psychological processes of intellect, sight, hearing, perception, memory, reason and conscience, providence and free will; so worked out in a reasonable, a profound and a sublime manner were the subjects recurring in the centre of all metaphysical, ethical and psychological systems. There were different schools of thought expressed in the different Shastas, but they were in agreement about the supreme matters of the unity, wisdom and sanctity of God, the dependence given upon what Christians would call divine grace, and the need for personal holiness, as a means of unity with the Divine Being.

Dow's work as a translator and vulgarisateur of oriental learning was followed by the production of two Indian dramas:

¹ XXXVII.

Zingis, in 1769 and *Sethona* in 1774. Of these the first was a drama on epic lines on the career of Zingis or, as he is more generally known, of Jenghiz Khan, the emperor of Tartary, who made sweeping conquests at the end of the 12th and the beginning of the 13th century, and who shares with Timur the greatest power and celebrity of Asiatic tyrants. The play was indeed an attempt at another *Tamburlaine* and was, except for Dryden's play, the first attempt at the heroic drama of the East since Marlowe. Something of the sounding splendour of the exuberant Elizabethan rings through Dow's drama. The flaunting colours had gone, the conventional use of strange romantic names fills in the place in which Marlowe's surging enthusiasms express themselves. It cannot be said to have any real part in the history of India's influence on Europe except as a back-water of the current, for it was to Dow's visit to India that England owes his interest in the Central Asia of the Middle Ages. From Central Asia he transferred his interest to Egypt, and *Sethona* dramatises the legendary history of that country. The cult of the East made a sort of unity even between Cairo and Calcutta.

The greatest name connected with oriental studies is that of Sir William Jones. Born in 1746, the son of an eminent mathematician, he received an excellent education. While still at Harrow, he learnt not only Arabic but Hebrew. In 1746 he went up to Oxford, and continued his academic connection for a number of years while occupied to a large extent with other things. In 1783 he arrived in Calcutta to take up the post of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Fort William proficient so far in English, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian and Turkish.

Soon after arriving he started Sanskrit, and he became President of the new Asiatic Society. In 1789 the first volume of *Asiatic Researches* was published, and in the same year Jones finished his translation of the ancient Indian drama *Sakuntala*.

The vast work of Jones has given him the name of the pioneer of Sanskrit learning: but as we have seen he was not the first scholar to explore the language. With Wilkins he had made friends at Christ Church, and he knew therefore that a start had been made. Sir William Jones was not a pioneer but an organizer of learning. A colossal erudition, which struck the estimation of contemporaries as almost more than human, had been long maturing in Europe's fructifying soil of learning when it was transplanted to Calcutta. The new soil had been enriched so as to force its growth. The cultivated tastes of Warren Hastings had already encouraged two finished, and, at the same time, enterprising, scholars who realized that even they were not the first in the field. The first spade work of Sanskrit had been accomplished. Jones could learn quickly. His well organized mind could carry much further than Wilkins or Halhed the results of their researches. He saw at once the analogies at which Halhed had hinted between Sanskrit on the one hand, and on the other Greek and Latin, and he thus became a forerunner of the nineteenth century's great accomplishments in comparative philology. His legal training inspired him with the ambition of working out the studies of Halhed into a complete system of Indian law; he would be, as he expressed it, the Justinian of India. His outstanding reputation as a scholar immediately spread the influence of his studies through the

cultivated world of Europe; and his literary talent threw over them the perfume of poetry. What Clive had done, what Hastings was doing as the representative of India to England in life and affairs, Jones was doing to the literary and learned minds of Europe as the ambassador of Hinduism's literary and religious traditions.

He had translated and adapted not only European but Arabian themes into English verse before going to India. Besides his translation of *Sakuntala* he wrote some hymns to various deities of Hindu mythology: Camdeo, Durga, Bhavani, Indra, Surya, Lakshmi, Naryena, Saraswati and Ganga. These are for the most part translations inspired by scholarship, rather than pregnant with celestial fire. Jones attempts to clothe the Indian feeling in classical phrases, and succeeds in making his subject agreeable to European taste. They are a succession of odes, expressing in a form conventional, but irregular, a mood warmed by feeling, but not inflamed by passion. His first lines to Surya, the Sun, are an example of their academic presentation of the spirit of Hindu worship.

Fountain of living light
That o'er all nature streams
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtil beams
Eluding mortal sight
Pervade, attract, sustain, th'effulgent whole
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine
Give to gold its weight and blaze
Dart from the diamond many tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine.

Jones whose biography was written by Lord Teighnmouth enjoyed for some time a tremendous reputation. But scholars have since shown that the praise of his achievement was exaggerated¹.

The work of Charles Hamilton is a complement to that of Halhed and Jones. Like theirs it was inspired by Hastings, Hamilton devoted seventeen years to a translation of the *Hedaya*², a commentary on Moslem law written originally in Arabic and translated into Persian a few years before Hamilton brought it out in English. It is in fact the Mohammedan complement to Halhed's *Code of Gentoo Law*, and is written in the same careful way, in fact is almost more scholarly, but has not the same literary value as Halhed's work. Hamilton was one of those scholars whose thoroughness sometimes paralyses their enthusiasms. But like the work of most painstaking scholars, it is valuable. It won the praise of Burke, preserved in a manuscript note on the title page of the copy in the Bodleian: "There is great power of mind and a very subtle jurisprudence shown in this work" he wrote. A study of it was evidently part of the great man's preparation of his case against Hastings.

¹ See article in *Dictionary of National Biography* and Max Müller *Chips from a German Workshop*.

² In the Bodleian there is a copy of Charles Hamilton's *Hedaya* which was presented, in the first case, by the author to Henry Dundas. On the title-page Burke has written a note: "These volumes given to me by Mr. Dundas, I humbly beg may be accepted by my worthy friend and fellow labourer Dr. French Lawrence; all my public cases and studies being now at an end. This unfortunate August 1794. There is great power of mind and a very subtle jurisprudence shown in this work."

Edmund Burke.

(Burke's son Richard died in August 1794.)

Some years before the appearance of the *Hedaya*, Hamilton brought out an *Historical Relation of the Origin, Progress and Final Dissolution of the government of the Rohilla Afghans in the Northern Provinces of Hindostan*. This, like the *Hedaya* was largely a translation, for the author had obtained possession of a Persian manuscript. Hamilton therefore rightly claimed that those who read it might draw their conclusions from plain fact, and not from vague assertion. The story of the Rohilla Government is indeed a dramatic one; as the author says, one to entertain those who derive amusement or instruction from a "review of the unprofitable toils and transitory vicissitudes of human life"; for the Government went through the whole series of rise, independence and dissolution within the small space of thirty-five years. It is in fact the story of the people who fought Hastings in his much discussed Rohilla War.

It is well done. Hamilton knew his subject, and he brought it out in that dignified, vigorous Johnsonian style which consistently marks the writing of the period, even more perhaps in India than in England. His object was by popularizing facts to give a fairer idea of the subject, and it will not be denied that he succeeded. The fact that he was a friend of Hastings, and that the book which he dedicated to his friend Hastings was praised by Burke, give him an interesting connection with the tremendous case.

The impress on our literature of the influence of Hastings and all to which he gave an impulse is the exordium of the last phase of this study.

HASTINGS and BURKE.

Hastings was born in 1732, only seven years after Clive, and went to India at the age of eighteen. He spent ten years in the junior ranks of the Company before Clive appointed him its agent at Moorsshedabad. While there he was still dependent on Clive's strong advice, and had made no great mark or fortune when, in 1764, he returned to England. The only circumstance of note of the several years he spent in his native country is that he made the acquaintance of Johnson.

It is from the date of his return in India in 1769, the year Clive left it, that we count the real importance of Hastings' life with regard to India. He went out to be second on the council at Madras. He applied himself with such success to rehabilitating the Company's commercial interests there that years later he was picked out to be the new head of the Government at Bengal. It is his conduct of his difficult affairs from 1772 that has attached all the honour, and all the accusations of scandal, to the name of Warren Hastings. In 1773 the affairs of India, owing more to the state of administration between the second and third visits of Clive than to anything for which Hastings was responsible, had led Parliament to pass the regulating Act as it was called to deal with the government of India. This act made sweeping changes in the constitution. The Governor of Bengal was to be the Governor General of British India, and Hastings was appointed the first Governor General: but he was not to be in absolute authority: a council of five, on which the Governor General sat and in which he had only one vote, was to have

control, and three men, fresh from England, entirely out of sympathy with the Company's administration, were appointed to serve on the Council. Hastings was thus liable to be overruled on every important question of administration; his experience liable to be discounted, and his need of the English point of view to be prejudiced by systematic opposition. Independent, however, of the Governor General and his Council was the supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three puisne judges, established at Calcutta with the fullest powers.

Such were the arrangements made by the act Lord North's ministry passed in 1773. Long and earnest discussion on Indian affairs had been responsible for it; India had absorbed the chief political attention of the nation as a judicial and administrative problem. But the attention spent upon passing it was as nothing to what its effect provoked. It led to a position as dramatic as any that occurs in British History; it gave the principal parts on the Indian stage to memorable figures brought into a contrariety as sharp as that of Constance and Elinor in *King John*. They worked out in the course of years a problem play of which the audience was the British nation.

If the two principal actors, there was on the one hand Hastings, supported by a servant of the Company named Barwell, whose character appears to have been little worthy of honour; he would never have been congenial of Hastings, if he had not been united with him as an Anglo Indian against the new faction: on the other hand was Francis, supported by two comparative nonentities as his fellow councillors, General Clayering and Col. Monson. The most important

subsidiary figure, and the one who suffered most unjustly from contemporary attack,—and later from the misapprehensions of Macaulay,—was a man who was born in the same year as Hastings and was his schoolfellow at Westminster, Sir Elijah Impey, the first Chief Justice of Bengal.

There was thus a new type of Englishman at work in India. Clive was indeed familiar as an Anglo-Indian Nabob, as a portent from the East, as a greater and more startling Charnock. Hastings, though he had been indeed the Company's servant from the age of eighteen, and the Anglo-Indian atmosphere hung about him, was on the other hand a man to whom the cultivated interests of Europe were congenial. He was at home among English scholars and gentlemen; when an accomplished barrister like Impey came to Calcutta he found that, in the tastes and personality of Hastings, there was a basis for friendship apart from affection, or policy, or the admiration of genius. In Francis Hastings found an enemy of great ability, trained in the affairs of state since boyhood.

Philip Francis had inherited both his talent and his temper from his father, an Irish clergyman who spent many years in England, and whose translations of Horace won the praise of Dr. Johnson. The son was born in Dublin in 1740, and educated at St. Paul's. At the age of sixteen he became a junior clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, and had many opportunities of coming into touch with the most prominent politicians. He read both classical and modern authors, and made a study of constitutional questions. From 1765 he appears to have been extremely active as a pamphleteer, and there can be little doubt that it was he who wrote the

notorious *Letters of Junius*.¹ He resigned his post as a government servant in 1772, and two years later, having been recommended to Lord North, he was appointed to the Council in Calcutta with a salary of £10,000 a year. He threw all his virulent energy into his new work, and was in a short time engaged in full conflict with Hastings.

Before the Regulating Act was put into operation, the most privileged post in Bengal was that of the native minister who was responsible to the Government for the maintenance of order, the administration of justice, and what was more than these, the collection of the Revenue. He had control over receipts of £300,000 and hardly less than a third of this could he put into his own pocket. There were two candidates for this post, a Moslem of Persian extraction, Mahomed Reza Khan, and a Hindu, Nand Kumar, who is remembered in England as the Maharajah Nuncomar. Clive had chosen the Moslem; but when, under his control, the province of Bengal failed to supply the Company with the absurdly excessive revenue they expected from it, they listened to the insidious suggestions of Nuncomar, and deposed Mahomed Reza Khan in his favour. When Hastings succeeded in abolishing the post of minister, he therefore defeated both the ambition and avarice of Nuncomar and aroused an unpardoning enmity.

Meanwhile the Company's demand for money put Hastings into a more difficult position. He decided to cease paying tribute to the Mogul, and to sell the province of Oude to Sujah Dowlah; and when the Rohillas refused to pay tribute

¹ See Francis in *Dictionary of National Biography*, where the whole question is very carefully summed up.

to Sujah Dowlah, Hastings sided with him, partly to strengthen Bengal against the Mahrattas, and partly in support of a claim which the Rohillas themselves guaranteed. It was possible to adduce honour into a cause which was in reality expediency. For Hastings added about £450,000 a year to the revenue of the Company: restrained as he always was in working for his own gain, he set posterity the example of ruthless efficiency in protecting British interests. If he had not done so, as the faithful servant of the Company, his career would probably have ended in a recall from India in the early seventies.

The faction against Hastings which Francis formed immediately after his arrival in India by its majority in the Council soon began to overrule Hastings whenever it wished to do so. The fact that power had passed out of his hands very soon became known, and all who, either from natural treachery, from vengeance, or from hope of gain, were ready to bring charges against him, began to pour their stories into the ears of Francis and his friends. Of these assailants Nuncomar was inevitably the chief. He put into the hands of Francis written charges of bribery against Hastings, and Francis, with the virulence of rancour in which his political self-righteousness delighted, produced these papers in the Council. The majority of three remained, voted themselves a Council, received the charges of Nuncomar, and declared Hastings guilty. Hastings and Barwell refused indignantly to consider the matter and withdrew.

Hastings was not at the end of his resources. Nuncomar was arrested on a charge of forgery, which from all we know of Nuncomar seems to have been a just charge. Nuncomar

was tried before the Supreme Court, found guilty, and sentenced to death, a sentence allowed by English law, though contrary to all the traditions of India. Nuncomar was a Brahmin, a member of a sacred caste, and he was put to death for what was in the then standards on India not a very rare piece of trickery. Crowds flocked towards the scaffold where Nuncomar suffered the final penalty with a self-control and dignity, not less than that of the proudest aristocrat sent by the French revolution to the guillotine. His execution horrified every Hindu in Bengal. It horrified them, but it impressed them; for they saw that Hastings outvoted on the Council as he might be, was freed from the most powerful Hindu in Bengal, and they felt that in him after all was the supreme power in India. None ventured to accuse him again.

A year or two later Monson died. In a Council of four Hastings had a casting vote. The whole situation was changed, and Hastings proceeded to revoke the measures of his enemies, and to evolve sweeping schemes for the increase of British power. In that hour of triumph, a message arrived from England that Hastings was deposed—this closes an act in the drama.

Lord North had not unnaturally listened to the representations of his own nominees on the Council, and had worked to get the Court of Directors to apply for Hastings' removal under the Regulating Act. He failed, and, with him, even his urbanity also. His ministry had been defeated, and he determined to reassert his power. He threatened immediately to bring in a bill to deprive the Company of all political functions, and restrict its activities to trade in silks and teas.

While the case of Hastings thus drew the attention of the most powerful men in England towards India, his agent produced the informal letter of resignation which Hastings had intrusted to him when first embroiled with Francis. It was this which now threatened Hastings in Calcutta. However, the Supreme Court again came to the rescue. By its decisions Hastings induced his rivals to abide, for he never doubted it would give judgment in his favour.

At this time a danger arose from the Mahrattas: the Peshwa was supposed to have formed an alliance with France, and British power in India was threatened from Poona, as it had been from Pondicherry in the time of Clive. Sir Eyre Coote, who had supported Clive's daring at Plassey, had defeated the French at Wandewash, and captured Pondicherry, arrived in Calcutta as the successor of Monson on the Council and Commander-in-Chief of the British army in India. A task worthy of a famous general was now entrusted to him by Hastings. While the French army were intriguing with Poona, Hyder Ali attacked the British arms in Madras, and Coote commanded the expedition against him. It was indeed a dramatic moment in the history of British India, and it has been made the subject of some of the most brilliant passages in English prose from the pens of Macaulay and Burke, and their praise is re-echoed by Scott. Hyder Ali became to England almost as vivid among oriental despots as Tamurlane or Anrangzebe. He began life as a common soldier under the Maharajah of Mysore, and, partly by that power which the religion of Islam adds to the character of its adherents, he increased his power till he gradually supplanted his master. He formed, as Macaulay says, a great, compact, and vigorous

empire. Unscrupulous he inevitably was, but with none of the weakness of unscrupulousness. He arrogated to himself arbitrary power, but he prided himself on his justice, and he never forgot that a ruler's strongest resource is the prosperity of his subjects. As early as 1766 he had threatened the government of Madras, and after a long struggle in which he finally obtained a marked advantage, he concluded a treaty with the Company's Government in Madras in 1769, before the arrival of Hastings, for defensive alliance. When defeated by the Mahrattas three years later, he applied to the British to carry out their pledges; but they broke faith. It was a treachery that neither Hyder, nor his son Tippoo, ever forgave. Now in 1778, with the French threatening the English east and west, his opportunity came. An army of ninety thousand men, trained by French officers, the most powerful force that ever descended into British India to attack established power, poured through the jungled passes which divide Mysore from the Carnatic. Then ensued those dreadful ravages which the stormy sentences of Burke have driven into our memories for ever. Hyder advanced to within sight of Fort St. George itself, and the smoke of the villages he was burning could be seen from the English capital in Southern India, and Hyder scored his signal victory over the British arms by totally destroying Baillie's force in September 1780. It was at this point that Hastings despatched Coote, and "the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph".¹

It was not done easily. The maintenance of armies is a luxury of which Europe has lately learned the cost. The

¹ Macaulay. Essay on Hastings.

extensive credits, which now leave a burden of overwhelming debt on nations long after wars are over, were not available to Hastings. Money had to be provided without a moment's delay. Hastings turned to the wealth of Benares where Cheit Singh, whose ancestors had been established there as Rajahs by British power, reigned on condition of giving a tribute to the Company. This tribute, Hastings determined, should be enormously increased. As the upholder and liege lord of Cheit Singh, Hastings might claim the right to say how much support would cost, and a country in danger has little mercy on subsidiary states. In the rules of justice, if there was a contract with Cheit Singh, it was broken as the English contract with Hyder Ali been broken. Hastings was in each case the Governor General of British India. He got his money, and he saved Madras both from Hyder and the French. His victory ends the second act.

Where meantime was his rival? Francis, who had for some little time made peace with Hastings after Coote's arrival, could not long contain himself in peace. There was an outbreak of recrimination in the Council. When the meeting broke up, Francis challenged Hastings to a duel in which he was severely wounded. Francis recovered, and was again sitting on the Council when Hastings sent Coote to Madras. He had thus the strongest interests in attacking the methods of Hastings' signal success. He could point to a breach of faith with Hyder, and to very doubtful treatment of Cheit Singh; he could assert that the expedition should never have been undertaken, and that, even if it were, it should not have been supported by means which were inequitable. Hastings went even further in his treatment of Cheit Singh and finally

arrested him. Meanwhile Francis had sailed for England and poured his story into English ears. Burke, whose brother had been in India, whose whole enthusiasm was for constitutional government, listened to him and conceived a passion of indignation against Hastings.

In 1785, after a transaction with the Begums of Oude, which he commenced to recover treasures they had unfairly appropriated, but in which he ignored a guarantee that the Begum's mother had obtained from the Council, and in which he allowed the torture of the confidential eunuchs to induce him to act against the Begums, Hastings sailed for England. Impey had gone before him, recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State, to answer charges in which he was involved with Hastings. And it must be confessed that when he went out of his province to interfere in the cases of Cheit Singh and the Begums of Oude, his motive was not so much justice as loyalty to the efficient administration of British power. Hastings remained longer than Impey, for the Company refused till the last moment to recall an administrator whose labours and methods had enormously increased their income. His arrival in England broke the storm which had gathered from the spectacular wealth of Clive and the iniquities which had arisen during his absence from Bengal. Hastings' loyalty to the Company involved him in transactions which, however pardonable under the circumstances, gave an opportunity to the perverted patriotism of Francis.

Two parliamentary committees had already been sitting on the affairs of India. Over one of these Henry Dundas presided, then Lord Advocate of Scotland, and at the conclusion of his enquiry he moved the recall of Hastings. It is an

interesting report, placing the affairs of India in a new constitutional light: but it was dictated by Francis rather than determined either by an allowance for Hastings' difficulties, or by a clear examination of fact. Indeed Dundas did not support it, when Burke brought forward in the House his first motion with regard to Hastings and the Rohilla War, and it was not till Fox brought forward the charge in connection with Cheit Singh that Pitt gave way, and the House voted for the impeachment of Hastings.

The other committee, on the Nawab of Arcot's debts, was presided over by Burke.

Burke gave the first personal expression of his zeal for Indian affairs when he made his great speech on the Nawab of Arcot's debts. He was led to do so by the belief that the natives of India were being robbed and oppressed by the Company. Historians have decided that in this, as in the greater instances of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, he was misled as to the facts; and yet there can be little doubt that, whether or not the occasions which aroused his energies were adequate to focus the blazes of his wrath, there was a tendency amongst the servants of the Company to forget their moral responsibilities in their zeal for commercial success. For, as the Nawab pointed out, the Company's servants, in spite of the fact that they were not private traders, went out on condition that they be allowed to engage in private trade, and, though they were paid only small wages, accumulated large fortunes in a short time. How did they do it? Two means only Burke could suggest; 'only was spoil, the other fraud. Now the genius of Burke was always at the service of the great cause of honourable dealing, the moral

counterpart of the ideal of ordered freedom which inspired his efforts on behalf of the balanced constitutions of both France and England. It was on certain universal moral principles that the fabric of the state depended and "Fraud, injustice, oppression and speculation engendered in India are crimes of the same blood, family and caste with those that are born and bred in England". Burke was too well acquainted with human nature to imagine that conscience is adequate to do all the work of criticism, and that obligation to answer and explain to others which is the essential meaning of responsibility; and with all his pride in the traditions and constitution of his country, he saw nothing in the British character to exempt it from the tendencies of human nature. Let Englishmen therefore look carefully towards India and scrutinise the facts which the Nawab's case suggests to them. "Fortunately" he says, "this case is not a great deal involved in the labyrinths of Indian detail for the interior regulation of India, a minute knowledge of India is requisite. But, on any specific matter of delinquency in its government, you are as capable of judging as if the same thing were done at your door." Not but that human nature again affected England in preventing them in taking a well-proportioned view of the world, in ranging the sphere of their duties in an insular perspective as, by an optical delusion, the briar at their noses may seem greater than the oak five hundred yards away; and Burke was disgusted to see how the details of a niggardly retrenchment in domestic politics occupied the minds to the exclusion of examining abuses in India, which were, he said, both ruining that country and drawing off millions from their own. Let Englishmen do as they would

to put India from their thoughts, it remains inseparably associated with their public interest and their national reputation, and "if the scene on the other side of the globe which tempts, invites, almost compels to tyranny and rapine, be not inspected with the eye of a severe and unremitting diligence, shame and destruction must ensue".

It was with these reflections that Burke exhorted the House of Commons to approach the consideration of a matter which has long since become historic, and which it is for us to view only in so much as it presents the relations of England to India in a more general aspect. The speech of the Nawab of Arcot's Debts did little to furnish England's intelligence with a detailed picture even of the neighbourhood of Madras. It was a prelude to Burke's stirring composition on a theme which was the unworthiness of India's first Governor General and of all who administered the authority of which he was the ultimate upholder. It sought to establish our relations with India on the foundations built by Heaven in the human mind and heart, and adverted to Indian conditions only to exhibit to clearer view the misshapen fabric built over the mire and clay of irresponsible, dishonourable and ambitious greed, and of the lust for unquestioned power.

But, then, for a few references to the Monsoon and the geography of what is now the Presidency of Madras, the importance of the speech depends in the chief upon that cloudy splendour of rhetoric for which it is famed in the world of literature, and enjoyed by the historians who most resent its tone with regard to the Company's administration. Its style, like the tropic forests rising round Vailima in Samoa, maintains a luxuriance which would be rankness, but

for the grand height to which it rises and the varied beauty in the contours of the ground from which it springs. It is nourished by the richest juices drawn forth by a genial sun, and it is freshened by clear streams of inspiration passing from time to time in the shade which is scattered thick by its profusion. It is a style which reminds us of our best translations of the Old Testament, though it is more fanciful and unrestrained. Its force has a calculated elaboration which in the Bible is at least disguised. When Burke speaks of the perversion of the Commonwealth from the moral end for which it exists: "instead" he says, "of what was but just now the delight and boast of the creation, there will be cast out in the face of sun a bloated, putrid, noisome carcase, full of stench and poison, an offence, a horror, a lesson to the world". He commiserates "the unhappy and deluded souls who were still weak enough to put their trust in English faith"; and he sums up his knowledge of the Company's transactions in the following violent comparison:—"their false moderation and their affected purity by the operation of everything false and everything affected became pander and bawd to the unbridled debauchery and licentious lewdness of usury and extortion".

This is an arresting style and its force fixed the attention of England on her responsibilities in India. In two passages he paints pictures of India with its richest splendour; the first expressed that enthusiasm for ancient Indian institutions to which he was so often aroused in his review of the case of Warren Hastings: "The Carnatic" he tells us "is refreshed by few or no running streams or living springs, and it has rain only at a season; but its product

of rice exacts the use of water subject to perpetual command. This is the national bank of the Carnatic on which it must have perpetual credit or it perishes irretrievably. For that reason, in happier times in India, a number, almost incredible, of reservoirs have been made in various places throughout the whole country; they are formed for the greater part of mounds of earth and stones with sluices of solid masonry, the whole constructed with admirable skill and labour and maintained at a mighty charge. In the territory contained in that map alone I have been at the trouble of reckoning the reservoirs, and they amount to upwards of eleven hundred from the extent of two or three acres to five miles in circuit. From these reservoirs currents are occasionally drawn over the fields, and this calls for a considerable expense to keep them properly scoured and duly levelled. Taking the district in that map as a measure, there cannot be in the Carnatic and Tanjore fewer than ten thousand of these reservoirs of the larger and middling dimensions, to say nothing of those for domestic services, and the uses of religious purification. These are not the enterprises of your power, nor in a style of magnificence suited to your Minister. These are the monuments of real kings who were the fathers of their people; testators to a posterity which they embraced as their own. These are the grand sepulchres built by ambition; but by the ambition of insatiable benevolence, which not content with reigning in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind to extend the dominion of their bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate themselves through generations of

generations, the guardians, the protectors, and the nourishers of mankind."

Burke rose to even higher levels of magnificence when he declaimed on the waste wrought by Hyder Ali in the Carnatic: De Quincey's description of the flight of the Kalmuk Tartars over Eastern Asia rings with the same passionate sympathy for a sublimity of hardship and horror, but it is not more lofty than these sentences of Burke. He tells us how "When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by those incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew, from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor

which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue could adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard were mercy to that new havoc. A gloom of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function—fathers torn from their children, husbands from their wives—enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing forces, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land."

Under the impulse of passion Burke raised to such majestic height of literary achievement a sympathy which occupied him for twelve years with the study of England's relation to India. In 1783 Burke was a member of a Committee in the House of Commons which conducted an enquiry on Indian affairs in regard to the administration of the Company. Its report is, to a very large extent, his writing, and in his work on this Committee Burke began to be familiar with the subject which absorbed his energies for a term of years, the alleged crimes and misdemeanours of Warren Hastings. Before proceeding to that *cause célèbre*, it will be well therefore to give a summary of the report, or rather the two reports, of the Committee.

The first point of the report is one which Anglo-Indians of the present day (or at least the Chota Sahib who is but ill

nourished on the kucha tiffins prepared by his badmash of a bearer) would do well to bear in mind. It avows its determination to speak to Englishmen in English, to avoid the use of those technical terms from oriental languages which persuade the plain Briton that Indian affairs are too subtle to understand. After this preliminary, it plunged into its subject, the leading particulars of the abuses which prevailed in the administration. It first pointed out that the Proprietors were liable to corruption as a Court of Final Appeal, and that little regulation was exercised over the Court of Directors. From this it passed on to the remaining intentions of the act of 1773. It asserted that the Act had been a failure, that after it was passed disorders and abuses were multiplied. The Committee then laid down the principle that the prosperity of the natives must be secured before the Company carried out projects for its own profit.

From this the Committee passed on to review the connection of Great Britain with India and on this subject Burke wrote a sentence which demands the notice of historians. "The two great links" it says "by which this connection is maintained are first the East India Company's commerce; and next, the government set over the natives by that Company and by the Crown."¹ The report goes on to show how the first principle of the Company's trade was that England should pay in silver for Indian wares, but in 1765 a great change took place and a system of "investments" was begun, by which the surplus products of Great Britain were instead palmed off in India in exchange for the rich

¹ Burke's Works, edition Bohn 1903. Indian Administration p. 30.

westward traffic of the Company. "And" wrote the Committee in an interesting and suggestive sentence "this main cause of the impoverishment of India has been generally taken as a measure of its wealth and prosperity. Numerous fleets of large ships, loaded with the most valuable commodities of the East annually arriving in England, in a constant and increasing succession, imposed upon the public eye and naturally gave rise to an opinion of the happy condition and growing opulence of a country whose surplus productions occupied so vast a space in the commercial world".¹ The report then shows how great was the misfortune which this false impression disguised, how the Government and the Company had made a compact for their mutual advantage without taking into account its effect on the native population, and how all the well paid appointments were in the hands of the English. Bengal bore the great burden of this arrangement, and thus the report was led to draw a contrast between the then state of commerce in Bengal and what it had been in times past. In earlier days, that fruitful province had not depended on its sea-borne trade: by inland trade had come a great supply of silver and gold and many kinds of merchantable goods, especially from the higher provinces of the Mogul Empire which were populous and rich. Through these provinces passed a great trade to Persia and its frontiers, and to Tartary, and through Persia to the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and all the ports of the Turkish and Persian Empires and so to all places that had trade with those. But in the course of history all this trade had been

¹ Burke's Works. Indian Administration p. 81.

destroyed.¹ What was true of Bengal was not less true of the Carnatic. And all this, says the report, by reason of the final blow given by British arms and influence!

By these steps the report arrives at examining the effect of the revenue investment² and on the Company in relation to the internal trade of Bengal in six different commodities, in silk and raw silk, in cloth, opium, salt and saltpetre. In the course of this detailed investigation, it brings charges against individuals; one of the chief of those was Barwell; the chief of all was Warren Hastings.

Now Hastings was "no poor, puny, trembling delinquent", no petty trader of some outpost on the Ganges; he was, as all knew, the Governor-General of British India, a Government originally established there by the authority of the Company, and afterwards modified by Acts of Parliament in 1773 and 1780. "This system of government" says the report, "appears to your Committee to be at least as much dissevered, and as much perverted from every good purpose for which lawful rule is established as the trading system has been from every just principle of commerce The British Government in India being a subordinated and delegated power, it ought to be considered as a fundamental principle in such a system that it is to be preserved in strict obedience to the government at home. Administration in India, at an immense distance from the seat of the supreme

¹ This was due to the downfall of the Mogul Empire, not to the Company.

² Much of the trouble was due to a lack of circulating coinage, which was not the fault of the Company but of the crude economic notions in regard to exchange.

authority; entrusted with the most extensive powers; liable to the greatest temptations; possessing the amplest means of abuse; ruling over a people guarded by no distinct or well-ascertained privileges, whose language, manners, and radical prejudices render not only redress, but all complaint on their part, a matter of extreme difficulty;¹ such an administration, it is evident, never can be made subservient to the interests of great Britain, or even tolerable to the natives, but by the strictest rigour in exacting obedience to the commands of the authority set over it.”² This all important principle, said the Committee, had in late years received very little attention. The more authority was required, the less it was exerted. “Acts of disobedience have not only grown frequent but systematic.”³ The Company’s servants had assumed a position of absolutism, and it was one the directors appeared not even to dispute, because too far away to know that Pitt’s bill gave more power to the Governor-General. This overbearing and dangerous independence, this tendency among Indian officials (for the Company had become the Government), to assume a power responsible neither to the Indians

¹ Francis’ own words were that experiment was necessary and even praiseworthy; it was impossible to attain perfection at once.

² Burke’s Work’s. Indian Administration p. 126.

³ Cf. *Francis’ Speeches, especially his Original Minutes of the Governor General and Council of Fort William on the Settlement and Collection of the Revenue of Bengal, with a plan of settlement Philip Francis recommended to the Court of Directors in 1776.* London, 1782.

p. x. “In the government of distant nations, committed by a most singular dispensation to our care, we have sported with the rights, the laws, the property and the happiness of millions. But we have not been permitted to be unjust to others without sacrificing our own essential interests.”

to whom it was applied nor to the ill-informed British Parliament who once had delegated it, to resent the criticism, and even to reject the advice, of any outsider whatsoever was, the Committee alleged, personified in the Governor General. "We have not brought before you an obscure offender" Burke said afterwards on the first day he spoke in support of the impeachment, "an obscure offender who when his insignificance and weakness are weighed against the power of the prosecution gives even to public justice something of the appearance of oppression; no, my lords, we have brought before you the first man of India in rank, authority and station. We have brought before you the chief of the tribe, the head of the whole body of Eastern offenders; a captain general of iniquity, under whom all the fraud, all the peculation, all the tyranny in India are embodied, disciplined, arrayed and paid. This is the person, my lords, that we bring before you. We have brought before you such a person that if you strike at him with the firm and decided arm of justice, you will not have need of a great many more examples. You strike at the whole corps if you strike at the head."¹ The rest of the two reports is little more than the formulation of the charge against Hastings, that charge of high crimes and misdemeanours which occupied ten years of Burke's assiduous energy in supporting, and which left him the greatest (and, with the exception of James Mill, probably the only) example of a real authority on India who had never visited its shores. "I believe" Burke himself modestly

¹ Bohn. *Warren Hastings I*, p. 15. This was of course inspired by the animosity of Francis.

said "I have been as conversant with the manners and customs of the East as most persons whose business has not directly led them to that country."¹

It is the object of this study not to re-write the history of British dominion in India, but to discuss the value of India to our literary genius and to review the form in which in the course of history India has been conceived by the English mind; it seeks, not to reconsider the verdict which Chatham, or Philip Francis, or Macaulay, or Malleeson, or Lord Morley have passed on Warren Hastings, but to exhibit the land in which Hastings reached the climax of his career as it appeared to the great orator, the sublime master of literary effect, who gave it for twelve years his most enthusiastic study. Once these impressions have been defined, it will be easier to see how they were made: for literature, which reflects in the mirror of the personal the whole of life, must be compared with history. The moral motives which impelled Burke, the methods he employed have been suggested already in what has been written of his work on the Committee, and his speech on Arcot's debts. It remains to consider what he tells us of India, and what subjects she suggested to him in the course of Hastings' trial. For as Malcolm tells us,² the Select Committee under the direction and guidance of Burke, "one of the wisest men and greatest orators England ever boasted," disseminated among all classes a general knowledge of the affairs of the Company.

¹ Cf. *New and complete Guide to the East India Trade*. Robert Stevens, 1775.

² *Political History of India*, p. 41.

The arrival of Hastings in England provoked the comment of the town as Clive's return had done. This time there was no want of social training to invite satirical allusions. A courtly gentleman, a scholar, a favourite at the Court, could suffer only from lampoons of a different kind. Hastings' second marriage has been more gently treated by biographers than it could expect to be treated by the moral conventions of England: and the wits did not spare Mrs. Hastings. The connection might be a passport to the Court; it could not defend her from the prejudices of society. In the twelfth of the *Probationary Odes* her gorgeous appearance at St. James', the blaze of the jewels she wore, once the property of Indian begums, were connected with Hastings' bid for political power. Another writer, in a parody of Virgil's third eclogue, described her as a wanton, and asked what magic mineral could make her seem attractive to virtuous royalty. Her first husband was to be asked to return to depict the scenes of Hastings' alleged infamy. All these were but the lightest of preludes to the sensation that was caused when Pitt agreed with Fox that Hastings' conduct, whatever it might have been in other counts, was tyrannous with regard to Cheit Singh and matter for an impeachment.

The case began in the winter of 1788 in a scene such as Macaulay loved to paint. He described, in one of those brilliant passages for which he is famous, the great assemblage who came together in the cause of India on that occasion: the judges, the peers, the Prince of Wales; the ambassadors of art and letters: Gibbon and Reynolds; Mrs. Siddons and Parr; the first Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Fitzherbert; the illustrious accusers Fox and Sheridan and Burke. On the fourth

day Burke rose and in four sittings spoke his general introduction to the charges; as he spoke Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. "I felt I could not raise my eyes" said Fanny Burney, "to look upon a man so accused as Mr. Hastings."¹

The first point to which Burke draws attention is India's integral part in the great moral order of freedom and justice to which the British Empire owes its strength. In those remote dominions the obligation to resist lawless power is as binding as it would be in Whitehall. In the case of Hastings, as Burke saw it, the whole theory and ideals of British Government were at stake, for there was principle involved in each transaction. And behind all these was the principle of the responsibility of officials; not, as it would be now, tempted only by the natural preference for smoothness in administration, or for the progress of a career undisturbed by resentment, either at implied criticism by improvement in method, or at contradictory decisions on administrative questions, or yet—as many have thought of the Civil Service of the present day—(and as Burke thought it in his)—by an extreme *esprit-de-corps*; no, but by the more sensational allurements of pervading looseness of conscience with regard to the chances of making money. "My lords", said Burke at the end of the trial, "you might as well expect a man to be fit for a perfumer's shop who has lain for a month in a pig-sty, as to expect that a man who has been a contractor with the Company for a length of time is fit person for reforming abuses."

¹ Cf. *Military minutes* and *Francis' literature* for June 1778.

Enormous wealth had been pouring from India into England by a thousand channels, there was a possibility that human frailty might disguise the claims of justice; (Burke did not grasp the fact that Hastings was trying to revive the Indian code of justice which had different traditions from that of England)—for it had been insinuated that the British had a system of laws amongst themselves, and a way of closing their eyes to fact when it came to dealing with other and subject peoples. “It is feared that partiality” said the counsel for the cause of India “partiality may lurk and nestle in the abuse of our forms of proceeding.” But, he had too much confidence in the learning and liberality of the House of Lords to suspect that they would, by any abuse of the forms and procedure of the case, deny justice to so great a part of the world as claimed it at their hands. And, so Burke reminded them, it was a continent rather than a nation which depended on British Government between the Himalayas and Ceylon:—“It is not from this district, or from that parish, nor from this city or from that province, that relief is now applied for: exiled and undone princes, extensive tribes, suffering nations, infinite descriptions of men, different in language, in manners and in rites—men, separated by every barrier of nature from you, by the Providence of God are blended in one common cause, and are now become suppliants at your bar.”¹ Burke was prophetic of a national unity that is only now being realized.

Such was the great domain whose fate depended on this cause; it was an aggregation of the human race suffering,

¹ Bohn. *I. Warren Hastings* p. 16.

as Burke insisted in one of his most violent diatribes, from deliberate and essential tyranny. He was willing, he said, to allow for the domineering necessities of a pressing occasion, for the inevitable danger of passion in a swift decision, for human frailty and human error. But no one, he asserted, could plead such excuses as these for the crimes of Warren Hastings. "We charge this offender" he said "with no crimes that have not arisen from passions which it is not criminal to harbour; with no offences that have not their root in avarice, rapacity, pride, insolence, ferocity, treachery, cruelty and malignity of temper;¹ in short, in nothing that does not argue a total extinction of all moral principle, that does not manifest an inveterate blackness of heart, dyed in grain with malice, vitiated, corrupted, gangrened to the very core. If we do not paint his crimes in those vices which the breast of man is made to abhor, and the spirit of all laws human and divine to interdict, we desire no longer to be heard upon this occasion. Let everything that can be pleaded on the ground of surprise or error upon those grounds be pleaded with success: we give up the whole of those predicaments. We urge no crimes that were not crimes of forethought, we charge him with nothing that he did not commit upon deliberation; that he did not commit against the direct command of lawful authority; that he did not commit after reproof and reprimand, the reproof and reprimand of those who are authorised by the laws to reprove and reprimand him. The crimes of Mr. Hastings are crimes not only in themselves, but aggravated by being crimes of contumacy. They

¹ Every single noun is, of course a libel.

were crimes not against forms but against those eternal laws of justice which are our rule and our birthright.”¹ He accused Hastings of devastating Oude, and of looking over “that immense waste of his own creating, not as Satan viewed the kingdoms of the world and saw the power and glory of them; but he looked over the waste of Oude with a diabolical malice which one could hardly suppose existed in the great prototype himself”.

And further more, he was “not only a robber himself, but the head of a system of robbery”; nay “our whole conduct has been one perpetual tissue of perfidy and breach of faith with every person who has been in alliance with us, in any mode whatever”. And Hastings himself said that before his assumption of control there was a contagion of rapacity and speculation throughout the whole army—a service in which such a contagion suggests an extraordinary lamentable state of affairs.

Not that Burke would allow Hastings the distinction of being a criminal on a grand scale. He described the most conspicuous of the Company’s servants as “a man bred in obscure, vulgar, and ignoble occupations, and trained in sordid, base and mercenary habits,” as a little man with a mean nature. And if Hastings had done extensive harm it was because his nature was contemptible: “such minds” urged the case for the prosecution “placed in authority can do more mischief in a country, can treat all ranks and distinctions with more pride, insolence and arrogance, than those who have been born under canopies of state and swaddled in purple

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 14.

they can waste a country more effectually than the proudest and most mighty conquerors who, by the greatness of their military talents, have first subdued and afterwards plundered nations," Hastings was at best, said Burke, "a creature of the bureau", and "a fraudulent bullock contractor". "We have not said he was a tiger and a lion" Burke said in 1794 at the end of the trial, after the defending counsel had pleaded the comparison of Jenghiz Khan and Tamurlane, "No, we have said he was a weasel and a rat".

Such, therefore, since Burke never had an opportunity of judging Hastings except through the murky glass that Francis held up to his view, was the impression that the first Governor-General of British India made on the greatest man of his own age, on the most passionate and sublime of political philosophers whom reason and feeling together have made the devoted servant of the British people, of British ideals and the British throne. Historians have agreed that a fuller knowledge of the facts of the case should have changed Burke's opinion of the subject of his ire; that Hastings was not an arch fiend, but a reformer; nevertheless, though he may have been blinded by passion from seeing facts, there is no historian who has attempted to accuse Burke of deliberate perversion of the fact; "If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done)" said Burke himself in *A Letter to a noble Lord* "it should be for those [services] in which for fourteen years without intermission I showed the most industry, and had the least success; I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most; most for the importance, most for the labour; most for the judgment; most for constancy and

perseverance in the pursuit. Others may value them most for the *intention*, in that, surely, they are not mistaken." And though it has been suggested that he was influenced by a quarrel of his brother with Warren Hastings, and even that he accepted pay from the Nawab of Arcot, there is none who can deny the zeal and sympathy with which he studied Indian affairs; and who can but admit that there was some fire to account for that dark choking cloud of accusations which hung for long about the Governor-General's name? "A bad system was made to my hands" was Hastings' one plea. Even if it was a fire that he himself would have chosen rather to extinguish, it had been enkindled by the human nature of commercial agents on too many sides of the vast stack of combustible rubbish heaped up by irresponsibility in India. "The most strenuous advocates of this distinguished person, while they defend his personal integrity, are forced to acknowledge that the whole system of government over which he presided was corrupt and full of abuses."—Such is the phrase of Sir John Malcolm.¹ Burke could not compromise: "In my opinion" said he "it would be better a thousand times to give all complainants the short answer the Bey of Algiers gave a British ambassador representing certain grievances suffered by the British merchants: "My friend" (as the story is related by Dr. Shawe), "do you not know that my subjects are a band of robbers and that I am their captain?"² Better it would be thousand times, and a

¹ Malcolm. *Political History of India*. p. 40.

² To appreciate the intense sarcasm of Burke's illustration the present day reader should imagine this question coming from Lord Chelmsford, or the Earl of Reading.

thousand thousand times more manly than a hypocritical process, which under a pretended reverence to punctilious ceremonies and observances of law, abandons mankind, without help and resource to all the desolating consequences of arbitrary power.”¹

To shake that power Burke reviewed the constitutional history of the Company's position; how its first object was purely commercial as we have seen from Elizabeth's charter, but a commerce increasing with increasing honour: for one without the other was then, and always is, a bad bargain for the country. And how (as we have seen) from a company it became an administration, until at the time he spoke, though carried on upon a mercantile plan, it was in fact “a state in the disguise of a merchant”.² The Company's servants still rose by a graded system of seniority from writers to factors, and after that from junior merchants to senior merchants. It was Hastings' wish to introduce the more practical system of promotion by ability; but even this Burke not approve. He urged that it allowed men to wield authority before they gained experience.

He reminded his hearers how the English in India were not a colony in the ordinary sense of the word. They were, he said “a nation of placemen” and the power of office, then as now, was the sole power in the country. “The consequence of which is, that being a kingdom of magistrates, what is commonly called the *esprit-de-corps* is strong in it. This spirit of the body predominates in all its parts; by which

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 19.

² Ibidem, p. 23.

the members must coincide themselves as having a common interest and that common interest separated both from that of the country which sent from out, and that of the country in which they act. No control upon them exists."¹ And how could any body be its own critic and a check upon itself? Least of all when, as Burke said later, "No man can dare show in India an independent spirit".

Next he laid emphasis on the poor pay, and the youth of the Company's servants in relation to their position and responsibilities. He did not mention that these responsibilities had arisen from the nature of the case rather than from the policy of the Company, and that Hastings had responsibilities for which no arrangements were made. Whilst still raw youths, they were put then, as to some extent now, into posts requiring profound learning and experience in the wielding of authority. "These men are sent over to exercise functions at which a statesman would tremble, without any theoretical study and without any of that sort of experience which in mixed societies of business and converse form men gradually and insensibly to great affairs."² So untoward had been the results of these arrangements that from the deliberate expressions used by the Governor-General in his letters, one would imagine that Englishmen in India were "the filth and dregs of human corruption".²

Now Burke comes on to his description of the head servant in an Anglo-Indian household, the butler as he is called in Madras, the sirdar naukhar of the Punjabi Briton, the "banyan" of Burke's Bengal. He gives us a grim picture

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 26.

² Ibidem, p. 29.

of this functionary, his want of principle, his cunning, his knowledge, his power over his master with a coloured elaboration which is typical of his own method of treating Indian affairs; his arguments on constitutional principles are irrefutable; in treating personal and local questions he hurries from isolated instances to sweeping generalizations. Not but he admitted much that was excellent in the Company's system; as an example of this he adduces the obligation on all Anglo-Indians to keep a record of all their transactions, public and private; a good commercial safeguard; but even this he said, in absurd perversity, that Hastings wished to do away with in an attempt to divert the authority of the directors to himself.

The House of Lords was next given an historical sketch first of the Hindus, then of the Mohammedans of India. The Hindus, or Gentoos as they were then often called, were a people whose manners, religion and laws bound them to the soil of India at the same time as they separated them from every other people of the world. They were at once a soft and benevolent race, with a benevolence extending to the whole animal creation, and yet rigid in their alienation from the rest of mankind. They cannot eat with us; they cannot cross the sea; religion, law and honour all bind them into the rigidity of the system of caste on which depends everything which gives a meaning to life. Caste distinctions may be lost not only by voluntary crimes; but also by pollutions which it may not be in their power to prevent. As a nation, notwithstanding, the Hindus, existing from remote ages to which our "insect origin of yesterday"¹ bears no comparison,

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 46.

through all the changes and chances of history, are stable yet. The venerable influence of their national religion has spread among them a reign of purity, piety, regularity and equity: to a favourable regard, it exhibits them leading lives of happiness and beauty.

After a hurried reference to the ferocious zeal which spread the power of Islam from the Ganges to the Loire (and yet failed to frighten the Hindus from Hinduism), Burke deals with the constitutional importance of the reign of Tamerlane. Tamerlane came in on terms; he freed the Hindus from their polltax; he married the daughter of a Hindu rajah; he allowed the native princes the marks of their freedom, independence and nobility; rather than a subject people, he made them (with himself as chief), a confederacy of princely states. And their privileges were still retained when Akbar made Bengal a province of the Mogul Empire, and even when after the collapse of Aurangzebe in 1719 it passed under the rule of independent viceroys.¹

Burke read in full to the House of Lords the Institutes of Tamerlane of which these are the twelve maxims. To spread religion; to associate the people with him in his government; to be patient, generous and courteous; to maintain discipline and order; to meet with difficulties and not avoid them, and to encourage his subjects to deeds of glory; to win people to him by justice and mercy; to favour the good and learned, and poor and holy men and the brave; to be resolute in undertakings, and prudent in the choice of those

¹ In fact, of course, there were revolutions in every corner of the Empire; only in Akbar's case is there any such thing as a constitution.

principles that strengthen kingdoms; to be the father of one's people; to respect rank and faithful service; to honour family ties and form a personal judgment; to esteem the warriors who never flinched in his cause and to consider the soldier who forgot his duty as the most detestable of men—for the empire not founded on morality and religion, and strengthened by regulations and laws, is one from which order, grandeur and power shall pass away. Here were principles to arouse the enthusiasm of Burke's moral and political philosophy, even if a fuller study of India's history might have shown that they were seldom put into practice: here was an appeal he could not resist to do justice to India. "I assert their morality to be equal to ours" he continued "in whatever regards the duties of fathers, governors and superiors, and I challenge the world to show, in any modern European book, more true morality and wisdom than is to be found in the writing of Asiatic men in high trust, and who have been counsellors to princes."¹ Not that Burke failed to call attention—though it was not a censorious attention—to the full meaning of polygamy when he was analysing the situation of the Harem of the Durbar of Oude; and the shocking difference of the Moguls from European standards in the cruelty of their punishments did not escape him when he read Tavernier. One of the most powerful passages of that passionate invective which rings through the whole impeachment is Burke's description of the tortures inflicted by Debi Singh on the ryots of Rungpore and Dinagepore. If this book were an investigation of the most disgusting indulgence

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 114.

of sexual instinct perverted to sadism, we would give that passage in full; but happily those are not our study: and it is enough to mention Burke's reference to the most revolting devices of cruelty under which human flesh and human souls have writhed, as secondary to the outrage which, depriving a Hindu of his caste, dissolves all the relations of family and the intercourse of humanity and leaves him to be shunned by even the lowest as a pollution and a shame.

The plea so strongly put forward by the defence that the people of India had no sense of honour, and understood the whip not as a disgrace but only as the instrument of corporal pain (a flogging in fact no more humiliating than a visit to the dentist), roused the indignation of Burke to vindicate with all its eloquence the claims of India to national or at least human rights. Was it Hastings' assertion that having "No right to property, to liberty, to honour, or to life, they must be more pleased with the little that is left to them than grieved for the much that has been ravished from them, by his cruelty and avarice?" Burke believed no principles could be more dangerous. If that were so, he urged, if you suppose you are going amongst men in a servile state, a set of miserable slaves, prostrate and confounded in a common servitude, habituated to sufferings, familiar with degradation, you will not longer feel for them as men. "I am influenced" said Burke "by a strong sense of the evils that have attended the propagation of these wild, groundless and pernicious opinions. A young man goes to India before he knows much of his own country; but he cherishes in his breast, as I hope every man will, a just and laudable partiality for the laws, liberties, rights and institutions of his

own nation; we all do this, and God forbid that we should not prefer our own to every other country in the world; but if we go to India with an idea of the mean degraded state of the people that we are to govern, and especially if we go with these impressions at an immature age, we know that, according to the ordinary course of human nature, we shall not treat persons well whom we have learned to despise. We know that people whom we suppose to have neither laws nor rights will not be treated by us as a people who have laws and rights.”¹ It was a matter of which Burke’s practical power of imagination saw the urgency as he looked out towards India from England. How wild and groundless such opinions were Burke proceeded to prove; he showed that the natives of India had laws and rights; that their properties were secured to them there as in Europe; that they feel for honour not only as the Peers of England but with a more exquisite and poignant sense than any people; that when corporal punishments are inflicted, it is not the lash they feel but the disgrace. Lord Morley has summed up in words as ringing as Burke’s own the feeling that inspired Burke. “From beginning to end of the fourteen years in which Burke pursued his campaign against Hastings, we see in every page that the India which ever glowed before his vision was not the home of picturesque usages and melodramatic costume, but rather in his own words the land of princes once of great dignity, authority and opulence; of an ancient and venerable priesthood, the guides of the people while living and their consolation in death; of a nobility and antiquity and renown;

¹ Bohn. I. Warren Hastings p. 490.

of millions of ingenious mechanics, and millions of diligent tillers of the earth and finally, the land where might be found almost all the religions professed by men, the Brahminical, the Mussulman, the Eastern and the Western Christian."¹

Taking the Hindus by their law, a law the oldest in the world unless for the Mosaic, the duties and privileges of all classes were clearly ascertained; a Brahmin's property and privileges are inalienable: to all other castes their discriminated rights are guaranteed: each could acquire and inherit property.

As for Tamerlane, his institutes show that he valued the principles of constitutional government: And not only was he ready to give up his time to the conversation of learned men, not only was he humble in the face of the law, but he particularly prided himself on having punished the guilty and delivered the oppressed. Nay, said Burke, in a sentence which proves the honest thoroughness of his investigations, if these were not the actual principles of Timur himself, they were written by one of his counsellors and expressed the ideals of his dynasty. Last, taking the Moguls, the science of jurisprudence is so developed among them that they have distinguished legal authority into four separate bodies of law: the Fetfa, the Canon, the Raga ul Mulk and the Commentaries on the Koran. And through them all, Burke insisted, power was not arbitrary but responsible. To whom this responsibility was due, Burke does not however allow himself to suggest.

¹ Lord Morley. Burke.

The Mahommedans were people of "ancient and considerable settlement" in the country, and continued still the most powerful people in it. Their business was almost entirely administrative: they found employment in the law courts and in civil and military offices, but being prevented by the Mussulman law from taking interest for their money under any circumstances or in any form whatever (at least from their co-religionists), they were compelled to abandon the landed and monied interest to the Hindus who satisfied their worldly ambitions as moneylenders and bankers.

"The first and last system is formed by the English interest; which in reality, whether it appears directly or indirectly, is the governing interest of the whole country; of its civil and military interest, of its landed, monied and revenue interest; and what to us is the great concern to all, it is this system which is responsible for the government of that country to the government of Great Britain. It is divided into two parts, one emanating from the Company and afterwards regulated by act of Parliament; the other a judicial body sent out by, and acting under, the authority of the crown itself. The persons composing that interest are those whom we usually call the servants of the Company. They enter into that service, as your lordships know, at an early period of life, and they are promoted accordingly as their merit or their interest may provide for them. This body of men, with respect to, its numbers, is so small as scarcely to be worth mentioning; but, from certain circumstances, the government of the whole country has fallen into their hands. Among these circumstances, the most important and essential are their having the public revenues and the public purse entirely

in their own hands, and their having an army maintained by that purse, and disciplined in the European manner. Such was the state of the country when Mr. Hastings was appointed in 1772.”¹ As a summary of the constitutional position which the Company took up in India at that period, though Burke was to some extent misinformed, this also is a passage of historical importance.

Before the seven years of Hastings' trial were accomplished, Burke's attention had been to some extent diverted by an example of tyranny and cruelty which outdid even that by which Warren Hastings was accused, by the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. He had seen France abandon the becoming conventions of ordered society to satisfy the passions of anarchical *sans-culottes*. Was England to follow the ghastly hideousness of her example? When Burke suggested that hypothesis, it aroused all the energy of that solemn enthusiasm for the ideals of British Government, which was the hidden cause of the fury that he manifested in his animadversions on the case of Warren Hastings. It was, as we have seen, because he felt that the fabric of our political arrangements in India were not being built on the principles which give to human status and constitutions a value in the dispensations of Divinity, that he spurred the galloping passion of his rhetoric to tell England the full story of Englishmen's perverted energies, to make his countrymen ashamed of them before it was too late. It was because he knew himself to stand as a link in the chain of eternal order that he called the world to witness that he

¹ Bohn. II. Warren Hastings p. 806.

and the House of Commons had shrunk from no labour, had made no compromise, had feared no odium in the long warfare they carried on "with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption". It is his pride in the traditions and promises of the national methods of government that guides him through his remarks on Hastings' relations with Cantoo Baboo and Rajah Nuncomar, with the Begums of Oudh, and Ganga Govind Singh, with Sir Elijah Impey and Mr. Nathaniel Middleton, with the Nawab Sujah Dowlah and Mahomed Reza Khan. It was his faith in the incorruptible justice of unbiassed, responsible, educated Englishmen which brought him to the weighty and moving eloquence of his final peroration: "There is one thing, and one thing only" he solemnly said "which defies all mutation; that which existed before all the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great judge when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well spent life.

"My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who

supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel the consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony! their enemies, the persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers full of subtlety; they were enemies full of malice; yet lawyers full of subtlety and enemies full of malice as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great and powerful, and by having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or by having perverted justice in any one instance whatever, through favour, through interest, or cabal.

“My lords, if you must fall may you so fall! But if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honour as in power; may you stand not as a substitute for virtue but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.”¹

¹ Bohn. Warren Hastings II. p. 440, 441. Cf. Cramb. *Origin and Destinies of Imperial Britain*.

p. 10. In Burke, however, and in his younger contemporaries, the conscious influence, the formative power of a higher ideal, of wider aspirations than moulded the actual statesmanship of the past, can no longer escape us. The empire is being formed, its material bounds marked out, here definitely, there lost in receding vistas. On the battlefield or in the senate house or at the counter of merchant adventurers, this work is slowly elaborating itself. And within the nation at large the ideal, which is to be the spirit, the life of the Empire is rising into ever clearer consciousness. Its influence throws a light upon the last speeches of the younger

Justice, the practical decision founded on Eternal Truth, the great principle of order, the means and end of freedom: that was Burke's guiding light through Indian affairs. His contention was not merely that Hastings ravished Oudh and Bengal to enrich himself: that contention was, of course, absurd: but that Hastings subordinated universal principles to vigour in administration and loyalty to the Company. Burke never claimed that Hastings' methods were unsuccessful, but that "his whole government of India has been one continual violation of the great principles of justice". The great political philosopher took a long long view: he saw that Hastings' success, if no one protested against it, would be the triumph of unconstitutional methods. The question at issue was whether European principles, or what are known as Asiatic

Pitt. If the impeachment be Burke's chef-d'oeuvre, Pitt never reached a mightier close than in the speech which ended as the first grey light touched the eastern windows of Westminster, suggesting on the instant one of the happiest and most pathetic quotations ever made within those walls. The ideal makes great the life of Wilberforce, it exalts Canning; and Clarkson, Romilly, Cobbett, Bentham, is each in his way its exponent. "*The cry of the children*" derived an added poignancy from the wider pity which, after errors and failures, more pitiful than crimes, extended itself to the happenings in the Indian village, in the African forest or by the Nile.

p. 41. The England, which, towards the close of the 18th century, presents itself like a fate among the peoples of India, bears within itself the wisdom which in the long run will save it from the errors, and turn it from the path which the England of the Plantagenets followed in Ireland and in France. The national consciousness of England, stirred to its depths by its own sufferings, its own defeats, its own humiliations, comes there in India within the influence of that which in the life of a state, however little it may affect the individual life as such, is the deepest of all suffering.

principles, the exercise of vigorous, immediate, irresponsible power, were to govern the administration of India. Lyall saw it was the same issue when he said that Hastings was undoubtedly cast in the mould of the sons of Zeruiah, of those vigorous lieutenants of the Kings of Israel who in any question of the king's enemies laid their axes to the root of the tree. Like Joab and Abishai, Warren Hastings was relentless and uncompromising. Far be it from him to delight in slaughter, but nothing was to interfere in the vigour of administration or to jeopardize established power. Justice was less instant in its working: might it not be too late? Cheit Singh sends a messenger with a bribe, a bribe of £200,000, a bribe sufficient to support an army in peril. Hastings would not take it for himself; but why not take it to support an expedition that meant safety for Madras? It is possible to sympathise with Hastings even while agreeing with Burke. And so Lyall, while admitting the Governor General's talent in political organisation, still insists that "it would be a radical error to suppose that an English Government in Asia can be administered on the Asiatic system". To this Malleson replies that the introduction of European standards into India in the use of opium and in the laws relating to marriage have failed so lamentably as to be actually dangerous. But this is surely a *reductio ad absurdum*. The abolition of Suttee has not brought British Government in India to the verge of ruin yet.

No, when Burke denounced Hastings he was not entirely destitute of political sagacity. In his *Reflections on the French Revolution* he showed an uncanny power of prophetic analysis: his political theory was founded on a practical know-

ledge of human character with respect to social institutions; and as Sir Alfred Lyall says we may regard Hastings as the founder of the school of administration which has since had a not unsuccessful development in India, and which in fact made *esprit de corps* and then the State superior to moral principle and divine authority. It was Hastings who gave the final turn to the reforms of the Civil Service carried out by Clive.

Hastings, indeed, showed in public life the same phenomenon as his marriage revealed. Returning as a widower to India, he was much attracted by a charming lady from Germany, who was just beginning to learn the English language. When Hastings was ill, this German lady nursed him. Her wit, her charm, her culture, the *cwige Weibliche* in her, all subjugated him. The fact that she was another man's wife appears to have worried him but little. A dissolution of her marriage was arranged, and she became the wife of Hastings. His devotion to her, retaining its romance and courtliness to extreme old age, presents an example rare in history. And yet the fact remains that there were elements of unscrupulousness in the steps he took to make this shining example possible. And Macaulay tells us how in Hastings's mature age at Daylesford he used to read his poems to his guests at breakfast: doubtless it was a cultured pleasure, and yet to twentieth century standards it seems an indulgence verging on the tyrannous: Macaulay himself makes it the subject of an adverse comment.

But, as we have seen, it was not the actual Hastings, not only the fraudulent bullock-contractor, against whom the orator thundered. It was the "captain general of Indian

iniquity". And as Lord Morley excellently says: "If he did not convict the man, he overthrew a system, and stamped its principles with lasting censure and shame." Principles, and a system in matters of state were to him a passion and a passion supported by reason. There it was that the cunning of Francis found a way to arouse the vehemence of Burke. Francis was a virulent enemy, but not a mean and sordid nature. Malleson and Trotter agree with Macaulay that he was not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity, but he was one of those who nourish the intensity of hatred on a zeal they have persuaded to themselves is moral, and who are merciless because they have succeeded in confounding their antipathies with their duties. He persuaded himself, and he persuaded Burke, that Hastings was responsible for all the evil in the Company's administration; the Governor General was not only attacked for his own constitutional shortcomings but arraigned for those which his tact, his ascetism, his refined tastes and his vigorous efficiency had so resolutely combated: and it was not the least ironical feature of the situation that in clearing himself, Hastings at the same time gave circumstances an opportunity to gloze over traditions he deplored.

Hastings himself wrote a full eloquent account of his administration in which he discusses the rise of the Company's power. This is *Memoirs Relative to the State of India* (1786). It deserves more attention than it has ever received.

Macaulay said of Hastings that he patronised learning with the judicious liberality of a Cosimo de' Medici. From Hastings' first return to England he was busy in awakening that interest in oriental learning at which Sir William Temple

had hinted and which sprinkled its glittering dust over the high colours of the Romantic Revival in England and Germany. Johnson, who always spoke ill of Clive, as we have seen, was charmed by Hastings, and the man whom Johnson honoured does not lack the praise of Boswell. Johnson spoke of him with very great warmth, and wrote him three letters to Calcutta, letters which contain Johnson's pronouncements with regard to India. Hastings had planned that the liberal education of an English gentleman might embrace some reading of Persian literature. Johnson makes a reference to this the prelude of other congenial suggestions. "I shall hope" he writes "that he who once intended to increase the learning of his country by the introduction of the Persian language, will examine wisely the traditions and histories of the East; that he will survey the wonders of his ancient edifices, and trace the vestiges of its ruined cities; and that, at his return, we shall know the arts and opinions of a race of men from whom very little has hitherto been derived".

"You, Sir, have no need to be told by me, how much may be added by your attention and patronage to experimental knowledge and natural history. There are arts of manufacture practised in the countries in which you preside, which are yet very imperfectly known here either to artificers or philosophers. Of the natural productions, animate and inanimate, we yet have so little intelligence that our books are filled I fear, with conjectures about things which an Indian peasant knows by his senses.¹ With this letter Johnson sent a copy of Jones' Persian Grammar. "It is a new thing for a Governor

¹ Boswell's Johnson, Hill's edition. Vol. IV, p. 69.

of Bengal to patronize learning”¹ he wrote in a late letter. Hastings found Johnson’s interest flattering and congenial, and he himself wrote his answer to Johnson’s first letter when Calcutta was in commotion over the execution of Nuncomar. The Brahmin’s body was still warm, the thrill of horror had not left the Hindu crowd, when their calm Governor found his distraction from the pressure of affairs in writing a letter to Johnson, full of the interests of a scholar.

Such is the picture of Macaulay. Although, as a matter of fact, two days had supervened, that picture, showing as it does the versatility of Hastings’ genius, may well be the last, for it is certainly one of the most suggestive, for a literary discussion of the development of British India under Clive and Hastings. Hastings thoroughly understood, and was therefore equally able in dealing with, scoundrels, statesmen, and scholars. By his power over the first two of these categories, he completed the work of Clive; by his enthusiasm for the third, he brings us very near to the great revival in German and English literature which accompanied the years from his acquittal to his death.

¹ Boswell’s Johnson, Hill’s edition. Vol. IV, p. 70.

FESTIVAL CROWD, BENARES

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CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE COMPANY TO THE CROWN.

After the great trial, the interest of India for the mind and imagination of England took a different form. Up to this time, India's place in English Literature has been a record of travel, and some study of history, and a collation of scattered references and impressions in prose and verse. There has been an historical development in these and after the time of Clive there were traces of a new attitude of mind. The satirical presentation of the Nabobs, the discussions in Parliament and the great case of Hastings, especially as it presented itself to the mind of Burke, show that India had become to England firstly a matter of moral and political responsibility, and secondly a country of something more than wealth, barbarity and gorgeousness; it was a country of human beings with intellect, religion and imagination; it might be far away but it was a region of the tangible world. After the time of Burke, therefore, the subject demands a new treatment. It no longer insists on a search for scattered allusions. Now indeed the subject of India *saute aux yeux*. In the Romantic Revival, in the last prose of Scott, in the letters and essays of Macaulay, in the novels of Thackeray, and among the poems of Tennyson, India is treated in a way

more obvious and immediate than would have seemed possible before Burke. And as for what was written in India, that becomes also definite and voluminous. The record of Anglo-Indian literature is but a chart of the materials of the history of British India. Much history was written, and some of it very well written; the Protestant missions spread interest among other types of mind, and the accounts of travellers became more and more common and more and more detailed and correct: Nelson's victories had made the East India voyage safe from marauders, as those of Elizabeth's buccaneers had done before;¹ a succession of wars with the Mahrattas and the Peishwa, and in the state of Bhurtpore, in Burma, in Sind, in Afghanistan and with the Sikhs, were continually attracting attention and causing a spread of information; movements in Indian reform brought Indians to England, and in India itself the reformers were writing their pamphlets, and the imagination was roused to attempt poems and romances of its own. Such was the state of affairs till the Mutiny. The tragic episodes of Lucknow and Cawnpore, the siege and capture of Delhi, and the assumption of the control of India by the Crown, affected the English imagination as nothing else had done. And the Mutiny, with the opening of the Canal, started a new era in the history of India which now, fifty years

¹ The Battle of the Nile took a load off the minds of the Directors, and on the 24 April 1799 they wrote to Nelson to thank him for his "great and important services to the country" and to request him to accept the sum of £10,000. Nelson replied 3 July from the Foudroyant in the Bay of Naples, thanking them for their "elegant and flattering letter" and saying that he would receive their gift with all respect. See framed MS. in India Office Library.

later, is beginning to make clear the portentous promise of its meaning.

None of the new complicated interests were alone: and none were divorced from those of earlier ages. The romantic and the historic, the missionary and the political, the imaginary and the topographical, are always touching upon each other and upon each of each other. The whole subject seems a medley, and it would be misleading to attempt to systematize it too much.

It is best in this case to treat English literature first, for its link is closer with age preceding, and then gradually to trace back the impressions of our great writers to their Indian inspiration; and lastly, after a study of imagination in India at work with the instrument of our language, to draw the subject together by a collation of Indian History and English Literature in connection with the Mutiny.

SOUTHEY and MOORE.

The orientalist opened a mine for poets. When Carlyle said that "Custom doth make dotards of us all" he touched on the primary instinct of the Romantic Revival. What was the Renaissance of Wonder but a great movement to free man's apperceiving mind from custom's innumerable illusions? The poets sought to see things anew, sometimes colouring the world before them with the light of imagination, sometimes eyeing the imagination's world itself as real, sometimes looking back to see what beauties were hidden in the mysteries of "the dark backward and abysm of time", and sometimes searching the distant, not in time but in space, for the secret

of rare modes of life and curious impressions. "Ever let the fancy roam."¹ Ever let man study the fantastic and remote as such. Always strangeness was the inspiration, and among all strangeness, not least the particular strangeness of the orient. So Coleridge, who in *Christabel* had reached the acme of romantic effect in slowly distilling into the air the horror immanent in mediaeval supernaturalism, displays a power not less consummate when in *Kubla Khan* he develops a series of elusive yet arresting images from a suggestion in Marco Polo's book. An oriental potentate builds his pleasure dome in a remote part of Central Asia, where supernatural danger is immanent over holy and enchanted places. Coleridge reaches out in the same direction when he writes his Circassian Love Song, *Lewti*. And as the narrative of Marco Polo became, when Coleridge dreamed on it, the very essence of romantic poetry, so when other poets in their own travels came closer to the oriental world, they also felt its magic; the impressions made by the buildings and history of the Iberian peninsula tunnelled them a way to a new region of interest which, though once reached by slower and steeper roads, now spread itself before them with an inspiring suddenness and promise. It shone warm and pleasant and fruitful in the sunshine, Mussulman life and legend, like the vines and orchards of the Andalusian slopes on which they had once flourished, inviting poets to travel till they reached even the elephant and the palm.

The first of the new Eastern romances in English poetry appeared in the same year as the *Lyrical Ballads*, and a

¹ Keats' *Fancy*.

year after Coleridge's dream. A legend connected with the name of Gibraltar, it portrays the conflict and the love between Gebir, prince of Spain, and Charoba, Queen of Egypt. Landor explains how it was suggested to him. His friend, Rose Aylmer, had lent him, when he was at Tenby, a history of romance, at the end of which the authoress, a certain Clara Reeve, had written a tale which she was pleased to call Arabian. That tale Landor made the foundation of his poem. The significance of his choice is this: that he found in Reeve's story the romantic quality applied to an oriental subject: he describes it as *magnificum quid sub crepusculo antiquitatis*: the attraction of the ancient was seen to envelope all legend, roaming fancy could enlarge her pleasure soaring on a remoter air, and poets began to see that where there was sun, there still would be the shadowy, and that a realm was not less mysterious because it touched upon the tropic.

Landor, though the first to produce his poem, was not alone as a pioneer. Following the inspiration of his age, Southey had already set out in the same direction, and when, half-way to the end of *Thalaba*, he caught sight of *Gebir*, he gave its author enthusiastic hail.¹ Alone among the critics of that age, he appreciated Landor's enterprise: he recognised a kindred mind. *Thalaba* was begun the day after *Madoc* was finished, on July 13, 1799, and finished a year and six days later.² But this poem was neither crudely conceived nor hastily undertaken. "I had fixed upon the ground four years before for a Mahomedan tale; and in the course of

¹ Southey. *Men of Letters*, p. 67.

² Preface to *Thalaba*.

that time the plan had been formed and the materials collected." The poem was begun in England and finished in Portugal, where the outlines of a Moorish castle rise above Cintra,—and Southey says "I am sensible of having derived great improvement from the study of *Gebir* at that time". Four years before 1799 Southey had come upon the haunts of the Moors in his first visit to the Peninsula. He first set out therefore in the direction of India's legendry when Moslem associations consolidated a project he had made as a boy. "When I was a schoolboy at Westminster" he wrote to a friend¹ "I frequented the house of a schoolfellow who has continued to this day to be one of my most intimate and dearest friends. The house was so near Deans Yard that it was hardly considered as being out of our prescribed bounds; and I had free access to the library, a well stored and pleasant room There many of my truant hours were delightfully spent in reading Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*. The book impressed my imagination strongly, and before I left school I had formed the intention of exhibiting all the more prominent and poetical forms of mythology which have at any time maintained among mankind, and of making each the groundwork of an heroic poem." Such was Southey's early impulsions, to build his poetry on the framework of Eastern religions, the design which a visit to Spain and Portugal brought to fruition in *Thalaba* and thus naturally led on to the *Curse of Kehama*.

The first of these is the better. The versification which Southey imitated from Sayers as being suitable by its

¹ Letter to Mr. Charles Butler.

simplicity and ease for an Arabian poem gave *Thalaba* a dignity which he was unable to attain when in his Indian poem he sought "to combine the utmost richness of versification with the greatest freedom". The moon shining over the desert from the dark blue depths of an unclouded heaven, palm groves islanded amid the waste, the mimosa raising its shade over aromatic paths, the silkworm of the East spinning her 'sepulchral egg' in the king's palace

sparkling like the Angels' dome
Of Paradise, his Garden like the bowers
Of early Eden. 1

Azrael, the Angel of Death, dark, solemn, but not severe, the hyaena's eye glaring in the darkness, a tent pitched beneath clustering dates, the muezzin crying the midnight hour from the minaret, provided a series of tableaux faithful, vivid, effective, solemn and typical, in which to place a narrative which varied between the heroic and the fanciful.

Thalaba is in fact not less in style than in value, something between the extravagance of *Gebir* and the classical dignity of *Sohrab and Rustum*. It was founded on the Dom Daniel mentioned in the continuation of the Arabian tales, to which it openly annexes itself as the arabesque ornament. Southey wrote it with evident pleasure, and indeed in the severity and picturesqueness of Islam there is much that is congenial to the English temperament, while Hinduism remains unintelligible. No one aroused a sympathy towards that religion in the West until recent times, and pure as its moral teaching is, and far-reaching its influence, there is much in

¹ *Thalaba* I, 34.

it that is likely always to remain repellant to English taste. Southey did not hesitate to denounce it, saying that it "of all false religious is the most monstrous in its fables and the most fatal in its effects". So strong was his feeling of the wildness and intricacy of Hindu mythology that nothing but the steadfast intention he had maintained from his boyhood could have kept him equal to the task, and if his poem seemed fantastic, he argued that without that quality it would have been inconsistent with its subject: "However startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindu mythology. No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque and less poetical than the mythological personages of the Brahmins . . . their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, whose countenance, as the Bhagavat Geeta expresses it "is turned on every side,"

Not less with the subjects of thought than with persons:

"When the heart goes before like a lamp and illumines
the pathway

Many things are made clear that else would lie hidden
in darkness."

With so marked an antipathy to Hinduism, Southey could not portray its mythology with insight. For whole books we remain far from the Hindu atmosphere, and see a plot developing harmonious to only English morals. The *Curse of Kehama* is a better expression of the ideals and personality of a British poet than of the system and influence of Hinduism. But Southey was a laborious if not a brilliant student, and in Sir William Jones he had a trustworthy and

learned guide. His poem therefore could not fail to increase the knowledge of his subject, and his scheme was sufficiently comprehensive, to give a general idea to the idle reader and attract the attention of more thoughtful men to the whole of it. "The gorgeous shows of Indian courts and Indian nature" wrote Dr. Barnett in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "are admirably reproduced in intricate and sonorous stanzas." Let us consider in detail the meaning of those words.

The plot of *Kehama* is founded on revenge. The first scene of the poem is the funeral ceremony of Arvalan, son of the great Rajah Kehama. The whole of the imperial city re-echoes to the wail of the mourners, a midnight procession moves through it, lit by innumerable torches, and so great is the pomp that the women, as they wait on housetops and balconies, even throw back their veils to watch it. The body is borne upright in its palanquin, overshadowed by a crimson canopy which throws its reddening shade on the dead man's features, and

Close following his dead son, Kehama came
Nor joining in the ritual song,
Nor calling the dear name;
With head deprest and funeral vest
And arms enfolded on his breast
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.

King of the world, his slaves, unenvying now
Behold their wretched lord, rejoiced to see
The mighty Rajah's misery;
That nature in his pride hath dealt the blow
And taught the Master of mankind to know
Even he himself is man and not exempt from woe.

Behind him come the young widows of Arvalan who, the rites of suttee demand, shall burn upon his pyre. In the procession they still wear their jewels and ornaments for neck and waist, for wrist and ankle, with their white mourning robes: but these are soon to be stripped off, leaving nothing but the marriage knot around the neck, before the crown of white flowers, and coral of death is placed on their dark heads. One takes her seat upon the pile resigned, the other in terror.

You cannot hear her cries . . . their sound
In that wild dissonance is drown'd,
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony
See in her swelling throat the desperate strength
That with vain effort struggles yet for life,
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife
Now wildly at full length
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread,
They force her on, they bind her to the dead.¹

After the burning, when Kehama had spread upon the altar his offering of rice and honey, the soul of Arvalan communes with him and demands vengeance on Ladurlad, who had struck him his death blow, and on Kailyal, Ladurlad's child. Kailyal flings herself on the image of Marriatalj, Goddess of the Poor, and as Kehama's agents strive to drag her away from it, the river bank crumbles away and she falls into the stream. It was not for Ladurlad so to flee the wrath of the avenger. Kehama ruled not only men but also the elements, and devising a torment worse than death, he cuts Ladurlad off

¹ Cf. the engraving in Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*.

from the ministries of wind and water and dew, from sleep and from death.

Thou shalt live in thy pain
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain.

Ladurlad wanders from the funeral pile down the river bank, and as morning breaks discovers something floating in the water. It is Kailyal clinging to the image of the Goddess. Her father plunges in and saves her; as she recovers her senses, she begins to understand the horror of the curse that has been laid upon her father, for though he had borne her from the river depths, his garments were not wet.

The poet next depicts the difference that can be found in India between the freshness of the dawn and the heat of midday and afternoon, the exhausting rays of temperature so familiar to all who have ever known the approach of the hot weather there. Before the sun has power, the birds sing sweetly, the grass is fresh and dewy, and the cool breezes revive all nature with their deliciousness. The pleasant hours must be quickly seized, for when

. the Sun in heaven is high,
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour,
They pant and palpitate with heat;
Their bills are open languidly
To catch the passing air;
They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not and moves not.
The boatman, as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger there,
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.

Ladurlad approaches the stream to verify the curse. The waters shrink, and he in his despair rails on the powerlessness of the Gods; Vishnu, the Preserver, could not save him, and Seeva the Destroyer could not kill. The pious Kailyal, however, vindicates the goodness of the heavenly power, and claims honour and gratitude for Marriatalj, only lamenting that she could bring no fresh flowers to wreath her image, nor honour it with dance and song:

. . . never now
Shall I at eve adore thee,
And swimming round with arms outspread
Poise the full pitcher on my head,
In dexterous dance before thee,
While underneath the reedy shed, at rest
My father sat the evening rites to view,
And blest thy name, and blest
His daughter too.

She looked towards her ancient home, and like a far picture of Benares, domes, spires and pinnacles, the summits of the golden palaces, blazed like fire as they raised their dazzling outlines against the sky above them and its hardly less dazzling blue.

Southey pictures a flamingo, as evening comes on, flying athwart the sunset, a sight few travellers in India have ever seen; and then the familiar return of freshness after sunset, and the suggestion of breeze in the cool air. Too wretched to be affrighted by its warning, the outcasts rest in the wild beside a white flag, marking the spot where a tiger had seized his prey.

When Kailyal falls asleep her father, wishing to save her the pain of seeing his constant agony, tries to escape

her. She starts up in her sleep to find him gone, and then a new episode of the story begins.

First she comes upon a tiger stalking his human prey, and then, much more terrifying, the ghost of Arvalan pursues her and was about to seize her in the very sanctuary of a temple when she is rescued by its god, Pollear, the protector of travellers, known by his elephant-headed image; he seized Arvalan and hurled him into the jungle, as Kailyal sank senseless on the open shrine.

Here she is found by a heavenly spirit, Ereenia, who bears her to the pure and lofty region where the Ganges takes its source and to the seat of Casyapa, sire-of the Gods. Casyapa knew of Kehama's curse, but benevolent as he is, he cannot allow the human maid to rest beside him and pollute the sacred shrine with her mortality. Ereenia therefore summons a ship of heaven and carries her to Indra's own abode, Swerga, the heavenly home.

While Kailyal reposes in the Swerga, her father comes again into conflict with Kehama, who was glutting his cruelty with sacrifice. Ladurlad seizes the last victim of Kehama, and by virtue of the curse, escapes unharmed, to be united later to his daughter through angelic aid. They find repose together in a heavenly region called Mount Meru, which is beyond the range of Kehama's vengeance.

But the powers of evil were not idle. Arvalan, quickly recovering from the attack of Pollear, sought aid from the witch Lorrinite, who was learned in such subjects as are damnable to guess. She was a hag like that Spenser pictured in the *Faerie Queene*, the imagery of which now dominates Southey's references to Hindu mythology. Her tremendous

witchery could reach even to the Swerga, and as Kehama's sacrifice was completed, with lightnings and with thunder he rose, leaping through high heaven in a trail of fire, and seized the Swerga for his own abode.

Ladurlad and Kailyal return to earth, and in the next stanzas Southey gives a succession of Indian tableaux. Although he could not resist the English habit of talking of woods and glades, words most inapt for jungle scenery, his pictures are good:

He first describes the banian tree, fifty irregular columns supporting its venerable height,

And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway,
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height;
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds not briars deform'd the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of chequer'd light.¹

So exact are the details of the picture it is difficult to imagine that Southey had not seen it with his own eyes. So likewise with his description of the lotus, its glossy leaves, as the wind lifted them, flapping their broad and buoyant weight on the twinkling waters, where its sacred flowers

¹ Cf. Williamson, *Oriental Field Sports*, II, 118.

crowned the lake with their roseate beauty. Lastly he pictures the elephant

Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way
And tassel-grass whose silvery feathers play
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the Elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturn'd aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with wavey motion slow,
Fanning the languid air
He moves it to and fro.

Any English child can test the skill of this description by a visit to the Zoo. But Southey had to form his own image from the description of another, and we cannot ignore his success.

Amidst such scenes Ladurlad and Kailyal remained undisturbed till a band of Yogis, seeing her beauty, carried Kailyal away to adorn one of the processions of Jaganaut.

How horrible were the sensations of the girl when, seated beside the seven-headed image, she saw the votaries throw themselves before the huge car, though she hardly heard the crashing bones, the cries of agony, in the wild tumult of the excitement with which the crowd followed her behind. But an even more revolting experience awaited her return: a band of dancing harlots lead her to the temple, and lock her in there for what they choose to call a union with the divinity. As the Bramin of the temple advanced, she flung herself upon the ground. Horror rises on horror.

The Bramin falls dead at the hand of a more ghastly presence, and Kailyal prays for rescue from the rape of Arvalan. Ereenia, coming to her aid, is overcome by Lorrinite, and the maid only saves herself by setting fire to the bride bed. Ladurlad again, by virtue of the curse, stalks through the flames and carries away his child uninjured from the burning fane.

After reaching this point where Kailyal informs her father that, at the instance of Lorrinite, Ereenia has been imprisoned in the ancient sepulchres of the submerged city of Balj, the remaining cantos of the poem make no reference to the actual India of the travellers, but work out the supernatural scheme of Hindu mythology. The imagination of Southey, who through the years since he had commenced the poem had been developing among the literary influences of England rather than in the atmosphere of Bengal and among its distinct impressions, both of the natural and of the supernatural, was unequal to giving an Eastern glamour to myths of demoniac influences and heavenly abodes, and of a city on the ocean floor. The description of that city is copied from Gebir, and the imagery and phrases are modelled either on Spenser or on Milton. Only the mythological fabric remains Indian, and unsupported either by atmosphere or imagery, its study is not accompanied with feelings of delight.

However as the *Curse of Kehama* is the only English poem the theme of which is a Hindu system of mythology, it is necessary, briefly to trace the windings of that story. If it conveyed but little of India, it hinted to English readers at a mode of thought which was common in their Eastern

Empire, and which would have mingled confusedly with their apprehension of Indian life.

Ladurlad finds Ereenia's bonds guarded by a monster of the deep, whom he is able to slay, once more rendered invulnerable by the curse; and as Kailyal awaits the issue of the struggle on the shore,

She starts; for lo! where floating many a rood,
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward the shore,
Backward she starts in fear before the flood,
And, when the waves retreat,
They leave their hideous burthen at her feet.¹

As she sees in this the promise of her father's victory, he and the Glendoveer appear before her. But the hour of respite was always the signal to the fiend. Lorrinite's laugh was heard and she summons her minions, the Asuras, to seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

But a power mightier than she was before her. Balj, the righteous, the honoured, the mighty, put forth his strength, and in her turn the sorceress was seized. As the god stamped his foot the earth opened before him, and he bore his prey to the punishment that was awaiting her in Padalon.

¹ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, I, 190 ss.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts inside
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size
Titanian or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream.

The shock had scarcely subsided when Kehama descended wrathfully from the Swerga, and again the earth was cleft. He hurls his weapon down but it returned, and Balj's voice warns him that though he may have power over earth and the Swerga, the regions beneath the earth are still beyond him.

Not yet, O Rajah, hast thou won
The realms of Padalon.

At this moment the eye of Kehama rests on the beautiful Kailyal. Freeing her father from the curse, the mighty ruler summons her to share with him the rule of heaven and earth.

Come, maiden mine!
High-fated one, ascend the subject sky
And by Kehama's side
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

"Never!" was the pure girls reply. The Rajah warns Ladurlad to counsel his daughter that a refusal will mean curses returning on them both.

She needeth not my counsel, he replied,
And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus
Of destiny! for though all other things
Were subject to the starry influencings,
And bowed submissive to thy tyranny,
The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free.

On that principle the poet proceeds with the development of his strange tale. Although Ladurlad and Kailyal are to bear new curses, Ereenia, rising to the silver mountain of Calasay, strikes the silver bell which with its soul-thrilling tones wakes Siva, the All-Supreme, and a voice which was

the indubitable word of Him to whom all secret things are known, told the heart of the Glendoveer that at the throne of Yamen he would find the remedy for every woe.

Returning to earth, he meets father and daughter, and leads them to the dark bound of furthest ocean. There they take ship for other spheres; they leave the light of day, and reach the gate of Padalon. Having found the companies of the blessed and the damned, they come at last to the city and throne of Yamen, the immutable, at whose feet Balj gives righteous judgment. Ereenia, prostrating himself before the God, announces himself as come from Seeva; but the King of Padalon himself awaits unknowing the consummation of a dreadful hour. As he speaks, even the voice of Hell's lamentation ceases, and amongst awful and unwonted sounds, Kehama descends from the Swerga, to seize the lower region as he had seized the upper. Downing Yamen, he proclaims his triumph and calls to Kailyal to fulfil his will. It was to him and her, and to them alone, that it was given to drink of the Amreeta cup of immortality; with her then would he reign. But still she resists him:

But still the resolute heart
And virtuous will are free.

As the Amreeta cup is brought forth, they drink it, but Kehama did not know the mystery of the cup. Even as he drinks, the angry eye of Seeva opens upon him. Such was the cup's virtue that, with immortality, they that drink it take too their own reward. Kehama faces an eternity of torture, Yamen regains his throne, and Kailyal, united to Ereenia, tastes not only for herself, but for her father also,

the sweet, eternal fruit of mercy. Her body melted till all but that was heavenly passed away,

Yet still she felt
Her spirit strong within her, the same heart,
With the same loves, and all her heavenly part
Unchang'd, and ripen'd to such perfect state
In this miraculous birth, as here on Earth
Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

What then is the impression of English readers when they reach this, the finish of his poem? With certain tableaux of the real India, they have floating before them a phantasmagoria of Eastern legend against which their poet had disclaimed in the first words he put before them.

Take it for all in all, the poem, considering the intricacy of the narrative, the remoteness of its mythological foundation, and its allusions to the ceremonies of Hinduism, would have aroused an antagonism to the Hindu religion which would only have been increased by the familiar moral lessons which Southey had introduced. So likewise with his imagery, which wanders between the East and West. On one side the *Curse of Kehama* served only to increase the impressions made by Sir William Jones and the Abbé Dubois; it aroused little sympathy towards India and much repugnance, and it is not surprising that its publication was followed by a great new effort of the missionaries and the appointment of an Anglican Bishop to Calcutta.

But the third Bishop, when he came, was to feel and vividly to describe the beauties of his tropic diocese; his journal and his poems remind us that in *Kehama* Southey was carrying on the great tradition, and if he repelled sympathy from the

dominant religion, he attracted imaginative interest to the country of Bengal. He had written an Eastern poem and the English asked for more.

The example given by Coleridge and Southey was followed by Byron in the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, by Shelley in *Alastor*, and by Moore in *Lalla Rookh*. Even Wordsworth¹, like his own skylark one "of the wise who soar but never roam", was induced in his later age to write an oriental poem.

But it was when the Romantic Revival had won its way to general appreciation that the interest of the poetical world was centred on the East, and in 1814 Longman offered Moore three thousand guineas for a metrical romance on an eastern subject. Moore had already made a beginning on *Lalla Rookh*, but the publisher's offer induced him to take up the work more thoroughly, and he settled down properly to gather materials for an Eastern Romance. That *Lalla Rookh* was a great poem no one would now contend: indeed Rossetti,² disclaiming the traditional enthusiasm for an author's productions, writes in a preface that "no poetical reader of the present day is the poorer for knowing absolutely nothing of *Lalla Rookh*"; but the circumstances and time of its production give it an importance quite apart from its intrinsic worth. It is a valuable document of English interest in oriental things. The popularity it enjoyed gauges the extent of that interest in the first place, and secondly the poem itself decided

¹ Cf. "Like a naked Indian slept himself away." Imitation of the *Castle of Indolence*. Shelley's reference to the *Indian Caucasus* appears to be taken from an expression of Nonnus.

² This Rossetti is William not Dante Gabriel.

to a great extent the form in which the cultivated world of England pictured India. Contemporaries were fascinated by the oriental colouring. A further acquaintance with the East has shown how conventional that is and how often false. Moore sought his effects through fullness of detail, he missed therefore the dignified vagueness of treatment by which Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden so well convey an impression of the opulence of oriental scenes, and his many inaccuracies, paralysing the imagining faculty of attentive readers, leave the poem nothing but the false glamour of the more wanton among fairy tales.

Whether or not it is true, as Sir Walter Raleigh suggests, that almost all the poetry of the age is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and that, taken as a whole, it is disaffected—out of sympathy with the main motives that stir men to action, and liable to all diseases generated by abstract thought";¹ whether or not we agree with him in this, there still can be no doubt that through the Romantic Revival, in spite of Wordsworth's high example, it was not uncommon to see a separation between fact and fancy, the pair whose marriage in the Elizabethan age had been indissoluble and happy. The felicity of that relation had not then to bear the same strain in the chances of scientific investigation on the one hand and of Revivalist tenets on the other. By the impetuosity of the "rebellious children of the destroyer" as Raleigh calls them, old reserve was flung away. Inquisitively fascinated, each of the pair began to search the other's privacies, and, shyness forgot, forgot also to look each other fairly in the face; they lusted after that

¹ Hakluyt, XII, 117.

graciousness which is ever fugitive, and lost the appreciation of each other's beauty. Too often wonder and science walked at last alone. And the great successes can be attained only where passion is chastened by restraint, where indulgence is hardened by the deliberate effort of the mind, where imagination is concentrated on the study of reality.

Moore might have corrected his composition by submitting his conception to contemporary travellers, but he preferred not to do so. He might at least have gone to direct authorities such as Bernier to assist him in forming these conceptions, but he quotes rather from Thevenot and Tavernier, who were themselves not always dependable, and from d'Herbelot, whose knowledge, though certainly extraordinary, was entirely secondhand. More than this, he occasionally lets his fancy go, and as when talking of the mountain of the Sea of Oman, describes scenery which he frankly admits has no existence. The consequence is that *Lalla Rookh* is much interlarded with absurd descriptions and to some extent with nonsense. Thus we read of the journey from Delhi to Lahore that the heroine "found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for encampments—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl, sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes—and often in the hidden, embowered spots described by one from the Isles of the West as places of melancholy delight and safety,

where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves, she felt a charm in the scenes so lovely and so new to her, which for a time made her indifferent to every other amusement".¹ This description is too extravagant for even the most devoted lover of the Punjab. The rivers and canals are really of the muddiest; no Banyan trees are found; no antelopes could possibly descend so far, and there is no break in the monotony of the plain. The quotation from the traveller of the West is drawn away by force from an account of another part of India, and the lady herself, from within her stuffy *pardah* could in any case have seen but little. Not less extravagant is the description of the encampment which Chinese artists have decorated, and where "the leaves of the mango trees and the acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery", shed their soft lustre round.

It was the misfortune of Moore to choose his descriptions badly, even when their subject was worthy of his art. Lahore City is one of the most striking and the strangest of sights. The Mussulman style so predominates in it that it has the rarer characteristics of a city in Central Asia. Its narrow and twisting bazaars are nearly always crowded. "The buildings are faire and high, with bricke and much curiosities of carved windows and doors,"² said William Finch in 1610 (one of the first Englishmen to visit Lahore), and the wooden balconies everywhere, above the movement of the streets, still give its varied scenes an unfailing picturesqueness. The mass of rectangular silhouettes with which its roofs break in the

¹ Cf. Sir T. Roe.

² William Finch, 1610. Purchas IV, 58.

regular horizon is varied by the characteristically ornate and pointed dome of the Hindu temple. And if the onlooker should at any point be, as he is liable to be, repelled by an excess either of the disorderly or the bizarre, he may find refuge in the three famous mosques, the Golden Mosque, the Mosque of the Vizier Khan, rising lofty with a dazzling yet harmonious inlay of blue stone, or Shah Jehan's magnificent erection in red sandstone which is known as the Badshahi Masjid, the Mosque of the King. Moore begins with a vague phrase suggestive of the monuments which the Moguls built in the environs, but not at all of the city itself. "They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven". And his description of Lalla Rookh's procession through the city, in which we have seen open spaces are unknown, is far more misleading than the already extravagant accounts of Ferishta from which it is taken: "Engines were erected in all the squares which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people, while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces and domes and gilded minarets of Lahore made the city altogether like a place of enchantment." It is a pity that false detail should mar the impression he gives of the dazzling scene which is provided by a ceremonial procession within the walls of an ancient Eastern city.

These descriptions are from the prose account of Lalla Rookh's journey from Delhi to Srinagar, and that, it will

he remembered, was beguiled by the verse narratives of the young port, Feramorz, who won the heroine's heart on her journey, and who met her at its end as the King of Bucharia to whom she was betrothed. The name of Feramorz, though not unknown amongst the Mahomedans of India, is rather Persian. Of the stories which Feramorz tells not one is actually laid in Hindustan: the first is of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who by devilish devices draws the heart and soul of the maid Zelica from her true love, whom she meets only in the world after death: the second, which is the best known, relates how a Peri wins a sinful Mussulman to repentance: the third tells the story of one of the Ghebers of Persia who loved a Moslem maid: even the fourth, which relates an incident in the love of Jehangir for Nur Jehan, is placed in Kashmir. Lalla Rookh, whom for some reason Moore brings to Attock on her way to Srinagar, continues her route by Hassan Abdal, and it is there she listened to the young poet's love story and his description of the beauties of the Shalimar Gardens beside the Dal Lake, near Srinagar, which had been made for the pleasure of the Mogul Emperor. "His palace is the temple of magnificence, and his gardens are perfectly delightful."¹

The freer emotion of verse beguiles Moore even further from the fact than he had already wandered, and he was misled by Forster, his chief authority. Thus he makes the sun rise on the City and Lake over the hill known as Takht-i-Suleiman or Solomon's Seat, which is rather on the western side of them; and he makes palms grow at Baramulla,

which, though the lowest point in the valley, is still five thousand feet above sea level; the wooden city of Srinagar, whose only remaining mosque, the beautiful Shahmadan, is in the style of the Buddhists, still decorates it with the domes and minarets which he seemed to feel gave a distinctive outline to every oriental city.

Such are the grotesques with which Moore adorns the fabric of his Eastern romance. Was then *Lalla Rookh* as valueless to the student of the East as Rossetti later asserted it to be to the poetical reader? Did its popularity mean no more than an increase of ignorance with regard to our Eastern Empire? In the first place it must be remembered how little of it really dealt with India; and where little is related, little could mislead. But Moore was not always misleading; many have remarked the resemblance between the psychology of the Indian and the Irishman; and possibly the poet's nationality gave him an insight into the workings of the oriental mind; certainly he shows great skill in reproducing that compound of voluptuousness and philosophy which from the earliest times has characterised the Indian: as in the case of the Mauryan Bin-desara, of the 3rd century before Christ, who wrote to Seleucus to ask him for a sample of Greek wine, some raisins, and a "sophist".¹ Moore is successful also in reproducing the quality of emotion which is most general in the love poems of the Mahomedan world. The flavour of Mussulman literature has since become familiar to English readers, first through the *Arabian Nights*, and again in Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam. And

¹ Rawlinson's *India and the Western World*, p. 39.

though Moore's inaccuracies, as we have seen, make his account of the journey through the Punjab ridiculous, he did not altogether fail to convey an impression of the Indian Empire as a whole: for though he applied his reading foolishly, yet he read much of the travellers: in one or two cases he is quite extraordinarily happy in picturing oriental life. Nothing could be more vivid and accurate than the following:—

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset they saw a young Hindu girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity; when one of the attendants who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent that often in the dusk of the evening the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Otow Tala, or Sea of Stars),¹ informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sank immediately, the omen was disastrous, but if it went on shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.²

¹ Pinkerton's *Description of Thibet*.

² Cf. Rabindra Nath Tagore's treatment of the same subject.

And Moore is not least happy in his satire on the self-importance of the chamberlain. "So this Koran" he tells us, "supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmen that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it".

There remain three great names of the Romantic Revival which have not been mentioned in connection with the subject. Thomas Hood, in his *Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India*, shows how unreal the East was to him. Keats compared a curious shell he had received with a "Golconda gem". He mentions the Ceylon Diver in *Isabella*, and speaks of "warm Indian cloves" as spice for Lorenzo's body. De Quincey makes a vague reference to Indian religions and mentions the Ganges¹ and the Black Hole². Those conventional allusions are not without value, for they show that however much extract knowledge of India might increase through travel and study, she was, as she always will be, distant and different enough to remain in the English mind a vague suggestion of rare and exotic things.

¹ *Opium Eaters*. Macmillan's English Classics edition, p. 231.

² *Ibid.*, p. 180.

SCOTT.

Although Colonel Mannering¹ had spent his youth in India and some of the flavour of the Nabob hung about him, the special mention of India in Scott is in *The Surgeon's Daughter*, first published as one of the Chronicles of the Canongate in 1827, when Scott was approaching the end of his career. But the story is full of vigour. Scott turns towards his new field with keenness and works out an extremely good story of 150 pages. Fifty years before, as he purported to have heard from his friend Colonel James Ferguson of Huntly Burn, the son of James Ferguson the historian, shooting and stabbing were as common in India as ever they had been in the Highlands. Anglo-Indians laid down their consciences at the Cape of Good Hope and were done with them for good and all. That was not the only romantic advantage. In the pages of Orme, which as we have seen Scott found delightful, every captain became an historic character. Clive, who turned in his early twenties from clerk to colonel, was to be known henceforth to every schoolboy as the hero who won Britain an empire. There was something also which caught the imagination in the strongly defined character of the different Indian races. India so became an admirable background for Scott's most highly coloured villain, a striking melodramatic personality born in unusual circumstances near the Border. A runaway couple arrive in a Scotch village late on a winter's night; the woman is in a precarious condition and is left by the man with the local surgeon. In

his house a handsome boy was born, and the mother is forced by her father, who finds her there, to leave him with the surgeon, sufficiently, but not amply, provided for. He is known by the name of the village, Middlemas, and christened Richard. He grows up with the surgeon's own child, Menie Gray. The surgeon finally received him as an apprentice with another youth of the neighbourhood, Adam Hartley. The two are rivals for the love of Menie Gray; when she chooses Middlemas, the handsomer, the more striking, the more graceful, the finer, Hartley says he will away to the Company's service, and do as best he can. He tells his plan to his successful rival.

"To India" bursts out Richard, "happy dog, to India! Oh, Delhi! Oh, Golconda! have your names no power . . . India, where gold is won by steel, where a brave man cannot pitch his desire of fame and wealth too high, but that he may realize it if he have fortune for his friend!"

While, in spite of his happy love affair, he was still in this envious mood, a certain Tom Hillary, who had left a post as attorney's clerk in the neighbourhood five years before to take up employment under the Company, came swaggering back to the village, paying even his debts and giving a glowing account of what India had to offer. Vulgar minds soon turn hints to boasts when with those simple souls who take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. So had the nabobs talked, "Not a stream did he mention but flowed over sands of gold, and not a palace that was inferior to those of the celebrated Fata Morgana. His descriptions seemed steeped in odours, and his every phrase perfumed in attar of roses." It was the cloudy inebriation which enticed Lyall's young dreamer

to his Land of regrets. Hilary's talk would turn from Hindu dancing girls with their movements of voluptuous suggestiveness towards haughty English conquerors, to the battles and sieges in which these heroes won their glory. Each officer appeared a Lawrence or a Clive, and wealth waited for the asking. Middlemas was soon carried away by these dreams, bade good-bye to Menie Gray, and started off with his new friend.

In the carousals of their first evening together, Middlemas found himself drugged, and before he regained consciousness was placed in a ward of people suffering from smallpox. The twelve hundred pounds of his patrimony had disappeared. Here he might have abandoned hope, but that Hartley was the surgeon in charge. Hartley rescued him and recommended him to General Witherington, the commandant. This was no other than his father.

The sudden advent of a young man whom she recognised by his name as their abandoned son, had fatal effects on Mrs. Witherington. This turned the General's brain. Middlemas was forced to leave the country, but not before the General's influence had secured him a commission in the Company's army. He went out to Madras with Hartley, and though he began well, his pride, when Hartley had left for a more distant station, began to get the better of him. He challenged his Colonel to a duel on a pretext of having been subjected to an insult. In this duel he killed his commanding officer. He was obliged to flee the British settlements, and he entered the service of a native prince.

Scott had hinted in the introduction that he might have written more fully of India but that in fact he knew "nothing

whatever about it". The last fifty pages of his story give a very different impression. The character of the Anglo-Indian swaggerer, whether a gentleman like Witherington or a scoundrel like Hilary, he has already shown that he knew pretty well; the unscrupulousness of the Company as it had been was an open book to him. He was aware that its administration in India had, at least before the times of Clive and Hastings, been tainted by grave scandals, and as Macaulay has pointed out in the case of Hastings, the first demand of the directors was for money. The scandals connected with their recruiting are in Scott's pages even more darkly coloured than those connected with the British pressgang as reproduced by Thackeray. But the novelist now gives a more sinister portraiture of the actual conduct of responsible Englishmen in India. With probably Sir Thomas Rumbold in his mind, he describes the "President of the Council" at Madras as "an able and active but unconscientious man, who, neither in his own affairs, nor in those of the Company, was supposed to embarrass himself much about the means which he used to attain his object".¹ A back stair was the "necessary appurtenance of every government" in India, and the great man carried on mysterious intrigues among the natives through his steward or *Dubash*. Paupiah, the Dubash in this story, was satanically efficient, a master of devilish designs, abandoning without scruple the happiness of the rich and the existence of the poor, the honour of men and the chastity of women, to attain a private or political advantage. Scott realized that he might seem to be traducing

¹ Ch. XII.

the Company's administration by the introduction of this malignant frauder as the principal agent of an Englishman in the highest authority, and remarks in a note (itself supposed to be scarcely necessary), that such things should only be acted in the earlier period of our English settlements, when the check of the Directors was imperfect, and that of the Crown did not exist. Paupiah was perhaps an anachronism; and the vagueness of his position is increased by the uncertainty who his master was: for he is described sometimes as President of the Council, sometimes as Governor. It was with this person that Richard Middlemas comes in touch when, after some years, he is returning disguised to Madras as the secret agent of Hyder Ali the Nawab.

But the story first relates the adventures of Hartley. He had returned to Madras after three years and resumed his practice. There one evening he was sent by the Secretary of the Government to attend a certain Fakir named Barak-el-Hadji who lay at a Moslem shrine near by. It is now that the novelist displays his extraordinarily accurate knowledge of Indian scenes and Indian life. His painting is as vivid, his details as exact as when he is describing his own beloved Scotland. He loved description in a full, rather formal, style. He felt the greatest zest in touching on the "glorious and unbounded subjects" upon which he, first among British novelists, had touched. He was intensely interested both in local customs and the romantic scene, and as he says in the preface "India is the true place for a Scot to thrive in".

He shows us the white marble on Cara Raji's tomb and the devotees reciting the Koran day and night before it. These did not look up from their reading as Hartley

approached and even the chief Mullah, distinguished by the length of his beard and his large wooden beads, finished his enumeration of the holy names of God before he answered Hartley's enquiry. The doctor found the patient in one of the cells built around the court of which the tomb was the centre. The Fakir conformed sufficiently to the habits of the worldly of his religion as still to wear the fez or taboosh of Tartar felt, and round his neck was a string of black beads. Physician and patient exchanged the flowery imagery of Persia in their talk, and the readers of British novels might learn that the sententious wisdom of *Proverbs* and *Ecclesiastes* was echoed by Mahomet's followers in India.

"It is Allah" says Hartley "who closes and enlarges the heart. Frank and Mussulman are all alike moulded by his pleasure."

"My brother hath spoken wisely" answered the patient. "Welcome the disease if it bring thee acquainted with a wise physician. For what saith the poet—it is well to have fallen to the earth, if while grovelling there thou shalt discover a diamond'."

The sick Moslem was indeed a secret agent of Hyder Ali, whom Scott describes as "an able and sagacious prince" and "one of the wisest that Hindostan could boast;" who, though he could perpetrate great crimes to gratify ambition, could display instances not only of generosity, but of that even rarer quality in oriental princes, justice.

After Barak-el-Hadji had recovered and returned to his prince's dominions, the Begum Montreville, a strange impressive creature whose European lineage did not prevent her from assuming the dress and customs of a Mahomedan, appeared in Madras. Attendant on her was—Menie Gray.

The devoted girl had long considered how she might come out to her lover, and after her father's death she found herself with the means to obtain a passage. A letter arranging all the details of her journey had come from Mysore, and she had found herself in the train of the strange woman we have described. Intrigue was violent around her: she was in an equivocal position between Middlemas and the native Durbar, and had no safeguard other than her goodness. Hartley attempts to intervene and warn her, for his instinct told him that her danger was greater even than it seemed. Indeed, the Begum Montreville had conceived for Middlemas a violent passion: seeing that it was disputed by his old love in Scotland, the jealous woman had formed the idea of enticing the girl out and sacrificing her to Hyder's son Tippoo. In this plan the courage of Middlemas fails, and his loyalty to his old honour and his love inclines him to turn traitor to the Begum and his Indian master. But the threats of the Begum overcame him.

As she began to understand her horrible position, Menie Gray contrived to send a message by a servant to Hartley. The young doctor would have employed the aid of Government, but was warned of what he might expect from Paupiah and his master. He went straight to Mysore therefore to throw himself on the merciful justice of the Nawab. Barak-el-Hadji found him an agent to press his suit. And having done all he could, he retired to watch the Begum's company, with Middlemas, approach their rendez-vous with Tippoo.

As Hartley had made his way to Hyder Ali, he had come on one of those Indian scenes which had from earliest

times struck the English imagination. When crossing a brook running through the jungle, they noticed a wretched-looking man, covered with mud and sores, sitting on a tiger skin. His eyes were fixed on a rude tomb; beside him lay a tiger skull and bones, and a sabre almost rusted away. Sadhu Sing, this miserable devotee, had once been a freebooting soldier, and had been betrothed to the daughter of another freebooter who lived in the mud fort near by. The bride, mounted on a pony, was following the bridegroom and his friends after the marriage. As they approached the nullah, a dreadful roar, a shriek of agony, were heard. Badhu Sing rushed back and saw a swaying movement in the long grass; he plunged towards it. When his friends came up with him, they saw the tiger done to death by a violent blow on the neck, and the dead body of the bride was in his arms. There ever since the broken-hearted lover had remained, among the trophies of his grief and vengeance.

This touching story introduces a tragic suggestion into the quest of Hartley, and the memory of it underlies Scott's brilliant description of the ceremonious meeting between Tippoo Sultan and the Begum Montreville. It was introduced by lines from Campbell which Scott adapted to his purpose.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dews the freshen'd air.
Day his sultry fires had wasted,-
 Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Vizier's lofty palace
 One bold Christian came alone.

Outside the walls which protected the splendid Bazaars of the city, waved the streamers of the Begum Montreville's encampment; towards this from the north of Bangalore, Hartley saw through dust a force of cavalry galloping forward with flashing lances. This was the vanguard of a procession of howdahed elephants and royal banners dimly seen through the haze and movement, which poured a living torrent through the city gates and approached the palace of the Durbar. At noon next day a discharge of cannon announced that Tippoo had mounted his elephant, and the attendants, carrying silver sticks and clubs, shouted at the top of their voices the titles and virtues of Tippoo, strong as Rustum, just as Nushirvan.

Tippoo, preceded by troops of cavalry and infantry variously caparisoned, himself rode in a silver howdah on an elephant, caparisoned in scarlet embroidered with gold. Behind him a trusted servant waved the chowry or cow's tail which kept off the flies. The courtiers and officers of the household followed after, some on elephants and some on horses.

As the procession moved down the principal bazaar to the gate of the royal gardens, from every window was displayed a gailyworked cloth, or shawl, or carpet, so as to produce an effect singularly rich and gorgeous.

Through a long avenue in the gardens, on a marble chabutra or platform canopied with marble arches, a throne or cushion of crimson velvet was prepared. Before the chabutra was a marble tank filled with clear water, which was replenished from a fountain in the centre throwing up water to the height of twenty feet. To this the Begum approached, with Middlemas at her right hand, in a garb befitting the occasion. With them Tippoo exchanged compliments, and the criers

then announced that, as a compliment to the Begum, Tippoo had taken Middlemas, her general, into his service, and entrusted him with the keeping of Bangalore.

A voice arose from one habited as a Fakir in the company of Barak-el-Hadji, with a loud curse on this arrangement.

But the ceremonial was quickly resumed and the Begum replied that, as an acknowledgement, she would hand over to the prince a lily from Frangistan¹ "to plant" as she said "within the recesses of the secret garden of thy pleasures".

Again the voice was heard in solemn imprecation. "Cursed is the Prince who barter justice for lust; he shall die in the gate by the hand of the stranger." But when Tippoo, infuriated, gave the command "Drag forward that Fakir, and cut his robe into tatters on his back with four chabouks", no one dared approach. The venerable man flung off his cap and his beard, and Tippoo's eye met the stern gaze of his father. A robe of royal splendour was flung over his shoulder, a jewelled turban placed upon his head, and he ascended the throne in the place of his son. He then announced his pleasure. The young girl was to be placed in safety under a trustworthy guard and go with Hartley towards Madras. As for the promises Tippoo had made to Middlemas, let them be made good. He was invested with his new dignity: a white horse, the end of his tail and mane stained red, saddled in crimson velvet, the bridle and crupper studded with gold, was first given; and the second present, a state elephant, was led up to the newly invested Governor, who waited for the animal to kneel while he mounted the howdah.

¹ The lands of Feringhis or foreigners.

At the signal of Hyder, the situation changed. The elephant curled his trunk round the neck of the Britisher and, throwing him on the ground, stamped a huge shapeless foot upon his heart. Such was the end of Middlemas, of his life and his treachery. The blood of the English general's son spirted on to the white muslin robe of Tippoo Sahib.

"Hyder acts justly" was always the boast of the Nawab. He forgave the Begum since she had warned him of the plot: he had saved Menie Gray; but upon Paupiah and his master a more terrible vengeance was prepared. We have seen the picture already which Burke drew of that terrible devastation to which all other horrors of war were mercy. The vengeance of Hyder clothed itself once more almost in the words of Rehoboam, and the echoing phrases of the orator are reverberated by the novelist. "Tell the Paupiah and his unworthy master, that Hyder Ali sees too clearly to suffer to be lost by treason the advantages he has gained by war. Hitherto I have been in the Carnatic as a mild Prince: in future I will be a destroying tempest! Hitherto I have made inroads as a compassionate and merciful conqueror—here after I will be the messenger whom Allah sends to the kingdoms which he visits in judgment." With the devastating descent of Hyder Ali in revenge for the trickery that had been practised on him, Scott finishes the Indian part of his story. By that certain historic fact, the rest of his story may be orientated.

As for Menie Gray, she could not turn her thoughts from the agitating scenes she had witnessed to marriage with Hartley, before he died from a contagious disease which he was treating. The bride he had sought returned to her

native village, and passed the rest of her life in acts of charity.

It is easy to gauge how far in this novel Scott enlarged current ideas of India. He spread the impressions first made by Orme and by Burke; he outlined afresh the stains on the Company's administration; he pictured the blazing promises by which India had mesmerized the brains of young Britishers; but he did more than that. He is the only great British novelist who drew on India for romantic material, who brought home to the general reader in his native island an accurate idea of the splendour of Indian scenery, of the strange terror and fascination of her jungle, of the blaze of the princely procession as it passed through the ancient bazaars of the native city.

Where did Scott learn how to paint these brilliant scenes? "So much has our intimacy increased with the oriental world that the transactions of Delhi are almost as familiar to us as those of Paris"¹ he himself wrote. He had many links with John Leyden and may have got some impressions through him; he was a friend of Pinkerton, the historian whose collection of travels renewed the knowledge of the East gained by early English stories; he met Reginald Heber in Oxford and was always a close friend of his brother Richard. Scott's own brother Robert died in India; but there can be no doubt he owed much to his brother-in-law, Charles Carpenter, who made a fortune there, and to whom the Scott family owed a great deal on his return to England a few years before *The Surgeon's Daughter* was written.

¹ Dryden's Works, Edition 1883, Vol. 5, p. 182.

MACAULAY.

Macaulay was the first man after Sir William Jones who, having already won a reputation in the English world of letters, went out to take a post in India. In each case they were driven there by want of money. Macaulay's father lost his fortune, and he himself was still very poor and insecure when a post was offered him on the Council at Calcutta with a pay of £10'000 a year. He went out in 1834 with his sister Hannah: he was 34 years old. He remained four years in India, wrote a succession of brilliant letters (which are not yet all published and in fact only became known through Sir George Trevelyan's *Life*), and accumulated those stores of memory on which he drew for the decoration and the vividness of his essays on Clive and Hastings. His interest in India seems to have been instinctive, for even at the age of four he wrote an essay on the prospects of converting to Christianity the natives of Malabar.

All that he wrote of India is a small volume, but nowhere else is the idea of India so clear in English literature and no other, writing of India, has held command over public attention through so great a length of time as Macaulay. His contemporaries were fascinated with his gorgeous Indian essays. For thirty years those essays were regarded as not only brilliant but accurate: seventeen or eighteen years after their publication the Indian Mutiny gave them a new burst of popularity, and in the succeeding decade they sold more than ever before. Sir George Trevelyan's work was a labour of piety with which the popularity of Macaulay went hand in hand, and the fresh researches of Stephens, Strachey and

Lyall, while they corrected the essayist's errors in fact, only provoked new attention to brilliant studies the vividness of which and common sense have enabled them to give a better idea of the work of the two outstanding personalities who, as servants of the Company, made British India, than the work of smaller, even if better informed, men. If the Englishmen even of the present day gets his view of India from Macaulay, he will indeed know nothing of what has happened there for a hundred and fifty years; but so vivid are Macaulay's pictures that the reader sees as in a stereoscope the outlined strangeness of the Indian scene; so far-reaching was Macaulay's liberal view of the place of India in the Empire that the reader will have a clue through the labyrinth of modern Indian "problems"; so unbiassed was Macaulay's mind that the reader will still be able to appreciate the troubles which ensue from the difficulty of British and Bengali personalities to appreciate each other. Macaulay loved to be too sure, too clear: he loved contrast, he loved effect. The baroque combination of black with gold was denied by Early Victorian taste to his outward eye: he recompensed himself by flashing on the mind images as sharp and stimulating. Few brilliant writers are profound philosophers: but Macaulay's brilliance owes much of its success to the true historian's sense of perspective and proportion. He would rather not be accurate than not be clear: he had little sense of the mystery of the complicated mixtures in motives and movements which make history; he had not always access to originals. He contemplated nothing of the method of the modern historians. He doubtless fell into the mistake of that to be just and unbiassed was to be truthful. But his commonsense overrode

all these disadvantages; in spite of some perverted judgments, and some absurd sentences, the view of India which the first thirty years of Victoria took from him unquestioned, and which those who read literature will continue to receive, is as good a view as they are ever likely to get. His perceptions were so vivid, his memory so full, his selective energy so enthusiastic, he could not fail to be successful.

The stories of Clive and Hastings have been told in this book already; the inaccuracies of Macaulay have been corrected; it remains to outline Macaulay's India apart from its great historic figures. His first view was probably that exotic one which he suggests as prevailing at the beginning of Hastings' impeachment, when India was a name which called the mind "far away over the boundless seas and deserts, to dusky natives living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left". So it had been, so to some extent it always will be. It was this view which gave a fascination to the Presidency of Madras when the monotonous voyage was over. For it must not be forgotten that those insupportably dull months lend land an extrinsic fascination. A shark, an albatross, a man over-board are great events. "Most passengers" wrote Macaulay "find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land". Quarrelling and flirting take up the time, and when none can escape except by imprisoning themselves where they can hardly turn, when all take their meals together, when conventions must be thrown aside, intercourse is more insistent than it could be in a country-house party, or even among the denizens of a boarding-house. Every day the rub of intimacy wears character

more bare, gives an opportunity for the dull to be boring, the mischievous to be spiteful, the gracious and unselfish to freshen and sweeten life. Life is at a strain: no Anglo-Indian party ever comes on board but that the final arrival brings the weary traveller to an enchanted land. Macaulay read as even he had never read before. But he rejoiced to disembark at Madras. "To be on land"¹ he wrote "after three months at sea is itself a great change. But to be in such a land! The dark faces with white turbans and flowing robes: the trees not our trees: the very smell of the atmosphere that of a hothouse, and the architecture as strange as the vegetation." His letters have the same sweep and keenness of observation that renewed in memory made his essays picturesque. On his way to the Nilgiris, after visiting the well remembered Cubbon at Bangalore, he stopped at Seringapatam and saw the graves of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan. At Ootacamund he found Lord William Bentinck, and he remained there for several months in damp and cold. When he descended again onto the plains the splendour of India burst upon him with a new glory of natural beauty which almost moved him to tears. By the end of the year he was in Calcutta, settled in one of the palaces on Chowringhee.

In Calcutta once he had settled down to his work on the Council, he busied himself with putting into practice the large and liberal ideas of the Government of India which he had learnt from Grant. He was of course in nothing approaching absolute power; he exerted his power through his minutes,

eloquent elucidations of a position tending to a clear view of the action he recommended. The first large reform upon which he engaged was to remove the continual censorship of the press. If the Government, he argued, retained its unquestionable right to interfere with overwhelming rapidity and energy to safeguard the state from danger, it had no need to foster a continual irritation, to barter its popularity for a right it never needed to exercise: the argument that if people do not need the restraint they will not experience it is logical, but it is not practical: "the question for us" wrote Macaulay, in a sentence that shows his method at its best, "the question for us is not what they ought to do; not whether it be wise in them to complain when they suffer no injury, but whether it be wise in us to incur odium unaccompanied by the smallest accession of security or power".

Macaulay's next reform was that judicial one which tended to put English and Indian subjects of her Majesty on an equality in the eyes of the law, and was therefore known as the Black Act. The English were to be tried not by the Supreme Court only as their exclusive privilege, but for common offences in the common court. This court had been provided to administer justice to the great body of the people. If it is fit to do that, why should a mere handful of settlers be exempted from its jurisdiction? "We hear much about public opinion, the love of liberty, the influence of the Press" wrote the liberal reformer.¹ "But we must remember that public opinion means the opinion of five hundred persons who have no interest, feeling or taste in common with the fifty

¹ Life, ch. VI.

millions, among whom they live; that the love of liberty means the strong objection which the five hundred feel to every measure which can prevent them acting as they choose towards the fifty millions; that the Press is altogether supported by the five hundred and has no motive to plead the cause of the fifty millions.

"We know that India cannot have a free Government. But she may have the next best thing—a firm and impartial despotism."

It does not require a long acquaintance with Anglo-India, or even with human nature, to guess the furies which such a contention provoked. The abuse of Calcutta burst into boiling mud at Macaulay's feet; and the geysers of pent-up indignation rose high from the ground in a menacing column. Macaulay never wavered. He had advocated freedom of the press only to find abuse of himself in every Calcutta journal—to see himself described as a liar, a traitor, a tyrant, a cheat, a swindler, a charlatan; the free press was bellowing for his recall, and yet he wrote to the Court of Directors in 1836 that he was convinced he had acted wisely in allowing freedom to the press: the press is an engine of tremendous power, sometimes good, sometimes evil; but the good it does is, on the whole, greater than the harm. So much is true everywhere: but in Macaulay's time the press, which cannot directly influence any but a small proportions of Indians, had less influence than it has now: there was no real vernacular press: English was understood by very few Indians indeed: the freedom of the press was used to encourage Britishers to criticize liberal principles in British administration. It did not affect the class whose distresses and privations put them

at the mercy of bad men's inflammatory speeches. On the other hand, it sometimes rendered useful service to the public. It was to some extent a check on irresponsible government; it tended to keep administration pure.

And need reformers ever fear the criticisms of the English in India? Those engaged in the service of the state are obviously interested in maintaining existing institutions: the civil servant will always strive for self-preservation; the men engaged in commerce have also a strong interest in maintaining British institutions: "They are few, they are thinly scattered among a vast population, with whom they have neither language, nor religion, nor morals, nor manners, nor colour in common; they feel that any convulsion which should overthrow the existing order of things would be ruinous to themselves, Particular acts of the Government—especially acts which are mortifying to the pride of caste naturally felt by an Englishman in India—are often angrily condemned by these persons. But every Indigo planter in Tirhoot, and every shopkeeper in Calcutta, is perfectly aware that the downfall of the Government would be attended with the destruction of his fortune, and with imminent hazard to his life."

If the press is to-day an incalculably greater power in India than it was then, the change is especially due to Macaulay's sweeping reform in Indian education. He first devised, and it was he who first set in operation, the scheme which put the information and the spirit of European civilisation at the disposal of the natives of India. He thus gave them their first chance to compete as equals with a nation who in army, in trade, in administration, had established superiority over them.

His famous minute on education is dated February 2, 1835. He knew nothing of the treasures of oriental literature, but he had learnt from Charles Grant, as we shall see, that the Indian could learn far more in English than in Indian vernaculars. Is a man a learned native, he asks, only when he has studied in the sacred books of the Hindus all the uses of cusa grass and all the Mysteries of absorption into the Deity, rather than he who is familiar with the poetry of Milton, the Metaphysics of Locke, and the Physics of Newton? If a sum were given—to suggest a parallel—by the Pasha of Egypt to revive and promote literature and encourage learning in his country, would anybody infer that he meant the youth of his pachalik to give years to the study of hieroglyphics, to search into all the doctrines disguised under the fable of Osiris, and to ascertain with all possible accuracy the ritual with which cats and onions were anciently adored?

For what, asked Macaulay, is the value of Sanskrit and Arabic literature in comparison with that of English? In poetry, in history, in just and lively representations of human nature, in profound philosophical and political speculations, in correct information on subjects of essential usefulness, in every category of the vast intellectual wealth which the wisest nations of the earth had created and hoarded up for ninety generations, English stood far beyond all possible rivals. Would they reject the best as a medium of instruction and choose the worst? Were there no examples to guide them? Europe did not refuse to learn the classics when the Renaissance gave them back to her. What had civilized Russia? The languages of Western Europe—and Macaulay

could not doubt that they would do for the Hindu what they had done for the Tartar.

When the youth of other countries address themselves to the task of learning foreign languages, surely young Indians can hope to master English. "It is possible", he concluded, "to make natives of this country thoroughly good English scholars, and to this end our efforts ought to be directed."

Nor were his applications of his scheme less practical than it had been itself. An important minute dated May 6, 1835, when he assumed control of education in Lord William Bentinck's Government, shows him at work, building up his scheme.

"I would order nothing at present that is not absolutely necessary," he writes. "As for the books, we ought to procure such as are likely to attract and delight children, such as are likely to give them a taste for the literature of West; not books filled with idle distinctions and definitions, which every man who has learned them makes haste to forget. Whoever reasoned better for having been taught the difference between a syllogism and an enthymeme? Who ever composed with greater spirit and elegance because he could define an oxymoron or an aposiopesis? I am not joking but writing quite seriously when I say that I would much rather order a hundred copies of Jack the Giant Killer for our schools than all the grammar of rhetoric or logic that ever was written. Give a boy Robinson Crusoe. That is worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world."

The third great work which Macaulay carried through as an administrator in India was to collect materials for framing an Indian criminal code. At his own wish he was

appointed President of the Commission which had been authorised in 1833 to enquire into the jurisprudence of the Indian Empire. He was at work on this in 1836, and a minute of his own written in January 1837 compares his labours with those of Bonaparte; and indeed the Indian Penal Code bears comparison with the Code Napoleon. It was even more the work of pioneers, and it was to apply in a country where the submissiveness and docility of the mass of the inhabitants put an increase of sinister powers into the hands of able criminals. Macaulay did not live to see it become law. When the Mutiny had given a fresh impetus to British Government in India, Sir Barnes Peacock elaborated Macaulay's draft. It came into operation on January 1, 1862.

We know very little of how Macaulay accumulated the materials for his essays; he read Mill on the voyage out; he did not apparently travel much; he appears to have understood very little of the native languages. The marriage of his sister to Charles Trevelyan, who was afterwards Governor of Madras, and an Under Secretary in England, gave him closer sympathies with the Company's civil service. He describes them as "a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness and public spirit";¹ the Company's administration was doubtless seen at its best under Lord William Bentinck. There is much that is typically English in Macaulay. Liberal as his point of view towards India always was, enthusiastic as he remained at Bengal's tropic opulence, he was not carried away by personal enthusiasm for Bengal's

indigenous inhabitants. "Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane,"¹ he writes in a characteristic passage, of great importance in the history of English impressions of India, "the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages both for agriculture and commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled against the overpowering bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms.

The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful employ-

¹ Essay on Clive.

ments, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe.¹ The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valentia the earth is water and the men women, and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengali does he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion, and though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never perhaps existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke."

In another passage² Macaulay contrasts the "dark, slender and timid Hindu" with the strong muscle and resolute spirit of the fair race which came with Timur and other conquerors from Central Asia. "The physical organization of the Bengales is feeble even to effeminacy,"³ he wrote in another well-remembered passage: "he lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even

¹ Macaulay, in this sweeping comparison of the continents, is apparently thinking more of minds than bodies.

² Essay on Hastings.

³ Essay on Hastings.

to helplessness for purposes of manly resistance; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration, not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges.¹ All these millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengali is by no means placable in his enmities, or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purpose yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting to his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude such as the Stoics attributed to their ideal sage."

These phrases about Bengal which have inflamed so much heartburning, which, repeated by malicious and unscholarly men have done deplorable harm, came from a man

¹ Macaulay's sentences must be taken in their context. Each one of them was written with Nuncomar in mind. He is not attacking the *character* of the Bengali, but explaining his inevitable means of waging warfare, in attack and defence. Macaulay passes on to discuss another notable attribute of the Bengali, courage.

who never threw himself very eagerly into the life of India. The circumstances of his arrival in the country suggested a resemblance to Sir William Jones, but there is contrast more than resemblance in the way they employed their time when they reached there. Jones saturated himself in the learning, the traditions, the religions of India; Macaulay, in the intervals of his sympathetic administration, turned back to Greek and Latin authors. For the rest he did not concern himself with the country—except when it pleased his eye, or furnished other material to his concrete historical mind. The fair valleys and cities of Rohilcund rise up before him when he thinks of Hasting's war; the white villas of Madras, freshened by the evening breeze and inhabited by Britishers of ample means; the barren shore of Coromandel, beaten by raging surf, returned to his memory when he thought of Clive's arrival in India. He sees India from outside, not from within: her fascination was her strangeness as perceived in his own sensations, and the sense of exile remained when the pleasure of novelty had passed away. He was in many ways typical of Englishmen in India, though liberal in tastes and ideals.

His sister's marriage to Trevelyan made him the uncle of Sir George Trevelyan, whose excellent essays on the *Competition Wallah* were published just thirty years after Macaulay's arrival in Madras. When Sir Charles Trevelyan appears as Sir Gregory Hardlines in Trollope's *The Three Clerks*, he is an English not an Indian civil servant: there is nothing about Hardlines which bears the faintest resemblance to Mr. Mushroom or Sir Matthew Mite. Sir Charles returned to India in 1859 to govern Madras, but only for one year.

THE MISSIONARIES.

Macaulay's picturesque mind picked out from masses of information a blazing fact around which he arranged material, till his paragraphs flame up like beacon fires. He might have made his own essay written at the age of four on the conversion of India a brand to burn many details of pious zeal into an illuminating conflagration, for he was brought up amidst that band of reformers of whom Charles Grant was the greatest. Grant, an official of the highest character, returned from India in 1790, to publish his *Observations on the State of Society among the Asiatic Subjects of Great Britain* two years later. In 1797 it was laid before the Court of Directors, in 1813 before the House of Commons, who ordered it to be printed. His Christian ardour made for him a circle of congenial friends at Clapham. At the time when the Lyrical Ballads were marking the new power of the Romantic Revival, and its love of the strange, Hannah More was listening to Charles Grant as he told the gloomy story of the spiritual state of those who inhabited the Company's distant settlements. The salutary rules which had made divine worship part of the Company's discipline at Surat in the time of Cromwell and Charles II had been forgotten there, and mockingly neglected at Calcutta. Sodom was the name which Grant's friend, William Chambers, gave to the British capital of Bengal. These two with their friend Udny formed a little circle of godly men in an uncongenial society. They exerted more and more influence as their solid worth gradually raised them to official supremacy.

Grant travelled out to India in 1775 with the famous Prussian missionary Schwartz and became his great friend. This was four years before Schwartz went on his mission to Hyder for the Government of Madras. Brought into "deep concern" about the state of his soul, while, as his uncompromising Christianity compelled him to believe, Francis and Hastings were living in adultery or struggling for supremacy, he could find no person then living in Calcutta to give him "any information about the way of a sinner's salvation". He applied to Kiernander, a Swiss missionary whom Clive had brought from Cuddalore. "What should I do to be saved?" he asked, but the missionary could not answer. "My anxious enquiries appeared to embarrass and confuse him exceedingly" wrote Grant. Kiernander took refuge behind some good instructive books he gave. Grant found a friend in Thomas, a ship's doctor, whose zeal attracted the attention of John Newton, and who afterwards induced the great evangelical Missionary William Carey to join Marshman and Ward at Serampore. This was in 1793. As late as 1795 Lord Teignmouth, Sir William Jones' friend, then Governor-General, reported to the Court of Directors that the Clergy in Bengal, with some exceptions, were not respectable characters. Lord Cornwallis, the new Governor-General, had improved the standard of Anglo-Indian morals, but had the official's usual distrust of missionary work. But no disappointment could restrain Grant's zealous and liberal mind, and his *Observations* work out a generous and advanced scheme for the education, the improvement, and through education and improvement, the conversion of India. The sweeping reform which India owes to Macaulay's minute was

planned by Grant: "*The first communication*" he wrote "*and the instrument of introducing the rest, must be the English language; this is a key which will open to them a world of new ideas, and policy, long since, might have impelled us to put it into their hands.*"

It was this book which won supremacy over the House of Commons in the long controversy about the introduction of missionaries, of which the minute, already quoted, of Lord Cornwallis marked an earlier stage, and in which the contentions expressed in very well-written tracts by Sydney Smith and Major Scott Waring, who wrote under the name of "Asiaticus", were finally overcome. The controversy introduced ideas about India to earnest Protestant communities, and gave it an added reality in the cares of the officially minded. It occupied the "Clapham sect", as Zachary Macaulay and his friends were called, for nearly twenty years. When Lord Teignmouth retired in 1797, he settled down in the suburb of London where Charles Grant had already preceded him; the busy earnest life of the little group has been portrayed by Sir James Stephen in his *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*, and made familiar in the added colouring of the novelist by Thackeray. Hannah More always remained the leading spirit; around her came not only Grant and Teignmouth, but Zachary Macaulay, John Venn, William Wilberforce and the Thorntons. Grant while still in India had come closely in touch with Charles Simeon, the muscular Etonian whose bequests are now administered by the Simeon Trustees and whose evangelical fervour sent so many of the heroic Protestant missionaries of the time to India. Soon after he was ordained, Simeon had come in touch with John and

Henry Venn, and the enthusiasm for christianising India which excited Clapham was never out of touch with Simeon and Cambridge. Together they sent out an illustrious band. Brown, Buchanan, Thomason, Sargent, Corrie, and Martyn, who lived saintly evangelical lives on the model given them by Carey. This was the first real attempt which Protestants had made in the country which from the earliest times had scened the thrilling story of Catholic evangelizing. Cosmas Indicopleustes had left his monastery to wander where tradition traced the steps of St. Thomas, and where history was watching the development of a body of Nestorian Christians under the Patriarch of Babylon. Jean de Rubruquis from the Court of St. Louis, Giovanni de Plano Carpini were amongst those predecessors of St. Francis Xavier who kept the heathen hordes of India before the imagination of the western world.

No one, not even the most Protestant, has touched upon the history of Christian missions in India without some words of admiration for the Jesuit Apostle. Not many years after the fanatical, but masterly, fervour of St. Ignatius Loyola had secured papal permission to found that extraordinary company, Francis, with a passion for souls and his Church and his Saviour hardly less than that of the saintly founder of the Society, turned his back for ever on the stately associations of his high birth, and put aside the regal offers for his earthly comfort made by the King of Spain; slinking silently on board amongst the noisy sailors, he ate what they discarded, and slept on deck, his pillow a coil of rope. Through the thirteen months of the voyage, clothed in his squalid robes, he maintained his preliminary discipline to the privations

of apostolic toil. Year in, year out, among the dissolute Portuguese of Goa, the pearl-divers of Cape Comorin, and the degraded fishermen of Malabar, among the tropic islands, in the Eastern seas, Malacca, Amboyna, Ternate and Java, crusading against the Bonzes of Japan, he consumed himself with agonies of fervour. "O Deus ego amo te" are the first words of a hymn he composed, which is still sung by Indian Christians to express the mystical passion by which he lived from 1541 till his death in 1552. His congregations of converts still survive, and his name is an inspiration to every Catholic mission. But no personality comparable to his followed him from Spain, and on England the reforming schemes of the new religion prevented him from exerting the influence he reserves for romantic minds. Nevertheless Stephens, the first Englishman we know to have written from India, was a Jesuit. And the Jesuits' attempt to convert India under the partial disguise of Bramins has never been forgotten; it was indeed to some extent responsible for their temporary suppression by the Supreme Pontiff.

It was a very different atmosphere in which a retired Governor and a member of his Council roused a new zeal at Clapham. It is a different ideal in Teignmouth's *Considerations on the Practicability, Policy and Obligation of communicating to the Natives of India the Knowledge of Christianity* (1808), a different ideal in Grant's *Observations*, in Claudius Buchanan's *Memoirs on a Church Establishment in Bengal* (1805). Teignmouth's *Considerations* are described by Kaye¹ as the "sensible essay of a good man", and the

¹ *Christianity in India*, p. 158.

phrase suggests the tone of the Councils which met at Clapham when the worldly business of the day was done: "when Thornton had left his Bank,¹ and Grant had sat out the day in Leadenhall Street, and Venn had written his sermon, and Macaulay had corrected the proofs of the *Christian Observer*". It was a moral and evangelical ideal for India, worked out along the lines of English education, and political and social reform, and an established Church, all tending to the improvement of character and comfort, all hoping to teach the Indian to "prize more highly the security and the happiness of a well-ordered society". In their minds, as in the mind of their friend Wilberforce, to whom they largely owed their success, a freedom to roam infinity was never an ideal considered: they sought for emancipation along the lines of self-respect cultivated through scientific advances and democratic institutions. Grant and his friends had themselves lived honourable lives in a society where private virtue seemed almost a chimera: in the way they desired to better their countrymen in India, so also would they evangelize the heathen, make the servants of the Company and the natives of India alike decent examples of England's moral, domestic, civic standards. All knowledge that begins not, and ends not, with God's glory, Donne had said, paraphrasing St. Thomas Aquinas, is but a giddy circle, but "an elaborate and exquisite ignorance". The admirable band at Clapham had faced their difficulties in another school from that of St. Francis Xavier, and asked not in which out of many ways God fulfilled Himself. They had a definite practical intention, to get an Act, or clauses

¹ *Christianity in India*, p. 148.

of an Act, through Parliament. There were two proposals: one, that it is expedient that Church establishment in the British Territories should be placed under the superintendence of a Bishop and three Archdeacons, provided for by the territorial revenues of India; two, that "to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge, and of religious and moral improvement" and that "sufficient facilities shall be afforded by law to persons desirous of going to and remaining in India for the purpose of accomplishing these benevolent designs".

Such were the cautious words in which the Protestant missionary band translated to the British Parliament their conception of the ideal which St. Francis Xavier had expressed in his hymn: *O Deus ego amo te*. Words very like those of the new resolution had been put, under the influence of Wilberforce, into the Act of 1793. For twenty years he and his friends at Clapham had fought valiantly to make them a reality. The opposition was a powerful one, sympathetic to India;¹ it had its own enthusiasm; it was well informed: one could not find both points of view more eloquently stated than in *The Letter of a Field Officer*.² The view of Scott Waring was the view that all conservative Englishmen tended to take: it was pleaded in the House of Commons on July 1, 1813 by Charles Marsh in language as picturesque and impetuous as Burke's, from whom indeed he took many of his phrases. He spoke of the present condition and the ancient

¹ See *India Office Tracts*, vol. 95.

² *Ibidem*.

grandeur of India; the solid and embellished architecture of her temples; the manufactures of her exquisite fabrics; her "gaudy and enamelled poetry on which a wild and prodigal fancy has lavished all its opulence"; her oracles of political and moral wisdom to restrain the passions and to awe the vices which disturb society and to keep it cheerful and well-ordered; her "system of manners modelled on a mild and polished obeisance, and preserving the surface of social life smooth and unruffled". He could not hear, he said, without horror of sending out Anabaptists to convert such people, at the expense of disturbing or deforming institutions which appear to have hitherto been the means ordained by Providence of making them virtuous and happy.

It is an interesting speech, as recapitulating the arguments which had then been mounting up for ten years, and have been repeated by the opponents of missionaries ever since. It combats, as indeed Grant himself combats, the attitude of such men as Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who travelled in Orissa from 1806. "This world" he wrote in a MS. preserved in the India Office Library¹ "this world, like the wilderness through which I am now passing, has nothing interesting for my hopes and fears. I have more comfort of spirit in reading a hymn of Watts than in contemplating plans of improvement for India."

Sir John Malcolm and Sir Thomas Monro were not the only authorities whom the Parliamentary Committees consulted. Lord Wellesley spoke in Parliament, and Warren Hastings himself appeared to give evidence, delivering himself on the

¹ A. L. R.

conservative side in his accustomed weighty manner. In deference to these warnings it was decided to find a safe man to be the first Bishop of Calcutta: a safe man was found in Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, who had obtained preferment by writing a treatise on the Greek article, who had held a prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral and who had been Archdeacon of Huntingdon. When he arrived in Calcutta, the threatened outbreak did not arise: there was no mutiny, no massacre, no break-down in subservience, even though there was a Bishop, with his lawn sleeves, preaching a sermon on Christmas Day.

It is difficult to think of mutiny being caused by a Bishop who so sincerely regarded the dignity of his office and who insisted so strongly on official precedence. Middleton, being nothing if not an Anglican prelate, made a new bond between India and England. He made in Calcutta an outpost of dignified Anglicanism, he enriched the life of Bengal with another exclusively English production, and provided a resting-place in the East for the interest of true members of the established Church. He died in 1822, and a year later his place was taken by a Bishop of a very different type. Reginald Heber was also a scholar: but he had written no treatise on Greek syntax. Lines still familiar to all the children of his communion told, long before he was ever offered on oriental Bishopric, of the call of evangelisation from palmy plains and "India's coral strand". He felt the lavish beauty of the tropic shore and scented its breezes; he longed to add to places rich in the gifts of nature the blessings of the reign of the Lamb of God. His famous hymn was a prophecy which takes us far far into his eastern

life—four years of travel and piety told in his journal and poems. Heber knew Scott, as we have seen, but his compositions made an impression not only on literary England. His journal is eloquent with the new romantic appreciation of nature, an appreciation inflamed and sometimes sickened by the tropic atmosphere in which he moved.

Can we ever disguise ourselves in our journals? Heber's is a complete obvious picture of the good Anglican Bishop a missionary in India. The arduous journeys, the spiritual cares, the little conventionalisms, the English view, the romance of the tropic diocese, the common sense, the distrust of enthusiasm, the sympathy, the preoccupation with Archdeacons, the dullness, the goodness of heart, the Protestantism—there they all are so undisguised, so simple. They have made an historic document, very near literature. They are the first great picture of a Protestant missionary, for the clergymen before him were merely chaplains or officials. We shall not indeed be overdone with mystical religion in these pages. Piety and kindness were there, but they were English. A cognisance of his obligation to the state affects the personality of every clerical official of the Church which owes its origins to Tudor sovereigns and has ever since been established by the law in England. It gave a certain formalism even to this godly man. We study the missionary as an observant traveller.

We hear of a clergyman who "can boast the honour of having a Hindoo of decent acquirements and respectable caste", of the Governor's light canoe paddled by twenty men who sit facing the prow, with one leg over the side of their boat and a big toe in a ring fastened on its side, of a suttee

and Serampoor, of a Governor's Levée, and then of "a very interesting and awful ceremony" in the extreme hot weather. This was the ordination of a Christian from Malabar named David. "On Trinity Sunday" writes the Bishop "I had the satisfaction (though by me it was felt at the same time in some degree a terrible responsibility), of ordaining him priest. God grant that his ministration may be blessed to his own salvation and that of many others! He was lodged during his residence in Bengal in the Bishop's College, and received much attention and kindness from Lady Amherst and many others. He preached on Thursday evening at the old church, and it was proposed to publish his sermon; but this" (adds the cautious Heber) "I thought it best to discourage".

Several chapters are taken up with the story of travel on the Ganges and of a visit to Dacca, described with careful appreciation of natural beauty and a close study of the country as a whole. He admits the attractiveness of many pictures and yet feels that there is something through it all which is, and which must always be, un—English. Heber was one of the first to notice, and to lament, the likeness of India to Ireland. It is a comparison which ever since has reasserted itself in the minds of Englishmen in India.

After a long journey during which he meets Sir Charles and Lady d'Oyley, and found his sleep much disturbed by the insect life of India (he analyses this matter with his usual acumen), he arrived at Allahabad, and on arriving at Currah came in touch with the well-known convert from Islam, Fyzee Musseeh. Fyzee Musseeh travelled a little way with the Bishop, but separately and on a pony, for his circumstances were respectable. "He lodges in the caravanserais" says the

Bishop with one of his vivid touches, "and from time to time calls on the Archdeacon." Fyzee Musseeh, he goes on to say, was not their only visitor; the Zemindar, a very well-dressed and gentlemanly man, who kept up a large retinue and rode a good horse, called on them and stayed some time.

This was in October, and the festival of Sita was being celebrated. It must have been a strange experience for the English clergymen to see the Hindu procession and the sacred flag, the lights, the tinsel and the flowers, to listen to the strange horns and shouts of the beat of the gongs, and to watch the ancient "mummery" as Heber calls it. But it could not alienate the good man's human sympathy. The show, he thought, was "half pretty" at a little distance, but the child performers were very tired, and he was glad for their sakes it was over.

Heber now made a fascinating expedition into a part of India of which so far no important English account had appeared, for Tod's great work was not yet published. He explored the base of the Himalayas to Ramghur, and, after visits to Delhi and Muttra, to Agra and Fatehpur Sikri, made a tour of Rajputana. On a November afternoon, near Tundah, he had a fine view of the Himalayas. There they were through a haze, but not so indistinct as to conceal their general form. Above the blue foothills "rose, what might in the present unfavourable situation, have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so harsh and pyramidal, the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and towering above the nearer and secondary range as much as these last are above the

plains on which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking at them" he writes "but the pleasures lasted not many minutes; the clouds closed in again as on the fairy castle of St. John, and left us but the former grey cold horizon, girding in the green plain of Rohilcund, and broken only by scattered groves of peepul and mangoe trees."

Then Heber went on past the haunts of lion and tiger and mosquito to the great cities of the Moguls. He explored those tombs and mosques and ruins which mark where the former cities of Delhi arose in splendour, ever nearer the Jumna, in earlier centuries. He saw the Purana Kila and the Tomb of Humayun. He saw the solitary minaret of Kutab mount in its immensity above the rising plain. He paid a ceremonious visit to Akbar Shah, the successor of the Moguls then reigning in the Fort at Delhi, and presented him with a Bible in Persian and a Prayer book, suitably bound, with which Heber credibly informs us, as they were unexpected, the Mogul was much pleased. Heber saw the little marble mosque and the fair marble pavilions which the builders of Shah Jehan had arranged for him when he retired from his peacock throne. He inspected also the Jumma Musjid and noted its superiority in scale, position and design to the Imambara at Lucknow. The next adventure of the Bishop was with dancing girls at Belaghar on his way to Muttra. He felt a little uneasy when he heard that the Rajah had arranged this diversion, but was informed that nothing approaching indecency could be expected in the dances or songs commanded by a decent Hindu on such an occasion, and indeed he found none in their "monotonous evolutions". A week or so later, after meeting Corrie's celebrated convert.

Abdul Musseeh, he looked upon the Taj Mahal and found its beauty exceeded all the praise he had ever heard of it. twenty miles away he saw at Fatehpur Sikri, Akbar's capital. with its palaces and minarets and the great red sandstone gateway which at the summit of the hills looks down over the southern plain and contains in it's red court the dazzling beauty of Sheikh Soliman's carved marble tomb, Sheikh Soliman, Akbar's most trusted friend—a statesman and a saint.

And now the magic world of Rajputana was opened to Heber. At its gate he met Sir David Ochterlony, who had been living in India for fifty-four years, the energy and trustworthiness of whose character had raised him from an adventurer to one of the most powerful Englishmen in India. Heber had been reading Cox's *Life of Marlborough*. How strange, it struck him, it would have seemed to a contemporary of Queen Anne that an English General and an English Bishop should ever shake hands in the heart of Rajputana! After a long journey over a desolate country he reached Jaipur, and had an audience at the Durbar. Around him were the Rajput nobles, tall and good-looking, wearing handsome dresses which well became them in their splendid ceremonies, but the Ranee herself did not appear. She was content to survey her visitors from a latticed window some distance away, while her officials talked and her dancing girls performed. When, after a visit to Amber, the Bishop started off towards Nasirabad, he received a present of fruit, sweets and flowers from the Queen-Mother; but he saw another side of the regal character when he learned that the night before she had murdered one of her favourite female attendants, for no reason except envy of the lady's wealth.

Heber was disappointed in Ajmer, and went on after a short stay to Nasirabad. There he notes an "interesting sight"—"a congregation of about 120, of whom thirty-two stayed for the Sacrament". The next place of interest that he visited was Baroda, and soon afterwards took ship from Surat for Bombay. Poona, which he saw on his way southwards, did not much impress him, but like Maria Graham he took delight in his journey up and down the Ghats; mountains and palms and the rich wild tropic growth, and the freshness of nights near the sea, have delighted more travellers than those two!

Heber made an extensive tour in Ceylon, and his description of it makes one of the most attractive parts of his journal. But Ceylon is not India. In India Madras alone remained for him to visit. It was on a second visit to the south that he made his last journey on the Malabar coast.

Heber wrote several famous hymns beside *From Greenland's icy mountains. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, By cool Siloam's shady rill, The son of God goes forth to war, Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, God that madest Earth and Heaven*, are lines that are familiar to members of the Church of England still. His prize poem on *Palestine* ran through several editions: but few know the compositions which India inspired and which hardly deserve to be easily forgotten. *Lines Addressed to Mrs. Heber* begin with the stanza:

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove
List'ning the nightingale.

And *An Evening Walk in Bengal* is not less vivid, an essay in iambic quadrimeter, describing Heber's arrival at a station on the Ganges; he shows us the Bamboo and the peepul, the Moslem's supper cooking on the charcoal, the firefly chasing, sinking, soaring, through the dark, as he listened to the tom-tom from the village, the cicala and nightingale from the wood.

So rich a shade, so green a sod
 Our English fairies never trod!
 Yet who in Indian bowers had stood
 But thought on England's "good green wood"!!
 And bless'd beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
 To gaze upon her oaks again?

Heber's own prayer was vain: he died after three years in India before his wife could join him. Southey, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Hemans wrote elegiac poems in his memory. Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras, another godly and fervent man, administered the diocese. "Our late beloved Bishop was so entirely a missionary that we can scarcely hope to see one like him" he wrote to his friend Sherer. He still trusted that another missionary priest would be appointed as the chief shepherd of Calcutta souls. "Let us in Patience wait the event" he wrote.¹ "He waited, and he found, that the bishopric had been conferred, not on a missionary priest, but on a pictorial critic." The reigns of the next two Bishops² were short and uneventful.

¹ Kaye. *Christianity in India*, p. 365.

² "*Men whom India has known.*" Higginbotham Turner is described as preceding Heber as 8d Bishop of Calcutta. The episcopacy of J. P. Grant is ignored.

In 1832 a man of outstanding gifts arrived, Daniel Wilson; he was in constant touch with Charles Grant the younger, afterwards Lord Glenelg, the son of Wilberforce's friend. The episcopate of Wilson lasted till the Mutiny: he was followed by Cotton and Milman. He is one of the largest names in the history of Protestantism and Anglicanism in India.

His father was a manufacturer, and he was himself intended for the silk business: at the age of twenty-one he induced his father to let him give it up, and entered St. Edmund's Hall in Oxford to learn the work of a clergyman. In 1803 he had taken his degree and proved the calibre of his mind by winning the Chancellor's prize for an essay on "Common Sense". It was the same year that Heber wrote his prize poem on "Palestine", A few years later he was attached to St. John's Chapel in Bedford Row, Bloomsbury, and came in touch not only with Charles Grant but with Bishop Ryder, John Thornton, Zachary Macaulay, the Wilberforces and Sir James Stephen, in fact with all the Clapham connection. In 1832, mainly by the influence of Lord Glenelg, he was appointed to the Calcutta see. He was established in it therefore when Macaulay was in India, and remained for 26 years the great link between India and English Protestantism. He interpreted the tropics and the East to commercial and other evangelicals. We see the method in his *Journal Letters*, edited by his son, Daniel Wilson, and published five years after his death. They are not great literature but they are well written; they show an eye for picturesqueness, more especially for that of tropic scenery. They show the vigour of the well-trained English mind. But

there is something wanting in them. What is it? Is it imagination, or perspective, or charity? Mr. Seccombe has hinted the answer. "By request no flowers" was a tacit direction to those who contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*; Mr. Seccombe, however, allows himself in his article on Wilson something almost epigrammatic. "As a European traveller his narrowness is often conspicuous, and he is too frequently congratulating his fellow countrymen upon their freedom from 'gross popish impostures'. In his spiritual egotism and his eminently technical view of religion he was a typical evangelical. But he did not pride himself on his taste or his tact."¹

Wilson is the last great historic name, but not the last honourable name, in the roll of Protestant Bishops of Calcutta. The Catholic Bishops were foreigners, they were Jesuits, they meant nothing to English literature. It is now the same all over India with the Catholic missions. Whether in the hands of Bavarians, Belgians or Italians, they have lived their lives of sacrifice and ministered to increasing congregations of converts and Anglo-Indians; they have maintained intact their immemorial presentation of Christianity. But they are a weak link in the chain between England and India. Can we from this point of view say more of the Presbyterian and Baptist missions which have been so largely supported by the American States? There too there have been noble men and admirable work: here a college, there a school, everywhere a wider presentment of civilisation than could have been obtained from Government officialism; nowhere a return

¹ Cf. Bishop Spencer's account of his evangelical labours in Travancore and Tinnevely (1842).

to the pietistic nonsense which inspired Sherwood to publish in 1836 her contemptible effusion "*Little Henry and his Bearer*". They have made another interest in India among the North Americans; they exhibit us no more of India in English literature.

There is still another facet to this jewel, another aspect of missionary influence which bears upon the historic object of this work. It was that revival, or reform, of Indian traditions which led to the formation of the Brahma Somaj and later of the Arya Somaj, and later still to the influence of the Theosophical Society when Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant became the successors of Max Müller as interpreters of India to England.

The first great name in connection with this extraordinarily interesting movement which now in one form or another dominates intellectual India is that of Ram Mohun Roy. He was born about the time when Hastings became Governor-General and in 1800 was at work laying the foundations for the Brahma Somaj, though it was not until he retired from Government service in 1814 that he was able to devote himself to religious reform. In 1830, the year the Brahma Somaj was first definitely established, he went to England, the first learned and eminent Indian to come in personal contact with educated men in England. Bentham addressed him as his "intensely admired and dearly beloved collaborator in the service of mankind". He had not returned to India when he died in 1833 from brain fever, after a visit to France. He is buried at Bristol.

Meanwhile, not without difficulties, the work of the Somaj continued, a product of the influence of Protestant

missionaries on Hinduism and a compromise between them. Its next great leader was Keshub Chandra Sen, who joined it in the year of the Mutiny and who, like Ram Mohun Roy, visited England. He was impressed with the failure and shortcomings of the English rather than with their greatness, and his books reflect his profound disappointment with Protestant materialism in the country it had made supreme. Keshub Chandra Sen, whose distinguished manners, lofty bearing, and handsome features, attracted attention to his consistent devotion to his broad and lofty principles of life, and retraced the impressions which Ram Mohun Roy had formed thirty years before, was thus the first man to give wide credit to that comparison between East and West which had since become general, and which is now best known in the crude formula "The East is spiritual, the West is material." That crudeness would have been impossible to the great leader who, though he was disappointed with Mid—Victorian England, knew that his own country and his own religion needed reform also, and whose ideals vaguely but repeatedly point to some ideal unrealized in either country. It would have been interesting to see what impression would have been made on him by a country less extravagantly modern, industrial and western, by a country which, though Christian, was not devoted to materialism, by a country only a few days' sail from the mysteries of the East. It would have been interesting if Keshub Chandra Sen had left us his impressions of Italy.

THACKERAY.

In Thackeray, the two types of Anglo-Indians who debated so keenly which was the right attitude towards missionary endeavour come before us with *The Newcomes*, and a third and less admirable type is furnished in Jos. Sedley. *The Newcomes* begins with a vivid picture modelled on the life of Macaulay's progenitors at Clapham and their friends. In that company where Clark was so welcome and Teignmouth so much admired, figures like Sophia Alethea Hobson were what one would expect to find. "Her mansion at Clapham" writes Thackeray "was long the resort of the most favoured among the religious world. The most eloquent expounders, the most gifted missionaries, the most interesting converts from foreign islands were to be found at her sumptuous table spread with the produce of her magnificent gardens. Heaven indeed blessed those gardens with plenty, as many reverend gentlemen remarked." Her uncle's name Zechariah was but another form of that borne by Macaulay's father. The work of Mrs. Venn or Mrs. Thornton was not unlike that of Mrs. Thomas Newcome: "to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of, to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen; to hear preachers daily bawling for hours, and listen untired on her knees after

a long days labour while florid rhapsodists belaboured cushions above her with wearisome benedictions; all these things had this woman to do, and for near fourscore years she fought her fight womanfully."

It was a quaint fancy to make these scenes the first home of a character modelled on the adventurous Thackerays of whom the author was born. Very likely the career of Macaulay, who went out to India just after Thackeray, coming of age, began to lose his money, had suggested envy and a little satirical treatment of the successful family; and the novelist's taste for history made him still more willing to study a company who affected India so deeply: but for the most part he drew Colonel Newcome from his own people. The Thackeray family regarded the novelist's cousin Colonel John Shakespeare as the original of the famous character, and there is obviously something of Colonel Shakespeare's younger brother, Sir Richmond Shakespeare, who in 1840 delivered the Russian prisoners in Central Asia and in 1841 rescued the wives and children of the men who had been annihilated in Afghanistan, and of whom Thackeray wrote in the *Roundabout Papers*: "'Can I do anything for you?" I remember the kind fellow asking. He was always asking that question of kinsmen, of all widows and orphans, of all the poor, of young men who might need his purse or his service. His purse was at the command of all. His kind hand was always open. It was a gracious fate which sent him to rescue widows and captives. Where would they have found a champion more chivalrous? a protector more loving and tender?'

And in Colonel Newcome also was there not something of two of Thackeray's less fortunate relations? Of Peter

Moore, his grandfather's sister's husband, who retired to England with a great fortune and who after making his Manor House at Hadley a centre for radical politics and after promoting many companies in the inflation of ten years after Waterloo, was ruined in their ruin, and, compelled to escape the debtors' prison by exile from England, died at Abbeville in 1828. Also of Richard Becher, his mother's kinsman, who after living a life of unimpeachable honour, retired with a competence in 1774, and who lost it in trying to help a friend, and who after holding a position in his earlier years next to that of the Governor, was allowed to return in his old age to earn a moderate living as head of the Calcutta mint, and who was killed by climate and disappointment a year after his return.

It was to these relations that Thackeray owed the success of his great sentimental character, the officer whose honour and innocence were such objects of devotion to the subjects of Queen Victoria. But there was another side to the Thackerays, qualities in many of them more like Clive and Hastings, which made them a little impatient with virtue the sentimentalism of which had not fortified itself against misfortune, and which revealed to the novelist himself the deficiencies of his affecting creation. "He is a dear old boy," Thackeray wrote to Miss Procter, "but confess you think him somethings of a twaddler". "He is a twaddler" adds Mr. Charles Whibley who harmonizes very ill with his surroundings,¹ "even when all deductions are made for his training and for the many years he spent in India. He carries

¹ C. Whibley, *W. M. Thackeray*, 1903, p. 199.

unselfishness to the point of unhumanity, his generosity, his kindness, his folly, are all too great for flesh and blood." But Newcome was not as Mr. Whibley asserts the "travesty of a man", he was merely a composite portrait of kinsmen, who must have been almost as trying to their more hardened relations as the poor Colonel is to Mr. Whibley. For the Thackerays of India, taking them as a whole, were by no means sentimentalists. The novelist's grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, was the sixteenth child of a mother who, when he was eleven years old, became a widow, and who was thankful enough to get him a place in the Company. This young man at the age of 17 sailed for India with his mother's Family Bible (the clerical father had been headmaster of Harrow), in the same ship as George Grand, whose wife died in 1835 as Princesse de Talleyrand, to what Sir William Hunter has called the "wild arena" of Bengal as it was before Clive returned to it for the last time. "I believe he understands what he has learned as well as most young gentlemen of his age and experience" his tutor had guardedly written to the Court of Directors: arrived in Calcutta he showed himself a good deal ahead of them. He retired at the age of twenty-six with a comfortable fortune, having married off, furthermore, two of his elder sisters. Henrietta, three years older than her brother, was a beauty who married the chief of the Council at Dacca, a man who has since been forgotten: Jane, seven years older still, married a man who was not, and never could have been a prominent official, and who is still remembered. "If there's a sensible man in India, he will find out Jane" her mother had said. She was found out by Major James Rennell, a pioneer of geographical history,

a contemporary of Vincent, whose *Voyage of Nearchus*, published in 1797, tended like Rennell's own work, to revive interest in the history of Indian geography, as William Robertson in his *Disquisition on the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India*¹ anticipated the work of Mc Crindle, Sir Aurel Stein and Mr. Edwyn Bevan. All were predecessors of Sir Henry Yule and Sir Clements Markham. Dr. Robertson's *Disquisition* was inspired by the hope, like Burke's, that a more thorough knowledge of India would lead to a better appreciation of the dignity of her people. It was mentioned by Macaulay in his *Essay on Addison* as the work of an excellent writer. The daughter of James and Jane Rennell married Admiral Sir John Rodd two years before the novelist was born. A more distant descendant has lately been His Majesty's Ambassador in Rome, and has maintained the literary traditions of the family.

Rennell's first great work was the *Bengal Atlas*, published in 1779, a work necessary both to strategists and administrators; his second great work, an approximately correct map of India, which came out in 1783, after his return to England. He lived on for nearly fifty years writing *The Geography of Herodotus*, *The Topography of the Plain of Troy*, *Illustrations of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, as well as dissertations on St. Paul's Shipwreck, Babylon, the delta of the Ganges, and the travels of Mungo Park.

Nor was Rennell Thackeray's only family example in the connection of literary interests and India. His uncle Charles Thackeray was a journalist in Calcutta about the same

¹ Praised by Macaulay.

time as the novelist was beginning to make his name, and at that time, drunken and rather a failure as Charles Thackeray himself was, *The Englishman*, the paper for which he was writing, was the chief newspaper in India. Another uncle was Francis Thackeray, a clerk in Anglican orders and a man generally interested in fairy tales: his *History of the Earl of Chatham* was that reviewed by Macaulay, and it is repeatedly quoted by Carlyle in *Frederick the Great*.

But interesting as this literary gift in his uncles is, it is not so important in the development of his work as the general Thackeray tradition which his grandfather had begun, making a fortune, shooting elephants in Sylhet, and marrying a beautiful girl, a granddaughter of a Captain in the Guards and an indirect descendant of the Webb who won Wynndael and was wounded at Malplaquet, and of whom we hear rather too much in *Esmond*. The second son of this marriage, Richmond Thackeray, went to Eton in 1791 and became a Bengal Civil Servant in the year the Lyrical Ballads were published; and in 1803 he was officiating as Collector of Birbhum. He married like his father before him a beauty. This was in 1810. Thackeray was born the next year and when he was four years old his father was buried in Calcutta.

Anglo-Indians from very early times have been united in loyalty to one another, and with a very extensive Anglo-Indian connection in the family, Thackeray could not but have had opportunities of making a study of the species in less pleasant types than his own gentlemanly family provided. He is in fact, through Jos Sedley and James Binnie, a remoulder of the sinister impression made on England in the first place by the nabobs and never entirely forgotten. The first William

Makepeace Thackeray had arrived in the very worst days of the Company's abuses, and he was never so much in love with the country that it could keep him after he was twenty-six years old. The accounts he handed down to his family could not have been entirely favourable, and perhaps he himself made fun of such people as Joseph Sedley: for Sedley, though an insignificant figure, goes back to the days of Barwell and Holwell: he had had a bourgeois education, he had made enough money to swagger when he came back to England, but he was never *au courant* with the life of the capital, his idea of humour was to give people curry and chilis and see them ask for cold water afterwards, he was always trying to seem like a gentleman and made himself still more gauche in doing so, and had cut off his sympathies with his early connections. He was a new, a more innocent, but on the whole a more contemptible Matthew Mite.

The Natives of India are satirized in the person of Rummum Loll, the fraudulent Bank director, who offers the guileless Colonel an investment which will treble his capital in a year. Newcome puts into it the greater part of his fortune, and it is not until Rummum Loll's sudden death necessitates an examination of the accounts that the old man finds he is ruined. There can be little doubt that Thackeray drew some hints for Rummum Loll's great social success in England, where he was greeted as "His Highness" and "His Excellency" from the visit of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, who though he was in fact a very different person from Rummum Loll, was perhaps hardly estimated at his true worth by Anglo-Indians, who very likely did not understand the scope and value of the Brahmo Samaj and may have

thought of the great reformer as "little better than a missionary".

But Thackeray does justice to the striking appearance of the Hindu in England with the great turban wound round his head, the loose garments which swathed his body, the shawl over his shoulders spangled with gold, a heavy gold chain around his neck and on his feet his pointed embroidered slippers. His dark complexion and black moustache curling upward add to the mysterious suggestions of his Hindu garb and made him a treasure to those who seek sensations. What a contrast to James Binnie, the Civil Servant, whose short legs were "arrayed in a tight little pair of trousers, and white silk stockings, and pumps", his smooth pink face above them "shining like a billiard ball, his jolly gills rosy with good humour". The contrast is worthy of Macaulay.

But Binnie was neither a joke nor a scoundrel really. He is described as coming home with Colonel Newcome as a jolly young bachelor of two or three and forty, who had spent half his life in India and meant to enjoy the rest in Europe. "The nabob of books and traditions"¹ Thackeray even says "is no longer to be found among us. He is neither as wealthy nor as wicked as the jaundiced monster of romances and comedies, who purchased the estates of broken-down Englishmen with rupees tortured out of bleeding rajahs, who smokes a hookah in public, and in private carries about a guilty conscience, diamonds of untold value, and a diseased liver; who has a vulgar wife with a retinue of black servants whom he maltreats, and a gentle son and daughter with good

¹ *The Newcomes*, ch. VIII.

impulses and an imperfect education, desirous to amend their own and their servants' lives, and thoroughly ashamed of the follies of the old people."

Thackeray's interest was more in persons than in outward scenes, and it was not often that memories of his early childhood in India, and the recollections of it that must have been revived by the gossip of his relatives were clear enough to provide him with a picture. But there is one, Chapter XXVIII of *the Newcomes*, which it is worth while quoting. Thackeray's subject is the "selling of virgins": "Though I would like to go into an Indian Brahmin's house and see the punkahs and the purdahs and the tattys, and the pretty brown maidens with great eyes, and great nose rings, and painted foreheads, and slim waists cased in Cashmere shawls, Kincob scarves, curly slippers, gilt trousers, precious anklets and bangles; and have the mystery of Eastern existence revealed to me (as who would not who has read the *Arabian Nights* in his youth?) yet I would not choose the moment when the Brahmin of the house was dead, his women howling, his priests doctoring the child of a widow, now frightening her with sermons, now drugging her with bang so as to push her on his funeral pile at last, and into the arms of that carcase, stupefied, but obedient and decorous." And what, asks the moralist, is the selling of British virgins but Suttee? "Yonder" he says "the pile is waiting on four wheels with four horses, the crowd hurrahs, and the deed is done."

The India that Thackeray popularised was not the brilliant picture painted by Macaulay. It was the land of officers and officials who moved almost unconscious through

the dazzling scene. It was not so much the land of brandy pawnee as of exiled though splendid officials and lonely mothers. "In America" he writes "it is from the breast of a poor slave that the child is taken; in India it is from the wife, and from under the palace, of a splendid proconsul." It was the land of Ranjit Singh and the Bundelcund Bank, of the treachery of Boggley Wallah and enlarged livers, and yet it was all the time a country of the Arabian Nights, dim but unforgettable, fascinating and far. It was the India of a hundred years ago remembered with the glamour of early childhood upon it.

ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE—PROFANE.

From the time of Hastings, the literature of India becomes much ampler. The narrative of Abraham Parsons which is described by H. G. Briggs in the *Cities of Gujarastra* as "simple, artless and entertaining" was published in 1777. It was nearly twenty years before Murray's *Discoveries in Asia* and Duncan's *Modern Traveller in Indian* followed it. The best account of that period is of course that of Forbes who published two editions of his *Oriental Memoirs*, the first with many scriptural allusions, the second with these expunged, though they are valuable as Chardin pointed out, for India is the scene most familiar to Englishmen of the oriental customs to which the Bible constantly refers. Forbes' book should be mentioned in every history of India.¹ He wrote in the sumptuous old style, but never made it fulsome. It is

¹ Mr. Oaten has not mentioned Forbes in either his *Anglo Indian Literaturc* or in his chapter in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*.

a delightful record of the Indian life of a lover of India, passed for the most in Gujarat, and is remarkable for its enthusiastic descriptions of scenes in Ahmedabad. It is the worthy beginning of a great though neglected line of writers. Lord Valentia, whose accuracy however is much questioned, is the next of them.

Lord Valentia left London on June 3. 1802 and travelled to Calcutta by Madeira and the Cape and arrived in the Hoogly on Jan. 30 of the following year. His account of Calcutta is one of the most interesting parts of the book—the scenery, the state of the Governor General (Lord Wellesley), the life of the Anglo-Indian community. In travelling in the mofussil, he shows an interest in the fauna, and makes intelligent observations on the habits and customs of the people. His first description of Benares is unimpassioned, because he was too far away. Describing his visit to the Maharajah's palace at Ramnagar he says "The view from the terrace on the summit was very fine. The garden formed a good foreground, beyond was the river, widening in an extensive curve, and its elevated bank the whole town of Benares."¹ Later² "I wished to go by water to view the town. The river here forms a very fine sweep of about four miles in length. On the external side of the curve, which is certainly the most elevated, is situated the holy city of Benares. It is covered with buildings to the water's edge, and the opposite shore being, as usual, extremely level, the whole may be beheld at once. From passing through the streets, or even from viewing it from the minars, I could have formed no conception of its

¹ I. 118. — ² I. 117.

beauty. Innumerable pagodas of every size and shape occupy the bank, and even have encroached upon the river. Uniformly built of stone, and of the most solid workmanship, they are able to resist the torrents which in the rainy season beat upon them, Several are painted, others gilded, and some remain the colour of the stone. They generally have domes, often finished with the trident of Mahadeva. Gauts are very frequent, for the convenience of ablutions, and wherever the houses approach the river, they are necessarily built thirty feet high, of large stones, before they reach the level of the street above. The contrast between these elevated masses of solid masonry and the light domes of the pagodas is singular and pleasing. Trees occasionally overhang the walls, and thousand natives either bathing or washing linen in the water, add not a little to this most extraordinary scene."

He mentions Jaunpur Bridge and an other Mogul bridge at Nurabad near Gwalior, and the one beside Humayan's tomb. He has read Burke, and is always much pleased to notice with what state he, as a peer of England, was received by both official and native rulers. He saw Lucknow. His observations on native character are sympathetic and shrewd. His chapter on Calcutta is extremely good.

Defending the scale of Government House at Calcutta he says¹ "India is a country of splendour, of extravagance, of outward appearance, so that the Head of a mighty Empire ought to conform himself to the prejudices of the country over which he rules: and that the British in particular ought to emulate the splendid works of the princes of the House

¹ p. 235.

of Timour, lest it should be supposed that we merit the reproach which our great rivals, the French, have cast upon us, of being alone influenced by a sordid mercantile spirit. In short, I wish India to be ruled as a from a palace, not from a country-house;¹ with the ideas of a Prince, not with those of a retail dealer in curtains and indigo." He found Calcutta rather stuffy, owing to the closeness of the jungle around it.

"The society of Calcutta is numerous and gay; the fetes given by the Governor-General are frequent, splendid and well arranged."² Hardly a day passes without dinner parties, which are too large to be enjoyable. Small quiet parties are unknown. Evidently even in those days the tradition of putting amusement in the place of friendship was well established. The pleasantness of society was also spoilt by cliques. He laments the taste for gambling and the increase of a Eurasian population: but finds the English in India most hospitable and generous.

He discusses the question of missions and a bishop.³ There was, he says, great need of a Bishop to remain in India for his life; a man of piety, dignity and liberal education, as indeed all the clergy should be "who by their manners would improve the tone of society in which they lived, and by the sacredness of their character operate as a check on the tendency to licentiousness that too frequently prevails". Valentia thinks that worship should be maintained with the fullest ceremonial of splendour, to impress the Indian world with a respect for it, a need which was all the greater for

¹ p. 236. — ² p. 238. — ³ p. 244.

Englishmen's neglect of religious observances altogether. He does not advocate active missionary work: "To its silent operation the cause of Christianity should be left, and who will not rejoice in its success?"¹

The next matter to attract his attention is the education of the junior European servants of the Company. He advocates Lord Wellesley's scheme of a College at Fort William, a place, he thinks, much more suitable than Haileybury.

From Calcutta he goes to Colombo. "The whole vegetation is infinitely more luxuriant than in Bengal, and forms the richest field for a botanist that I have beheld, except the Cape of Good Hope."

In January 1804 he sets out from Colombo for Madras.²

In 1798 Willcock translated Stavorinus' account of his travels in India which he had made 30 years before. His description is vivid but his tone is unsympathetic, and his tone about Bengalis savage. Another book of that time is *A Journey from Bengal to England through the Northern Part of India, Kashmir, Afghanistan, and Persia, and into Russia by the Caspian Sea*. By George Forster (London 1798). His first letter is from Benares, August 1782.

¹ p. 250.

² Corbett. Colonel Wilks and Napoleon, p. 21.

Valentia's work had been read by Napoleon before he arrived at St. Helena.

Wilks says of it: "Its pretensions are not of a high order; it cannot be deemed a work of authority:" or rather "For mere objects of vision I suppose we may; but he approached his subject with so little previous information that he perpetually misapprehends, and we cannot reasonably except much from a person who travels full speed through a country."

"Kashmire"—¹ he says "is perhaps unparalleled for its air, soil, and a picturesque variety of landscape."

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the lake, one of the Delhi emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalamar, which as abundantly stored with fruit trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of waterworks, compose the chief beauty of the Shalamar. To decorate this spot, the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste."

"The English" should no longer account themselves sojourners in this country; they are now, virtually, its lords paramount and their policy should not be that of a day; but, considering the opulence and wealth of the subject as closely tending to enrich the common state, they should at large, support his wants, and encourage his labours. A conduct, equally wise and profitable, would conduce to the increase of public, and private, prosperity, and operate as a compensatory retribution for some actions which cannot bear the test of investigation; and which have already involved the national character in disgrace. In touching on this subject, I am necessarily led into reflections on the commerce of Bengal, interior and foreign, and on the common want of specie, throughout the province."²

A careful, laborious and valuable *Account of the Kingdom of Nepal* was brought out by Francis Buchanan, as he was

¹ Letter XIII.

² Letter I.

first called, or Francis Hamilton, as he was afterwards known, in 1819. It is valuable but it is not literary. Hamilton was a scholarly doctor and did very valuable work on Botany at Calcutta.¹ He was another of the persevering Scotsmen who devoted themselves at that time to India: but he had neither style, imagination, nor as far as we can see literary taste, and his book on Nepal is no more than it sets out to be. *His Journey from Mysore through the Countries of Mysore, Canara and Malabar* first published in 1807 and afterwards printed in Pinkerton's *Voyages*, is another work of the same kind.

Better known is a *Narrative of a Journey overland from England by the Continent of Europe, Egypt and the Red Sea to India, including a residence there and a voyage home in the years 1825, '26, '27 and '28* by Mrs. Colonel Elwood, which was brought out in two volumes in 1830. The journal is really rather delightful, for the writer was both enthusiastic and witty, and though she is sometimes carried away into conventional hapsodies, the keenness of her observation and the feeling that she really was an enterprising woman keep her up to a high level. Byron, as to Tod, and to so many, was her fall back. She is always interested in history, and still more (and perhaps more literary for *this* reason) in domestic details. Elwood who quotes Sir W. Jones and Lalla Rookh is less brisk than Eliza Fay, who like her was in Egypt and wrote in a very readable way, for her cattishness gives her vivacity.

An excellent example of Anglo-Indian literature of Description is Maria Graham's *Journal of a Residence in*

¹ See Sketch of his life by D. Prain, Calcutta, 1905, This supplements the article in D. N. B.

*India*¹. This lady went to India in 1809, arriving in May and leaving in February 1811. She made no exhaustive tours; Bombay, the Ghats and Poona; Ceylon, the Coast, Madras and Calcutta; these were all she saw. But an extraordinarily efficient mind was at work. Miss Graham was well-bred, well-educated, thorough, unaffected, Scotch. She saw clearly, she remembered well. Her judgment was sound; of scenery and manners she rightly claimed to give a competent description. She herself points out that a traveller such as herself, who was a philosophical observer, had advantages over the "pucca" Anglo-Indians who became so familiar with the scenes before them that they saw no longer what would strike the eye or the mind of an observant stranger. People living in the country can write perhaps political or military history, can set out treatises on commercial development, can discuss literary or mythological antiquities. Such was not her object. She was interested in the life of the country, and she enquired about it from competent authorities. She quotes Herbert and Thevenot: she refers to Colebrook. She sought information about the civil habits and religious opinions of the natives of India from individuals distinguished for oriental learning. With regard to the general social and intellectual level of the official community she was under no delusion; it was governed, she plainly said, by those of a country town. "I found our fair companions"² she writes of a dinner at Government House in Bombay "like the ladies of all the country towns I know, under-bred and over-dressed,

¹ Warmly praised by Sir Henry Yule.

² p. 28.

and, with the exception of one or two, very ignorant and very grossiere. The men are, in general (it must be remembered she was writing of a hundred years ago), what a Hindoo would call a higher caste than the women; and I generally find the merchants the most rational companions. The civil servants to Government being, in Bombay, for the most part young men, who are so taken up with their own imaginary importance, that they disdain to learn, and have nothing to teach. Among the military I have met with many well-informed and gentlemanlike persons, but still, the greater number of men, and the small number of rational companions, make a deplorable prospect to one who anticipates a long residence here."

If such was the impression made on Miss Graham by a dinner at Government House, the ordinary dinner-party was not likely to strike her as brilliant. "The parties in Bombay are the most dull uncomfortable meetings one can imagine. Forty or fifty persons assemble at seven o'clock, and stare at one another till dinner is announced, when the ladies are handed to table, according to the strictest laws of precedence, by a gentleman of a rank corresponding to their own. At table there can be no general conversation, but the different couples who have been paired off and who, on account of their rank, invariably sit together at every great dinner, amuse themselves with remarks on the company, as satirical as their wit will allow After dinner the same topics continue to occupy the ladies, with the addition of lace, jewels, intrigues and the latest fashions; or, if there be any newly-arrived young women, the making and breaking matches for them furnish employment for the ladies of the colony till

the arrival of the next cargo. Such is the company at an English Bombay feast. The repast itself is as costly as possible, and in such profusion that no part of the table cloth remains uncovered."

Madras this cultivated lady found little better.¹ "The manner of living among the English at Madras has a great deal more of external elegance than at Bombay, but the same influence operating on society, I find it neither better nor worse." She gives a page or two to the story of how a Madras lady spends her day, which will not be repeated here lest it should seem severe; and Madras does not claim to provide ladies familiar as Miss Graham was with Milton, Thomson and Campbell. It is to be feared that even in Bengal she never attained to admiration of the Indo-British:—"Calcutta, like London, is a small town of itself, but its suburbs swell it to a prodigious city, peopled by inhabitants from every country in the world. Chinese and Frenchmen, Persians and Germans, Arabs and Spaniards, Americans and Portuguese, Jews and Dutchmen, are seen mixing with the Hindoos and English, the original inhabitants and the actual possessors of the country. This mixture of nations ought, I think, to weaken national prejudice; but, among the English at least, the effect seems diametrically opposite. Every Briton appears to pride himself on being outrageously a John Bull." Not that this meant injustice: bored as Miss Graham often was, she always kept her sense of proportion. When she finds a congenial person, she is duly grateful. And in Ceylon she had the pleasure of meeting Thomas Daniell.

¹ p. 129.

What Daniell aimed at reproducing by his art,¹ she artfully depicted in description. Her vigorous, accurate mind gave her the power she needed for descriptive writing. Many have looked on Indian scenery: she was one of the first to convey an idea of it. Many have lived their lives surrounded by the natives of India: here was a woman who was not content to say the more you see of them, the less you understand; she got a very clear understanding, in a little more than eighteen months. Her keenness of mind was not overcome even in the caves of Karli, or by the overwhelming array of the personages of Hindu mythology, or in the *caves of Elephanta*.

She was seldom enthusiastic, but the beautiful scenery of the Ghats, and of Ceylon, made her so. The voyage along the Malabar coast was a joy to her. Seen from the sea, the mountains which in some places almost overhang the sea and in others recede to allow fields and villages to beautify their base are² "almost clothed to the top with majestic woods of every vigorous green", and it is only here and there that a wide tract of jungle grass, or a projecting rock interrupts the deep line of these ancient forests. At the foot of the ghauts, the white churches of the Christians of St. Johns and of the Portuguese appear now and then among the coconut woods which fringe the coast, and mix agreeably with the fishermen's huts, the native pagodas, and the ruined forts of decayed European settlements. The night scenery is not less beautiful; it is the custom to burn the jungle grass before the rains, in order to fertilise the soil; and though the smoke

¹ See also Daniell Zoffany, D. N. B.

² p. 107.

only is visible in the day, at night you see miles of country glowing with red embers, or blazing with vivid flame.

But in spite of all she saw in the country, Miss Graham never grew to like it. She rated the native inhabitants lower for the most part than she rated the general examples of her own countrymen. She went inspired by the vague suggestions of romance such as lay about the melodious names of unfamiliar places, by coloured dreams of "far Tigris and Balsorah's Haven". Among much that stimulated and delighted her, she found still more that wearied and repelled: and she longed to get home. The only pang that her departure gave her was "that there is something in leaving even a disagreeable place for ever which makes us sad without being able to account for it".

Fifteen Years in India (London 1822) by an Officer in His Majesty's Service, though of very uneven literary quality is one of the most vivid accounts of Anglo-Indian life that one can see. The writer has always heart and vivacity.

A MS. in the India Office Library (A. L. R. I. C.) called *Eastern Sketches or Original Letters from India, Written in the years 1826—1827, By an Officer in the E. I. Company's Service*, is an other story of a newcomer's experience. Its writer, William Geary Massie, was a young ensign, observant, yet entirely unsophisticated; he was unlike Maria Graham, Eliza Fay or Mrs. Elwood. His is a youthful and open humour; pleasure in youth and health and this delightful world colour all his confidences to his family. Maria Graham's account is valuable because the vigour of her mind has forced accuracy upon her judgment; it is the lively goodness of William Massie that gives him his understanding of scenes

and Indians and—most of all—Anglo-Indians. This is a very valuable picture of India as it presents itself to the best sort of those young men who are taken as typical Englishmen.

The personality of William Massie is uniformly charming. his nature was the same sort of nature as Sir Thomas Browns's younger son Tom--the gallant youth who apparently perished in one of Charles II's naval engagements;—and we know him well by the time he has got to the end of long Cape voyage. "I fear you will have been more seasick than myself," he writes to his sister Susan, but even in monotony he is never tedious. Arrived in India, he is not a student of anything more than he requires for his own convenience. Servants are a recurring interest. Nowhere perhaps better than in William Massie's pages does one get an idea of what a young man arriving in India ought to know from that point of view. His valet or bearer looked after him well as the good Indian bearer knows how to do. "Many of his good offices, however, he appeared surprised to see me dispense with—to such a ridiculous pitch it seems that the white man carries his indolence here," he is shaven while still asleep in bed, he does not put on his own shoes, nor stockings, nor even trousers.

William Massie's account of Madras was well calculated to give his Cheshire home a sense of the contrast between its ways and his new surroundings. "Excepting the palmyra, cocoa, and acacia, the trees I have seen cannot be compared to the English trees; with much of the *elegance* and foliage of an *apple-tree*, the colour is that monotonous¹ green¹ of the trees

¹ It is interesting to remember that the ordinary English eye is more pleased by various shades of green than by any other colour.

in a Dutch toy. But I was so engaged with the strange variety of *animals* around me that I had little time to think of the landscape; the road was crowded with natives of every country. Under every tree was a group of the lower caste of natives, some dressing and cutting one another's hair, some cooking and eating rice, smoking hubble-bubbles or lying asleep in the shade, many rubbing their horses, cleaning cleaning buggies, gigs etc. which by the by are the most unsentimental looking machines among the Indian groups, as everything European is, for convenience and improvement is the destruction of the Romantic and picturesqueness. The woman study the *romantic* particularly in their dress which consists merely of a loose shawl round the waist hanging nearly to the ankle on one side and *not very low* on the other,—with one end brought over the shoulder. Of *beauty* I did not see much in their black *visages*, but a sort of conscious dignity of step and race in their attitudes, and motions of their arms, when contrasted with the vulgarity and red arms of the lower classes of Englishwomen, tho' I am not so treacherous as to say with many others, that the most *perfect British Belles* would lose much by the comparison and in the same costume. It is only the refuse that we see, the females of the higher castes never being allowed to appear abroad, or *gad about as white ladies*. *I think how happy you must be in being born in England* where the *gentlemen* are so *generous* and *indulgent*." It was not long before this observant young gentleman began to make animadversions upon the Company's servants, and his opinions did not differ from Miss Graham's. He cared very little for the young servants of the Company, or writers as they were then called

and the "dash" they cut. He comments on the difference in moral standard between Cheshire and Anglo-India: "*In this world*, you know, if one man is more religious than another, they call him a *Methodist*, if more clever, *they call him a madman*, nothing but fools and sinners go down with us." The coolies who rowed out to meet them were not more reassuring either in their Satanic appearance or in the "*impish and shudderable way*" they behaved. "It is impossible to look for entire *perfection in this world*" is a later reflection.

His impressions on arriving in Madras were a mixture of repellance and fascination. He was amused at the eager jerking grunt the rowers shoot from the bottom of their lungs as they take the opportunity of a wave's rising to get on; the strangeness of the scene on landing in Madras astonished him "None of the plain straightforward red brick three storey houses, but every now and then a large white building with colonnades and pillars, or a pagoda carved over with the most extraordinary but rich figures, or a mosque with its twisted and gilt spires surrounded by the striking contrasts of native huts, made of bamboos, rushes or grass and turf with a kind of rude verandah supported on crooked branches, under which in heaps lie the people apparently in the luxury of total idleness". Arrived at his hotel, he found a bundle of whips hung up in his bedroom for use on the coolies. And their extortionate demands "put me into such a heat and harassed me so in the *irritable state of my nerves* at the time, that it was almost difficult to refrain from laying the lash on their shoulders; the very boy indeed who had just tried to remove the whips told me I should whip them well".

Perhaps his voyage had tintured him with the Indo-British point of view: he advocated a certain romantic pride to keep the Englishmen above meannesses; if the Indians once suspect that the Anglo-Indians are as "bad and vicious as themselves" it is the end of white superiority in India.

After he had gone on to Calcutta and been posted to his regiment he started making his way up the Ganges in a covered canoe. Already India was beginning to have its effect on him, as too often we grow like what we hate. "It is almost impossible" he writes "for anyone to avoid becoming almost a different being in a very short time after arriving in India, and I dare say I am wondrously altered among the rest in my ways; while every griffin swears he'll never get into such and such habits that he sees every-one, in spite of their having made the same determination, dropping into by degrees, they will be seen living exactly as the rest of the old Indians. It's so completely John Bull to swear he'll stick up to the old way—he can't bear the idea of this and that, but his antipathies soon vanish, and perhaps there's not one in a hundred, but what by and bye can't do without their punchers, their hookahs, and servants to dress them like a child. You talk in England of the *luxuries of the East*, and all the best things come from abroad. *But such is the perversity of human nature*, that here nothing is fit to touch but what is British." So everything then in England was known by the name of the firm responsible for it, and the same thing prevails to-day. Perhaps people are compelled to take on authority what the private judgments of their own senses or palates are not competent to decide. On one subject however Anglo-Indian ladies were an authority (not now);

they knew what to drink in the way of beer, and evidently how to drink it. "There was no squeamishness in them. Indeed," says William Massie, "there is a great want of refinement in conversation in India, increasing as one advances up country, but I really think the fault is almost entirely on the gentleman's side, though I by no means wish to excuse the ladies for allowing it; indeed they join in it, and often carry an ordinary joke on while they put their hands before their faces, and positively blush through them, laughing in fits. This charge is against married ladies, and indeed I saw it in some of the most beautiful and ladylike."

What gives such value to William Massie's remarks on Anglo-India is that he is so vivid and accurate in describing his experiences among *things*. The last half of his journal describing his tour up country is given up to these. He goes out shooting from the Ganges in the morning, and picks up a good bag of game: teal, snipe, partridge, wild duck, quail and wood pigeons all came his way. And then he goes dreaming along, thinking of home, and misses the next bird. Everywhere the English move sacrosanct, accepted as rulers by natural right, even though the young officers (sent out as William Massie says without nurses') kill the village dogs and treat the kind and helpless natives of the country in a bullying and "scurvy" sort of manner. Around him are the steep banks and the sand of the river bed, the brown metallic water, and the endless plain, here and there a village of mud with its trees; "to me," says this keen youth for once sharing a thought with Miss Graham "the very name of the Ganges and the East has always carried with it a

notion of something *splendidly magnificent*. I had looked forward to fine rich green banks sloping to the water, with *spice* groves and Palmyras hanging over the water and gardens like scenes in a play. (Indeed there is something very like all this in the reaches below Calcutta.) I fancied the country near the river had been full of deep ravines almost impenetrable for trees and thickets, and dangerous to venture into them for fear of tigers and all sorts of wild beasts. Instead of that the country is one immense flat, in general overrun with long grass some 14 or 15 feet high." Following black partridge one day further up the river he went rather too far on to the plain and came actually on the fresh tracks of a tiger. "I turned round to my man Friday with a Robinson Crusoe look, and saw him looking in such a miserable funk that I could almost have laughed if I had not been rather *thunderstruck* myself." A little further he heard the rustle of a large animal in the grass, and felt even more uncomfortable, when out bounded a young deer, but the sportsman who though he was hunting tiger had loaded his gun only with shot. Somewhere near Allahabad, Massie left the Ganges and struck down into Central India. His last letter was written from Hosseinabad in July 1827.

Such is the valuable account of "the young ensign": it is free from rhetorical effect because it was inspired not by the thought of publication but by the wish to make his life real to intimate relations. It was not elegance, he said, that he aimed at depicting, and he had no patience with those that put a graceful ash where there ought to be an apple tree. "*The height of my ambition* would be to give you a true notion of the country, without *climbing up trees* in

search of fine views," he said, and we must admit, he has attained it.¹

Far above the standard of Jones and Leyden, of Richardson or Parker, of even Lyall and Edwin Arnold, are the melodious verses of Derozio. Derozio's work is little known; his name was made known to students of literature by Mr. Oaten only a few years ago; few authorities are familiar with his verse; there is not even a copy in the Bodleian Library,² and it is necessary to support one's references by generous quotations.

Derozio was a Eurasian of Portuguese extraction, and unlike most Portuguese Eurasians, a Protestant, born in Calcutta in 1809. He left school at the age of 14 and went into an office for a short time. He then transferred himself to an uncle who was an indigo planter at Bhagulpur on the Ganges, some two hundred and fifty miles above Calcutta: there, with the sacred river flowing at his feet, with the rich varied scenery around, and the splendour of the Himalayas across the plains, he found his poetic inspiration.

Derozio's genius developed with the eager haste with which his race competes in that climate against the decline that generally attends their maturity. He had had the poorest of educations, he was living far away in the jungle, yet he produced his first volume of poems at the age of 17.

¹ H. G. Briggs *Cities of Gujarastra*, 1848, in a verbose account of his subject by an old man who tried to rise to the style of Forbes and Tod and sinks into ponderousness. But his introduction is a valuable essay on the history of travellers in India.

² The Librarian, in reply to a suggestion of the present writer, wrote that the Library did not buy *minor poetry*.

A year later he reprinted it with an ambitious addition, *The Fakeer of Jungheera*, a long metrical romance which, modelled on the work of Campbell, Moore and Byron displays his ardent delicate talent for the control of romantic imagery and melodious sound.

At this time he received an appointment in the Hindu College under Dr. John Grant, and combined with his teaching of literature a penetrating comprehension of moral philosophy. He associated himself with the publication of four periodicals—the *India Gazette* of which he was editor; the *East Indian*, a daily newspaper; the *Enquirer* and the *Hesperus*. Derozio died on the 23rd December, 1831, before his twenty-third birthday. It would be difficult to find in the ranks of English literature poets who at that age far excelled him. Keats and Chatterton are the only names that suggest themselves. Derozio's genius was of the same family as theirs in its swift and brilliant fruition: he was like them among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown".

The following verses to *The Harp of India*, modelled on Moore and Scott, express his dedication to his muse at the age of eighteen.

Why hang'st thou lonely on yon withered bow?
Unstrung for ever must thou here remain;
Thy music once was sweet—who hears it now?
Why doth the breeze sigh over thee in vain?
Silence hath bound thee with her fatal chain.
Neglected, mute and desolate art thou,
Like ruined monument on desert plain.
O! many a hand more worthy far than mine
Once thy harmonious chords to sweetness gave,

And many a wreath for them did fame entwine
Of flowers still blooming on the minstrel's grave
Those hands are cold—but if thy notes divine
Maybe by mortal wakened once again,
Harp of my country, let me strike the strain!

Byron and Moore were his favourite authors and influenced him most. And his own writing, with its sweetness and passion, has been compared to theirs. His writing adds to their depth and intensity an oriental glitter like diamonds in the robe and the turban of an Indian prince; he combines the rich luxurious flashing effects of Moore with the brilliant, but not with the turbid or satiric qualities of Byron's genius; Moore's smoothness and splendour and melody flows with Byron's fervidness and dazzling energy in Derozio in a continuous stream. But Derozio never rose above a certain conventional level of thought and philosophy which leave the tastes of the obvious even in his most pleasing verses: and the following *Stanzas* are typical both of his brilliance and his limitations.

Like roses blooming o'er the grave, a fair and fragrant wreath,
That hides, with all its loveliness, the wreck of life beneath;
E'en so the smile, the flash of joy, that on my cheek appears
Altho's 'tis seen—no longer now my blighted bosom cheers.

Oh could I take the wings of morn, or soar with eagle crest,
I'd spurn the world and flee away, to some unbroken rest;
Oh! could I weep for all my joy, and all my wildest woe,
That very grief would give relief—those tears would sweetly
flow!

But ah! it seems that even tears to me are now denied;
The sacred spring of sympathy has long ago been dried.
Tho' sorrow in my desert breast her habitation make
My heart will heed her dwelling not—it is too stern to break.

But this a wonderful correctness and maturity to be attained by a boy of sixteen! The following stanza, one from his *Night* was written only two years later:

Night, Night, O Night! thou hast a gentle face,
 Like a fond mother's smiling o'er her child!
 I gaze on thee till my soul swells apace
 With thoughts and aspirations high and wild.
 'Tis ever so; and there be some who find
 That when the eye is fixed on boundless space
 Spurning the earth, great grows the giant mind
 And seeks in some bright orb a dwelling place.
 And it may be, that in my breast the fires
 Of hope, and fancy both are burning bright,
 And all my aspirations and desires
 May pass away, e'en with thy shadows, Night.
 But could my spirit fly from earth afar,
 'Twould dwell with one I love in yonder lovely star.

The Neglected Minstrel, *The Golden Vase*, *The Eclipse*, *The Ruins of Rajmahal* and *The Enchantress of the Cave* are specifically Indian poems: the names, the description, the whole *mise-en-scène*, have the lusciousness of Bengal's beauty. But they are not as vivid in description as Heber's *Evening Walk in Bengal*. To the native of India the tropics and the bazaar have seldom the magic picturesqueness with which they charm and intoxicate the stranger; the accustomed eye less quickly captures what is distinctive in them.

The Fakeer of Jungheera was the most sustained essay of Derozio in dealing with a single theme. The poet found the subject in his wanderings along the Ganges. Above Monghyr the rock of Jungheera, reputed to be the haunt of a holy man, suggested a theme of love. Derozio conceived

a robber chief as adopting this disguise and rescuing a lovely young widow from suttee: he is later overcome by the widow's family and slain on the field of battle. Such is the theme on which the poet fixes his romantic verse.

All Derozio's work is so closely modelled on his English examples that they seem to those that know the Romantic Revival as little more than excellent academic exercises in imitation of them: the academic exercises of a young genius. This is worth an illustration.

The charming restrained sentimentality of Byron's well-known stanza in *Don Juan* is echoed in the more sensuous spirit of India in the twelfth stanza of Derozio's second canto:

'Tis sweet upon the midnight moon to gaze
As o'er the waters shoot her trembling rays;
'Tis sweet at starlit hour to hear the breeze
Waking o'er pebbles its rich melodies,
Like a young minstrel with his tuneful art
Singing to soften the unfeeling heart—
But oh! to gaze upon the lovelit eye,
To feel its warmth, and all its witchery;
To hear the melting music of that voice
Which bids the bosom madden or rejoice;
To know that every glance, and thought, and tone
Of one devoted spirit is our own—
O! this joy, like that to angels given,
Fills to the brim the heavenliest cup of heaven.

The *Fakeer of Jungheera* was dedicated to Derozio's native and enthralling land:

My country! in thy day of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
And worshipped as a deity thou wast—
Where is that glory, where that reverence now?

Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last
And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou,
Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee
Save the sad story of thy misery!
Well, let me dive into the depths of time
And bring from out the ages that have rolled
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime,
Which human eye may never more behold;
And let the guerdon of my labour be
My fallen country! one kind wish for thee!

Derozio is the sole example of a poet of Anglo-India surrendering his genius to India with the passionate loyalty of her own children.

David Lester Richardson who rose to the rank of Major in the Indian Army, went out to it as a cadet in the year that Victoria was born. His unusual personality and tastes had asserted themselves in the fifteen years before Macaulay arrived, and in the new system of education in English, he was transferred from the Indian Army to be Professor of Literature in the new College in Calcutta. He had already done some literary work during a furlough in England and after his retirement he became editor and proprietor of the Court Circular.

His name is little known, but he was a writer of no ordinary merit. There is a certain grace and elevation in his style which takes one back to Addison, a certain epigrammatic quaintness and richness of effect which suggest the cadences of the earlier seventeenth century essayists. There are other times when Richardson is obviously modelling himself on the sentimental formalism of Washington Irving. All his essays are recollections of English masters, reproduced in cadence, in

imagery, in quotation. Though his favourite reading was evidently the romantic revival, which inspires both his poems and his prose, he was a student of all English literature from Chaucer to his own day. A certain romantic sentimentalism marks his work; but this quality is combined with extreme chasteness of style. His *Literary Leaves* were strongly recommended by Carlyle, and the first Lord Lytton found them "elegant and graceful".

His quiet, refined and chastened spirit has expressed its inclinations in a passage in his essay *On Children*:

"There is a divine contagion in all beauteous things he tells us. We alternately colour objects with our own fancies and affections, or receive from them a kindred hue.

'Like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour.'

This principle pervades all nature, physical and moral. Let those who would trace an expression of serenity and tenderness upon a human face, watch a person of sensibility as he gazes upon a painting by Claude or Raphael. In contemplating a fine picture we drink in its spirit through our eyes. If a lovely woman would increase her charm, let her gaze long and ardently on all beauteous images. Let her not indulge those passions which deform the features, but cultivate on the contrary every soft affection . . . even the effect upon the features of a transient emotion is truly wonderful. A fierce man often looks beautifully tender and serene when either caressing or caressed, and deceives us like the ocean in a calm which at times seems 'the gentlest of all gentle things'."

Richardson was one of the very few Anglo-Indians who could write poetry. He is a late chastened example of the Romantic Revival. He loved Wordsworth and he echoes Keats. His art shows its high appealing quality in his *Consolations of Exile*, in his Sonnet: *Evening on the Banks of the Ganges*,

. the strange quietude
Enthralled my soul like some mysterious dream,

and the *Scene on the Ganges*, where he soliloquizes on the Hindu maiden putting her lamp the water, a subject which has since been treated by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and in the theme to which he constantly returns—his longing for his healthy England.

Star of the wanderer's soul! Unrivalled land!

Hallowed by many a dream of days gone by!

Though distant far, thy charms my thoughts command,
And gleam on fancy's sad averted eye.

To him India, with all its romantic splendours, its tropic riches, its blazing light, was, even more than a land of romance, a land of sickness and of melancholy; to him as to Lyall a land of regrets. The morbid poignancy of desire to return to the scenes of their childhood, which we see veiled in all the grumbles of the present day and which has always been such an urgent fact in the life of the English in India, was never expressed so constantly or so well as it was by Richardson. He is a graceful sentimentalist, always in sight of despair.

William Browne Hockley first went out to India as a civil Servant of the Company and finding himself appointed to a distant station picked up Persian and Hindustani. For

his "amusement and instruction" he would then summon his servants in the evening and get them to tell stories. He thus obtained not only the plots and skeletons of his novels, but also an unusual understanding of their lives and characters. He began his life in India full of a sympathetic admiration for them; but was afterwards disillusioned. A profound sense of the cynicism and villany to be met with in the native character marks even his first novel. The one by which he made his name, *Pandurang Hari*, published in 1826, is the story of a young adventurer of noble birth whose life was cast in the time when the Mahratta chiefs Scindia and Holkar were breaking away from the Peishwa and conquering those tracts of Central India which their several descendants at Gwalior and at Indore still hold. Like most of Hockley's stories it is told in the first person and seems like the self revelation of a much worse and more naif villain than Benvenuto Cellini. It became a model for Colonel Meadows Taylor when he wrote the *Confessions of a Thug*. *Pandurang Hari* indeed purports to be a free translation of an Indian document placed in the author's hand by a Hindu of the Deccan whom he could trust. It is perhaps not a misleading picture of the atmosphere of intrigue in which simple ryots rose to be Maharajahs a century or two ago.

Hockley's next work was *the Zenana*, where his servants' stories are worked up in a way more or less like that of the *Arabian Nights*. This came out in 1827. In 1828 he produced *The English in India*, a novel which sought to declinate the life that people about to set out for India might expect to live when they reached there. It is more forced than the others which all lack vividness and construction, though they

are very readable. Later Hockley's authorship of this book, as well as of two later ones, *The Vizir's Son* (1831) and *Memoirs of a Brahmin* (1843) were disputed. It was asserted that they were the work of a Captain or Major Ottley. But this idea need not be considered. The style in all these books, the treatment, the successes and failures, are all so much alike that any further consideration is unnecessary. Furthermore there are boldly announced on the title-page as the work of the author of *Pandurang Hari*, and neither Ottley nor the publishers could have been so dishonest as to attempt this falsehood, especially as Hockley was still alive.

The circumstances under which he wrote were peculiar. Born in 1792, he arrived in Bombay on May 9, 1813. In 1821 he was dismissed from his position, and finally removed from the Company's service. We hear no more of him, except that he died on August 22, 1860. There was a revival of interest in his work in the '70 when a new edition of *Pandurang Hari* was brought out with a preface by Sir Bartle Frere, and of the *Tales of a Zenana* with a preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley. He is not mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Yet there can be little doubt that he more than any other was the model of Meadows Taylor.

The figure in the world of letters which represents the old-fashioned type of Anglo-Indian, the type to which Colonel Newcome belonged, is that of Philip Meadows Taylor. He was born in 1808, a descendant on his father's side of noted dissenters and on his mother's a grandson of Bertram Mitford of Mitford Castle. He arrived in India at the age of 15; a

year later he obtained a commission in the Nizam's army, and published his first romance in 1839, *The Confessions of a Thug*, the most graphic and entertaining of all his works. In his novels, *Tara*, which treats of the rise of Shivaji in 1657, *Ralph Darnell* of the conquests of Clive, culminating at Plassey in 1757, *Seeta* which is a Romance of the Mutiny which broke out in 1857, *Tippoo Sultaun* a story of the conquest of Mysore, and *A Noble Queen*, he was certainly successful. Twenty or thirty years after he first began to write, his books had what is called a "run". The period of intense romantic interest in India which followed the Mutiny made them a delight to those whose lives and imaginations had brought them in touch with India.

Taylor gave many appreciative descriptions of India, and probably few Englishmen have had a more intimate affection for the Indian landscape. This is a description of Tuljapur from the *Story of my Life*.

"How beautiful it was! The hills were all clothed with verdure and the view from the tent was lovely, in the north side of the promontory where I was, lay the town, built on both sides of a deep ravine, and its head the celebrated shrine of Bhowani or Kalee, which lay in the hollow beneath—not indeed, in itself, a remarkable edifice at all, but surrounded by picturesque cloisters and courts, always thronged by pilgrims, and which formed a curious combination of all kinds of Hindoo architecture."¹

So it goes on. To those who know such scenes it has some meaning; but when all is said it is mediocre. It never creates a single suggestion of the scene itself.

¹ Ch. XIII.

A certain conventionality of romantic style, a tendency to false effects, and an incapacity to make adventure really exciting or absorbing, prevent these works from reaching the level of the *Confessions of a Thug*, which is simply a record of fact filled in by imagination and description till it attains the vividness of life. The subject was a thrilling one: the career of the tribe who made murder their religion, the victims of an infectious sadistic mania in an extreme form. The pathos, the savagery, the evil and the wild romance of the Thug's life were brilliant combined in Taylor's treatment. Indeed his touch was sympathetic on every phase of Indian life, even on this one. He knew the natives well, and realized that the only successful upholders of British prestige and popularity in India will be those who are so familiar with the Indian character and manners that they will treat all ranks of society with the authority or the courtesy that their elaborate standards require. Taylor never pretends that Indians are incapable of cruelty and wrong-doing. But he shows that their subtle and elaborate life covers a very wide range, and is capable of the most noble and the most passionate emotions, that indeed there is something poetic in their temperaments even when their faults have been terribly developed.

The importance of Taylor is the importance of the aristocratic secret of life. Careful manners, fine distinctions, the combination of friendship with dignity through an acute perception of character and social requirements, gave him his *flaire* both for administration and for Indian romance. He had not lived his life before the glass of fashion; he was a gentleman of the old school. His personality makes the charm of all his books: and we see it vividly in his autobiography

published after his death as *The Story of My life*. Quite simply and sincerely Taylor reveals himself. "The author has drawn in his own person a portrait of the chivalrous officer, the laborious and philanthropic magistrate and the man of versatile accomplishment."¹ These gifts' enjoyed some measure of appreciation. From 1840 to 1853 he was the Indian Correspondent of *The Times*.

The cheerful energy which Thomas Arnold generated from his curious mixture of culture, Protestantism and moral zeal, turned to melancholy and uncertainty in his sons Matthew and William when they took up his traditions. When Matthew Arnold wrote poetry, his Greek culture superinvested his questionings with the beauty he loved as a Greek to contemplate. With the agnosticism, tending to pessimism, of Hellenic poetry, he revived its platonic passion for reality discovered or suggested through art. William Delafield Arnold had the same eagerness, the same hopelessness as his brother; the same moral passion liable at any moment to become self-righteousness. His novel *Oakfield* tells his own story; Borrow's more famous books are autobiographically altered to give himself fuller expression, and departure from fact never makes them less of literature. But the writer of *Oakfield* was so self-absorbed that the reader cannot separate the hero from himself. Byron's self-preoccupation is wearying, but even Byron, though he may have idealized his passions, never places himself as a protagonist of moral righteousness, in a society of vulgar and evil men supposed to be his comrades. Arnold went to India to gratify a whim—a delicate, cultivated,

¹ Dictionary of National Biography.

affectionate youth, self-centred, sensitive even to morbidity, who had been an undergraduate at Christ Church; he was never well in India; he was haunted by the realization of his approaching death; he took no interest in the country itself; he completely lacked a sense of humour; his personality was everything that William Massie's was not; except that each of them was a gentleman; and Anglo-Indian society with its odd language, its rough standards, its lack of culture, its coarse pleasures, was exceedingly distasteful to him. He relieved his feelings by writing a book with himself as hero and his less congenial brother-officers as villains. It shows English in India not necessarily falsely, but at their worst. It shows them as they appeared to an earnest, fastidious, Oxford Protestant. It is a document not to be disregarded in the history of the English in India. Like almost every new arrival in India, he had been first fascinated by the beauty of India's tropic strangeness, but a feeling of oppression mingled almost immediately with his appreciation, and a half-suppressed doubt as to the value of British power in India never left his mind. "There were the scorching sun¹ and almost fearful verdure of Bengal; the ceaseless hum of unseen animal life; the white flat-roofed, hundred-doored palaces of the European inhabitants, the mud hovels and the swarming natives; the natives themselves and their strange language; the dull, broad Hooghly, bearing down the dead bodies of Hindus, glad to have their last home in its holy waters; bearing too the living ships of less revering nations to all parts of the globe; there, above all, were the

palm and the banyan tree so alive with oriental association, speaking of a time ere yet that British power, now so manifest in all directions, had emerged from infancy in its own island cradle; when the same scene might have been witnessed here the same scorching sky, the same rich vegetation, the same funereal river; while primeval Bramins, sitting in primeval groves, asked where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding? Mixed with the first impressions of outward subjects, arose that wonder which must more or less strike everyone on first arrival in India; which may well follow them all the days of their sojourn there—for most wonderful it is—at the extraordinary fact of British dominion, so manifest everywhere; apparently so firmly planted in the soil and yet so manifestly separate from it; so that while it was impossible to fancy the power being swept away, it was easy to look round and think of it as gone; the prominent feature in the picture, still were it once removed, the picture would seem almost the same without it."

Oakfield was posted to a regiment up the Ganges. He found his fellow-officers "mere animals with no single idea on any subject in the world beyond their carcasses"; they were dishonest in money transactions and as for courtesies, such an idea never entered their heads. "Fancy" writes Oakfield "talking to an officer of courtesies to a native". Their language was disgusting; they took no interest even in their regiment; and though the first dismayed glance may have missed some redeeming point the maturer writer still insists that the first experiences of Indian society are to most people disappointing, and often shocking. Oakfield's only consolation was the companionship of a beautiful youth,

four years younger than himself, who held a commission in the regiment and whom he gradually weaned away from the degrading atmosphere of the mess. But even he caught a chill in the Ganges and died soon after from an internal abscess. Bored with the stupidity, disgusted with the lowness of wit, ill at ease in a company where moral earnestness was at a discount, Oakfield's problem was how much he was to live to himself till he could get a transfer to another regiment; after a few months he was travelling up the Ganges to Allahabad on his way to Meerut. He was accompanied by an Irishman, a clergyman, and a civil servant from Ferozepore, Middleton, who became one of his greatest friends. He reached Meerut only to find that war had broken out along the Sutlej; his regiment was already marching to Ferozepore; and a friend Stanton, whom he had made on the voyage, described his own experiences in an engagement.

Before going on to Ferozepore, where Oakfield began his regimental life again, Stanton joined him at Meerut. With Stanton he found a new friend Wykham, a delightful person with all the health and spirits and freshness of youth: he was short and dark, with small but well-formed features, a firm lip, a bright eye, black hair and moustache; an Etonian, downright, cheerful, honourable, gentlemanly, the son of an officer; the memory of Wykham brightened much of Oakfield's despondency. At Ferozepore he found his friend Middleton again with a sister who, being beautiful and interesting, was naturally a subject of disapproval to the society of the station. The new regiment was a "crack" one, very different in its standards from that to which Oakfield was first posted. But he found it hardly more congenial. The ringleader of his

enemies was a senior lieutenant, Stafford, who one evening having spoken insultingly of Miss Middleton, called Oakfield a hypocrite and a coward. Oakfield appealed to the senior officer present who took no notice. He refused to challenge Stafford. Stafford, however, saying that he himself had suffered interference from a junior in the mess, challenged him. Oakfield, on account of his religious scruples, refused to fight, but maddened by the insulting tone of Stafford's young second, he got down from his horse and thrashed him.

He was then court-martialled, firstly for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman by suffering without notice a public insult in the mess, and, secondly, for assaulting a fellow-officer. The decision went up to the Commander in Chief, and after some months Oakfield learnt that he was found "not guilty" on the first charge, and on the second was sentenced to be reprimanded, as "personal violence is a mode of redress which neither civil nor military law can for a moment tolerate".

Although Oakfield was saved from the visitations of official tyranny, his intercourse with his mess was as strained as ever, and his health began also to depress him. He got a leave in the hills, which he spent with Wykham at Simla, after a miserable journey in a palki over the plains, with no rest but at dreary Dak bungalows. His return in the cold weather to Ferozepore coincided with the second Sikh campaign in which he had an opportunity to prove his physical courage. Indeed he saved his regimental colours at Chillianwala¹ and returned with them in triumph at the end of the

¹ Meredith wrote his first published poem on this battle.

day. Stafford was killed in the battle, and made his peace with Oakfield with his latest breath. Wykham received a wound in the leg which sent him back to Simla on leave. There Oakfield joined him in the hot months. Wykham went home on furlough at the end of it, Stanton became engaged to Miss Middleton and Oakfield entered on a new phase of his career, accepting a post as a civil servant in Lahore.

In the following May—1850—Oakfield writes a letter to Wykham in which he reviews the value of the British Government in India. He likes his post better than he had hoped, or rather dislikes it less; the routine controlled and supported him, he is thankful his brother is not coming out: “one in a family is enough for this place of torment for one whose character is refined and strengthened by the fiery furnace of Indian temptation there are ten who are carried away, withered up and destroyed by it”. Sunday had come for the first time to have a meaning to him, as a link which bound the duty and justice of earth to eternal reality, as a warning not to mistake efficiency in the performance of the daily task for the consummation of eternal principles. He saw in the Government of which he was a member a tendency to be thoroughly loyal to principles which, though better than those of many governments, were still low and bad; and for this reason he thought that no other Government was in so bad a way. Other Governments had an ideal, a notion of higher truth; they recognised, at least in a general or partial way, the higher spiritual ends in administration and human life, whether social or individual, but, writes Oakfield “our Government¹ is purely secular; and thus while there

¹ *Oakfield*, 1853 edition, Vol. II, p. 223.

can be no doubt of the very great relief which British rule has given to this country, though it is certain there is a growing desire to treat the natives well, to improve the country physically, to improve the courts of justice, and so on; and though I fully admit that there are great blessings (a great deal more than can be said for most Governments), yet I maintain that to a Government that has no higher ideal than all this, the words 'great' or 'noble' are misapplied. There is an utter want of nobleness in the Government of India; it still retains the marks of its commercial origin; we see every year in England the evils of a merely commercial spirit, developing themselves in selfishness, in coarseness, in cowardly shrinking from brave endurance; in England this is partly counteracted by other influences; but here it is counteracted by nothing but the good which undoubtedly is contained, together with the evil in itself. The good, as has been said a thousand times, is great; it consists in vigour, force, energy, a terrestrial justice, infinitely better than a lawless rapine and a politic benevolence; but the evil, though less talked about, is great also and no less certainly exists. The evil is a money-getting, earthly mind that dares to view a large portion of God's world, and many millions of God's creatures, as a more or less profitable investment, as a good return for money laid out upon them, as a providential asylum for younger sons." Such was the spirit of Anglo-India as a whole, such likewise were its individuals: vigour, strong sense, prompt and business-like dexterity: these things earned them a deserved distinction; they were good, honest, intelligent men of business; but can you run a country with only such for its guiding spirits? Is there any spirit of philo-

sophy, of poetry, of godliness, in the Anglo-Indian mind? These are the quaint questions which arose in the mind of the hero of Thomas Arnold's son as he wrote to his bosom friend. Perhaps his statements, like so many young men's, were sweeping and dogmatic, says the author, but what if they were? It was better than lukewarmness. There was plenty of physical courage; but the country languished for the lack of visionary enthusiasm.

A few months later Oakfield was sent home on medical furlough too. He reached his home too weak to regain his strength and died that winter. Wykham, who was engaged to his sister, married her on the next birthday of Oakfield after his death.

It is a depressing story. India is a land of lying natives because void of loyalty to a Government whose obtuseness they could not be expected to understand, a land administered by well-meaning and energetic officials too vulgar, too mundane to do it lasting good, a land with a foul exhausting climate and stations characterized by dusty hideousness. It shows India as the sick man sees it, as nearly all Englishmen settled in India have seen it at one time or another, a theme of gloom amounting to despair. So must an administration of expediency, where the people and their Government are out of sympathy, where indeed the Government regards the people not as human beings with the rights of human beings, but simply as the field of its own constricted efficiency, and the people regard the Government as an effective engine which, if neglected, may be dangerous, so must such a Government always appear to one brought up to seek to harmonize private and public life with an eternal order of lofty moral principle.

For such was William Arnold. The poet has sketched in haunting lines the charm of his young brother, and given a hint of a conception of India which he associated with his brother, though it is not expressed in *Oakfield*. William Arnold died at Gibraltar on his way home on sick leave, after losing his wife in India.

For there with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen
Thou sank'st alone.

For there, where morning's sacred fount
Its golden rain on earth confers,
The snowy Himalayan mount
O'ershadows hers.

Not by those hoary Indian hills
Not by this gracious midland sea,
Whose floor to-night sweet moonshine fills
Should our graves be.

Of thee I think, my brother! young
In heart, high soul'd.

That comely face, that cluster'd brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them still, I see them now,
Shall always see.

And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever shown, howe'er inspired
Is grace, is charm?

Henry Whitelock Torrens was a friend of Sir Elliott as well as of Parker, and wrote much the same things as they: but there is in his work a certain finish of satire which

raises him far above Parker and which still gives value to his work. His *Remarks on the Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History* was his principal work, but he also wrote essays, verses and travel sketches, ranging from *Rhodope and Mendnophis* and a translation of *Orlando Inamorato to Sport at the North Station in Bengal*. In all his work there is certain whimsical brilliance, the same evidence of literary accomplishment never quite reaching the standard of permanent achievement. His work was described by Richardson as "always smart, lively and ingenious". A rather vain and selfsatisfied person, paying too much attention to the flattery of his success in frivolous amusements, he was yet an industrious and useful worker. He was for many years Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society in Bengal. He was one of those who were in India at the time of Macaulay and Sir Charles Trevelyan, and probably received his impetus towards his literary or journalistic activity from the circle which grouped itself round them.

William Waterfield, a member of a well-known Anglo-Indian family, wrote the most popular volume of poetry that an Anglo-Indian has ever produced. Others have scored greater successes in humorous verse, Richardson has expressed more delicately the yearnings of melancholy memory, Jones produced a more scholarly presentation of what most inspired Waterfield, the myths of Hinduism, but he had not such a command over soft metre and could not make so intimate an appeal to the feelings. Waterfield printed his poetry in three divisions: Indian Ballads, Miscellaneous Ballads, and Album Verses. From the third category we will not expect more than was intended. The Miscellaneous Ballads range from a

Hymn of the Spartan Nations and a *Lament of the Thebans on the Death of Epaminondas* to a conventional ballad on the *Days of Old* with many humorous or satiric touches. But his Indian Ballads are the great body of his work, and they are better than anything in Southey.

The first stanza of the *Hymn to India* illustrates his art.

God of the varied bow'
God of the thousand eyes'
From all the winds that blow
Thy praises rise;
Forth through the world they go
Hymning to all below
Thee, whom the blest shall know
Lord of the skies.

What Good may come out of the India Bill (1854), by Francis Horsley Robinson, is an indictment of the British Government on two grounds: Proselytization to Christianity and Injustice owing chiefly to the *esprit de corps* of the Civil Service. A moderate illustrated story of British shortcomings well put together, it shows the danger of tyranny in having the country well under control, the co-operation of the natives being no longer necessary. It is a restatement of the contentions of Burke.

Henry D. Torrens, a member of the well-known family, did not write literature, but his story of his expedition from Simla to Leh and back again through Kashmir is the ground of literature. It takes us into that wonderful world of mountains and mountain passes and gorges which are behind Simla, into the vast scale of the mighty ranges where Nature displays undisturbed her wildest grandeur. This is not the least

mysterious or the least wonderful in the world of India. The book describes a thousand miles march over routes which are still very rarely trod: it takes us through Kulu and Sultanpur over the Rohtang Pass at 13,000 feet into the upland valley of Lahoul, where the torrens party leave the ways of India and wander among those of Tibet, where few but Moorcroft and Cunningham, Huc and Gabet had gone before them. Up in the barren valley, with the snow peaks vast above them, they came on the Moravian Mission. Up a drear valley they climbed the Bara Lacha at nearly 17,000 feet and so along the Yunam and the Lingti and over the Lung Lacha at 17,000 again, and the Lung Ling Pass higher still into Ladakh. They then descended the Indus valley and crossed the Zogi-La to Srinagar, returning to Simla by the novel route of Chamba and Kangra.

In this atmosphere of peaks and valleys and snow bridges and lakes and deodars and camping-grounds, there is a hint of that reserve of inspiration from nature which returned the interest of Wordsworth's contemporaries to India and which though largely passedover is the background of so much of India's wealth to the life of the imagination. Thought and feeling are steeped in those remote scenes of grandeur, in that rare air, in those high difficult tracks, as in a stream of living water running clear over rock and sand.

Burton began his life of romantic travel as a subaltern in one of the Company's regiments, and while still in it he began his literary career. He was given the most cosmopolitan education and escaped from Oxford where he was a member of Trinity and was meant to be a parson, to find his way into the Army. He soon devoted himself to a study

of the people and their language, and when in 1851 he returned to England after an absence of seven years, he published no less than four volumes. One is a vigorous narrative of a holiday spent between Bombay and Ootacamund; it is called *Goa and the Blue Mountains*. It exhibits at once Burton's personality as we know it in its later development, exuberant, adventurous, redolent of the fruits of curiosity, unconventional, strong and self-assured. In the same relaxed but vigorous mood he wrote *Scinde or the Unhappy Valley*. *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus* is however on the whole a more typical work, for in it he combines his expression of his personality with exacter study. It is more than mere gossip, as Burton's best work always is. It is a formal subject treated in a natural and vital way. It braces Burton to a splendid style; free and probably unconscious, it expresses him as a man who looks straight at life and sees it with its details clear. "The European official in India" writes Burton¹ "seldom if ever sees anything in its real light, so dense is the veil which the fearfulness, the duplicity, the prejudice and the superstitions of the natives hang before his eyes". Burton determined to be rid of these, so he dressed himself up as a Moslem from the Persian Gulf, which excused his accent and explained his unorthodox religion, and went about among them on equal terms. So as he himself writes² "With hair falling upon his shoulders, a long beard, face and hands, arms and feet, stained with a thin coat of henna, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire set out upon many and many a

¹ *Falconry on the Indus*, edition 1851, p. 99.

² *Falconry on the Indus*, p. 100.

trip. He was a Bazzaz, a vendor of fine linen, calicoes, and muslins,—such chapmen are sometimes admitted to display their wares even in the sacred harem by ‘fast’ and fashionable dames;—and he had a little pack of *bijouterie* and *virtu* reserved for emergencies. It was only, however, when absolutely necessary that he displayed his stock in trade; generally he contented himself with alluding to it on all possible occasions, boasting largely of his traffic, and asking a thousand questions concerning the state of the market. Thus he could walk into most men’s houses quite without ceremonies;—even if the master dreamed of kicking him out, the mistress was sure to oppose such measure with might and main. He secured numberless invitations, was proposed to by several papas, and won, or had to think he won, a few hearts; for he came as a rich man and he stayed with dignity, and he departed exacting all the honours. When wending his ways he usually urged a return visit in the morning, but he was seldom to be found at the caravanserai he specified—was Mirza Abdullah the Bushiri.”

Mr. Lane Poole writes in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of Burton’s most famous work, *The Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca*, that “its vivid descriptions, pungent style and intensely personal note distinguish it from books of its class; its insight into Semitic modes of thought and its pictures of Arab manners give it the value of an historical document; its grim humour, keen observation and reckless insobriety of opinion, expressed in uncouth, but vigorous language, make it one of the curiosities of literature”. There were yet other qualities which gave fame to his even greater work, his translation of the *Arabian Nights*, a sweeping vocabulary, an

amazing felicity of choice of words, an intimacy with Arab life, and not least an unparalleled boldness of pornographic atmosphere and detail. The qualities which gave fame to Burton's most famous work give literary value, though they never gave popularity, to his early works on India. Indeed the treatise on *Sindh* that he wrote for the Company is one of the least faulty of his works. It set out to be an account of the country and the people, with notices of the topography and history of the province. It is in fact the work of a gazetteer, and perhaps such work was never done better. The personality and the interests which Burton too freely expressed in other work colour and illumine this. It is literature because the whole study is instinct with life. And it takes us much further into India than that succession of ladies' journals which—beginning with *Hartley House* and continuing through the vigour of Maria Graham and the rhapsodies of "Mrs. Colonel Elwood" and the cattishness of Eliza Fay, culminate their light though high satiric tradition in the lively journals of Lady Maria Nugent and Lord Auckland's sister, Miss Emily Eden.

THE HISTORIANS.

In 1791 the Company' Court of Directors was orally examining for a commission a boy of Westerkirk in Eskdale who was not more than twelve years old. "Why, my little man" one of them asked him "what would *you* do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?"

"I would oot with my sword and cu't off his heid." This answer began the Indian career of Sir John Malcolm, the writer whose biography of Clive occasioned Macaulay's essay,

whose political judgments show so much acumen in his political history of India, and who finally returned from India Mountstuart Elphinstone's successor as Governor of Bombay. His father had failed in speculations and was thus forced to send his youngest son out so early into the world. "Noo, Jock, my mon, be sure when ye are awa'ye kaim your heid, and keep your face clean; if ye dunna ye'll just be sent hame agen," the boy's nurse had said as she started him for London. "Tut, woman" he had answered, "ye're aye se feared; Ye'll see if I fare away among strangers, I'll just do well enough." In a brilliant Indian career he made good his boast. In 1811 he published his political history, a year after in a political mission he had introduced potatoes into Persia. He then wrote a *History of Persia*, which, however, bears no reference to potatoes. After this he returned to England, Oxford gave him an honorary D. C. L. and George III a K. C. B. He became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott; he was already an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington. In 1816 he again sailed for India and when arrived conducted a campaign against the Pindaris and received further steps in honours and promotion. He returned to London in 1822 and made a considerably literary acquaintance, being intimate with Madame de Stael, Humboldt, Schlegel, Whewell, Sedgwick and Julius Hare. He wrote his *Sketches in Persia*, published in 1827, and his *Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the State of India*. From 1827 to 1830 he was Governor of Bombay, and ended his career in siding with Wellington against the Reform Bill. He died in 1833. Among his other works are *The Government of India* and *A Memoir of Central India*.

Except Clive and Hastings, no British administrator has displayed colossal energies successfully over so wide a field. As a soldier, as an administrator, as a political envoy, as a scholar and a writer, he was extraordinarily successful. The range of his friendships shows that he did not owe his fame alone to India. He was one of those few Anglo-Indians who never ceased to be at home in England. He lived on the largest, the most generous scale.

The fullness of his life expressed itself in his historical writing. Accurate by vigorous attention to first-hand information, it owes its value to Malcolm's grasp of life as a whole. Malcolm was an admirer of Burke, whom he described as "one of the wisest men and greatest orators that England ever boasted"; and he does not fail himself to attain both richness and elevation of style. Behind his history the intimate knowledge of the living man is ever present. His work is not only a history: it is a collection of brilliant essays by an informed, active and sympathetic mind.¹

Mountstuart Elphinstone arrived at Calcutta in 1796, when Sir John Shore was Governor General, and did not produce his famous history until after forty-five years further study of India. In that time he made an extensive survey of India and the people, and rose as Governor of Bombay to the head of an administration. Books and sport alike fascinated him. He prefaced his reading of Orme's *Indostan* and Tinne's *Memoirs* with Kabir and Hafiz, with Horace and

¹ The article on Malcolm by J. A. Hamilton in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is not, either in accuracy or in selection of matter, up to the standard of the *Dictionary*.

Anacreon. He was for 30 years continuously in India. After two years travel, mostly on the shores of the Mediterranean, he settled down in London, not however without some returns to Italy to write his history. His aim was not to displace the elaborate work of Mill, but to give a history, not too long to read, which should explain India from the present day point of view. India, as Elphinstone knew it intimately and thoroughly, comes up again in full and pregnant, but never picturesque description. He was a simple Scot, in no sense a lover of the purple. His work was for long the standard one, especially for those who studied.

Colonel Mark Wilks was one of the first British Historians to make researches among native documents for the history of India. But if we think of him as a mere researcher, we shall have very little idea either of the Colonel or his history. His life was passed in diplomatic missions of high importance, and it was he who was Governor of St. Helena when "General Bonaparte" arrived there, though before long he had to give way to Lowe. The most active and universal genius of the time respected Wilks' attainments. Napoleon and Wilks constantly conversed through the medium of an interpreter, and so stimulating was the historian that on one occasion "Bonaparte became animated to excess, and appeared almost a supernatural being."¹ The dethroned Emperor evidently appreciated his Governor,² who was then a tall and handsome man, with white hair and with manners as courtly and

¹ *Colonel Wilks and Napoleon*, p. 5, by Lilian Corbett. No reference in D. N. B.

² *ibid.*

impressive as his appearance. Together they discussed chemistry, education, economics, politics, and naturally not least, India.

Wilks had lived there for thirty years. It was one of the special gifts he enjoyed from fortune that he was intended first to be a clergyman, for he thus received a classical education which chastened and pointed his English style; he early attracted attention as an officer in the Company's service, and had almost always a staff or a political appointment. Indeed his whole career eminently fitted him for the delicate post at St. Helena which he was not allowed to retain. He was military secretary to two Governors and one Commander-in-Chief, and his last appointment in India was as Resident of Mysore. It was in this that he collected the materials for his famous book *Historical Sketches of the South of India in an attempt to trace the History of Mysore*. This was described by Sir James Mackintosh, the author of *Vindiciae Gallicae*, who lived some years in India, as "the first example of a book on Indian history founded on a critical examination of testimony and probability, and from which the absurdities of fable and etymology are banished." That is one sort of praise and it deserves it, but it might be added that the style is lively and direct, with the eighteenth century dignity in it. It is still in the Johnsonian tradition and is an excellent example of it. It is in every way an admirable work. It traced the history of Mysore from very early times, but the greater part of it is given up to the times of Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan, which he surveys as contemporary history with the graphic directness of an eye-witness. The best passage is the comparison of Hyder and Tippu with which he concludes

his work. In its vivid contrasts, its detailed exactness, its order and logic, its depth of insight and its sweeping comprehensiveness, it is a masterpiece among the historic characterizations of our language.

"All the provinces of Meywar were, for a considerable time after their connection with the British Government, under the administration of Captain Tod, whose name appears to be held in a degree of affection and respect by all the upper and middle classes of society highly honorable to him, and sufficient to rescue these poor people from the often repeated charge of ingratitude. Here and in our subsequent stages, we were continually asked by the Cutwals, &c., after "Tod Sahib"; whether his health was better since he returned to England, and whether there was any chance of their seeing him again? On being told that it was not likely, they all expressed much regret, saying that the country had never known quiet till he came among them, and that everybody, whether rich or poor, except thieves and Pindaris, loved him."¹ Such is the great Bishop's account of the author of *Rajast'han*.² Tod's long romantic book is the labour of his love, a record of the highest value. A passionate interest in the stories and the life of Rajputana raises his long researches to an almost poetic standard. Tod's *Rajast'han* is one of the most thorough of all histories dealing with India. Full and exact in detail, erudite, authoritative as it is, it yet reads more like a romance than the sober work of a scholar. Todd's studies were in fact so complete that they renew the whole

¹ Heber II, 456.

² Dedicated to George IV. Vol. I, 1829; Vol. II, 1832.

life of Rajputana.¹ The characters of his history are introduced as though the personal acquaintances of the writer, and there is no change in the vividness of description between those chiefs and princes of whom Todd writes as Political Agent and those whom he knows only as an historian. The book is still true of the Rajputs: their past is as real as the life of to-day, and, if it is true now, it was even more conspicuously true a hundred years ago, when the influence of the West had hardly touched them. Todd was content to live among them almost as one of themselves, to adopt the same traditions, to cultivate the same enthusiasms, and gradually by personal inquiry, by the study of local records and the reading of comparative history, to attain to a perfect acquaintance with the whole field of his work. So thorough an intimacy with the Indian world was hardly favoured in those days—(Todd himself says "Englishmen in the East, as everywhere, undervalue everything not national. They have been accustomed to conquest, not reverses, though it is only by studying the character of those around them that the latter can be awaited.")—not the least fascinating part of his volumes is the personal narrative in which he describes his travels through Rajputana.²

He begins the *Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han* with an abstruse genealogy of the Rajput tribes and a short geographical sketch of the country they inhabit. And he completes each of the two portions of his work with an elaborate and suggestive analogy between the life of the

¹ Introduction. Page XIX: "The moral effect of history depends on the sympathy it excites."

² Heber I, 157.

Rajputs and that of the Scythians and the tribes of Scandinavia: likewise the affinity between the mythology of India, Greece and Egypt. Memorizing all the remarkable scenes of his travels, he begins his history by writing out a thesis which had long appealed to him: the resemblance between the martial system of Rajput society and the Feudal system of Europe as described in Hallam's *History of the Middle Ages*. That he could develop two such theses as these in the paucity of conclusions and even of investigations of 100 years ago, proves the evidence of his learning as well as the sweep of his originality. It is indeed greatly owing to the breadth of his reading that his book makes such attractive reading. Familiar not only with Herodotus and indeed the classics in general of India, Greece and Rome, but with Montesquieu, Hume, Johnson, Millar and Gibbon, he loved also French and English poetry, and his mind rings with the lines of Racine and Byron, Shakespeare and the Bible, and perhaps most of all of Milton.

As to style, he has a certain formality, for Tod's imagination was so active that he never disregarded literary effect, and his narrative moves with the glittering state of an Indian procession, perhaps nowhere more impressive than in his account of the immolation of Kishna Komari Bae, "the lovely object the rivalry for whose hand assembled under the banner of her suitors Niggut Sing of Jeipoor and Raja Maun of Marwar, not only all the native chivalry but all the predatory powers of India; and who like Helen of old involved in destruction her own and rival houses. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed "the

Flower of Rajast'han." When the Roman father pierced the bosom of the dishonoured Virginia, appeased virtue applauded the deed. When Iphigenia was led to the sacrificial altar, the salvation of her country yielded a noble consolation. The votive victim of Jephtha's success had the triumph of her father's fame to sustain her imagination, and in the meekness of her sufferings we have the best parallel to the sacrifice of the lovely Kishna."

Mewar (Marwar, or Merwara, now more generally known as Udaipur), Bikaner, Jaisalmer, Amber (the ancient capital of what is now Jaipur), Bundi and Kotah each in turn occupy Todd as a chronicler, but his history of Mewar was much fuller than the others. He intended it as a general example of the Rajput states, and developed accordingly each matter that attracted his attention, and adds to the annals six chapters on the Festivals and Customs of Mewar.¹

James Grant Duff, author of the *History of the Mahrattas*, was a friend of Eldred Pottinger and a protégé of Mount-stuart Elphinstone, who describes him as "a man of much ability, and what is more much good sense", and who entrusted him with the administration of Satara. There, among the Mahrattas, he diligently collected from state papers, and by access to temple and family archives, and by personal acquaintance with the chiefs, the materials for his History, which came out in 1828. Grant Duff spared neither labour nor expense in amassing his materials. Much of his book was written in India and corrected by the best authorities available. Manuscripts as large as his whole work were

¹ For his friendship with his cousin Waugh and the latter's death see II, p. 618.

translated expressly for it. But thorough, painstaking, accurate as the work was, and on a romantic subject, its style never grips the reader's mind. His treatment does not turn his subject into literature, as that of Tod and Cunningham: he speaks of this with characteristic directness: "I am very sensible," he says in his preface, "that I appear before the public under great disadvantages, as, indeed, every-one must do, who having quitted school at sixteen, has been constantly occupied nearly nine—tenths of the next twenty-one years of his life in the most active duties of the civil or military services of India; for, however well such a life may fit us for acquiring some kinds of information, it is in other respects ill calculated for preparing us for the task of historians"; yet some one, he argued, must make a beginning. And in any case with such intricate and confused materials the most skilful writer must have been embarrassed.

A writer so brilliant in his style that he falls not far behind Burke and Macaulay is Sir John Kaye. He deserves to rank among the great historians of the last century: but instead he is almost forgotten. His name never flowered in the garden of literary fame, because his productions were those which literary men never cultivated: he wrote only of India.

Kaye, who had been at Eton and Addiscombe, first went out to India in 1836 at the age of 18, as a cadet in the Bengal Artillery. After nine years in the Army, he devoted himself to literature, and in 1844 started the *Calcutta Review*, which still survives. A year later he returned to England to devote himself to writing episodes in the history of British administration, which, though he succeeded

John Stuart Mill in 1858 as Secretary of the Political and Secret Department of the India Office, he continued till within a few years of his death in 1875.

Besides constant contributions to the *Calcutta Review* and other periodicals, he published *A History of the War in Afghanistan*, a history of the *Administration of the East India Company*, a *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, a *Life of Tucker*, a *Life of Sir John Malcolm*, and edited Buckle's *Memoirs of the Bengal Artillery*, Tucker's *Memorials of Indian Government*, and the *Autobiography of Cornelia Knight*, but his best work is in his *Christianity in India* and his *History of the Sepoy War*, as he called the Mutiny. It came out in three volumes between 1864 and 1876.

Kaye was a well read man, especially in the Bible, and the elevating influence of his reading is one of the secrets of the distinction of his own style. He understood also the effective management of contrasts. He arranged and balanced his facts till they made not only an accurate, but a graphic story. Undoubtedly he had carefully studied his Macaulay; but his are mellowed and less obvious effects. He had learnt the nameless secret of writing literature, not by mere imitation, but by thinking with that rarity of vigour which raises every impress of the writer's mind above commonplace effects. In the intimacy of his character sketches, in the picturesqueness of the scenes he describes, in the nobility and profundity of his personal reflections, Kaye is still worthy the thoughtful attention of all Englishmen who take an interest in India. There is much that is suggestive in the following passage on the Bengal sepoy.¹

¹ Ch. V. p. 326.

“It was not to be said that the Sepoy was a ruffian because he had done some ruffianly deeds.

He was, indeed, altogether a paradox. He was made up of inconsistencies and contradictions. In his character, qualities so adverse as to be irreconcilable with each other, met together and embraced. He was simple and yet designing; credulous and easily deceived by others, and yet obstinately tenacious of his own in-bred convictions; now docile as a child, and now hard and immovable in the stubbornness of his manhood. Abstemious and yet self-indulgent, calm and yet impetuous, gentle and yet cruel; he was indolent even to languor in his daily life, and yet capable of being roused to acts of the most desperate energy. Sometimes sportive and sometimes sullen, he was easily elevated and easily depressed; but he was for the most part of a cheerful nature, and if you came suddenly upon him in the Lines, you were more likely to see him with a broad grin upon his face than with any expression of moroseness or discontent. But, high-hearted as was his general temperament, he would sometimes brood over imaginary wrongs, and when a delusion once entered his soul, it clung to it with the subtle malevolence of an ineradicable poison.

And this, as we now understand the matter, was the most dangerous feature of his character. For his gentler, more genial qualities sparkled upon the surface and were more generally appreciated, whilst all the harsher and more forbidding traits lay dark and disguised, and were not discernible in our ordinary intercourse with him. There was outwardly indeed very much to rivet the confidence of the European officer and very little to disturb it. It is true

that if we reasoned about that, it did not seem altogether reasonable to expect from the sepoy any strong affection for the alien officer who had usurped all the high places in the Army and who kept him down in the dead level of the dust. But Englishmen never reason about their position in the midst of a community of strangers; they take their popularity for granted and look for homage as a thing of course. And that homage was yielded to the British officer, not for his own sake, for the sepoy hated his colour and his creed, his unclean ways and his domineering manners; but because he was an embodiment of success. It was one of the many inconsistencies of which I have spoken, that though boastful and vainglorious beyond all example, the native soldier of India inwardly acknowledged that he owed to the English officer the aliment which fed his passion for glory and sustained his military pride. This, indeed, was the link which bound class to class, and resisted the dissolving power of many adverse influences. It was this that moved the sepoy to light up the tomb of his old commanding officer; it was this that moved the veteran to salute the picture of the general under whom he had fought. But there was a show also of other and gentler feelings, and there were instances of strong personal attachment, of unsurpassed fidelity and devotion manifested in acts of charity and love. You might see the Sepoy of many fights, watchful and tender as a woman, beside the sick bed of the English officer, or playing with the pale faced children beneath the verandah of his Captain's bungalow. There was not an English gentlewoman in the country who did not feel measureless security in the thought that a guard of sepoys watched her house, or who would

not have travelled, under such an escort, across the whole length and breadth of the land. What was lurking beneath the fair surface we knew not."

Here then is an example of Kaye's art, for the true historian is an artist. Here is one of the passages which even in a literary history we read with interest. It is only one coin of a great treasury.

Kaye's work was later completed by Colonel Malleeson, who retired in 1872 after being guardian to the young Maharajah of Mysore. Before his retirement he had shown considerable literary ability in his *History of the French in India*, though later researches have altered its value as history. His first work to attract attention was the *Red Pamphlet* or *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army*, which accused Lord Dalhousie and his policy for being responsible for the Mutiny. Malleeson wrote well; he is always interesting; but he was not sufficiently close to original documents, nor sufficiently free from bias, to make an historian sufficiently authoritative for the standards of the present day.

Sir Herbert Edwardes, who came late in the century into a more direct relation to English Literature through the admiration of Ruskin, who in *A Knight's Faith* worked up a considerable part of Edwardes' own work originally published in 1851 as *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, is one of those great figures which under Dalhousie and Canning shine so bright in romance in this period of the history of British India; Havelock and John Nicholson, John and Henry Lawrence, even if we are to ignore Kavanagh, Skinner and Hodson, are a galaxy of heroes. The *Year* is just a plain story of a man who believed in himself and his work and was full

of energy. It is not likely to find many readers nowadays; Edwardes' connection with Anglo-Indian literature was earlier than this. "Herbert Edwards (sic) made his mark" says an old copy of the *Calcutta Review* "as a (sic) of the *Brahmince Bull Letters* in the *Delhi Gazette*."¹ Edwardes, who was born in 1819, wrote these papers in his early twenties, soon after his arrival in India. Their bold political opinions and clear high-spirited style attracted the attention of Henry Lawrence, then Resident in Nepal, and of Sir Hugh Gough, who made Edwardes his A. D. C. In this post he was present at the Battle of Sobraon so vividly described by W. D. Arnold in his autobiographical novel. And the two young men could hardly have failed to have noticed each other. Indeed when we consider the character not only of Edwardes but of Outram and Havelock, of Nicholson and the Lawrences, and of their contemporary Kaye, all bear so markedly the impress of their religion that it seems most curious that Arnold should have given such an unrelieved picture of British viciousness. It is a more distant exhibition of the struggle which Wesley and then Simeon, and then Newman, Keble and Pusey waged not unsuccessfully against the vile habits and thoughts which we must admit had become so general in England by the ending of the 18th century, among the people who did not leave their direct impress upon literature or history.

The great systematic *History of British India* is that of James Mill. This laborious work was written, as is well-known, by the son of a Forfarshire shoemaker, who

having scraped together an education and become the father of a large family, looked out to find some means by which he might attract enough attention to provide for them. It is therefore the successful project of an ambitious but dour man, who lengthened the three years he had contemplated to ten rather than sacrifice thoroughness in the accomplishment of an enormous task. Mill was radical and had no prejudices in favour of the Company. Macaulay said that his lack of sympathy with Clive marred a valuable work. But he did not fail to attract the attention of the Company. He was immediately given a post at £ 800 a year which in the course of years rose to £ 2000. But work done in this way, however thorough, must have some deficiencies. Macaulay said that "Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement"; it might be added in these days that it is not short enough to recommend itself to those who read for examinations and not sympathetic enough for real students of India. It lacks the different qualities which recommend the work of Orme or of Wilks or of Tod or of Grant Duff or of Cunningham. And for all its thoroughness, and its clear style, and its comprehensiveness, it is less and less likely ever to be removed from the library shelf. It was a masterpiece of industry, appreciated by an age which was more leisured and more industrious than this: but it has none of the appeal of great literature. The writing of history has changed: we live in days provided for by the photographic nicety of Mr. Henry Dodwell on the one side and the exquisite flippancy of Mr. Lytton Strachey on the other. There is alas no exquisite

flippancy in Mill. He has another object; to be vigorous, straightforward and conscientious. "My whole life". he himself wrote in his introduction "I may without scruple pronounce a laborious one." And he prefixed to his *History* a quotation from the *Advancement of Learning*: *Hoc autem, presse et distincte excutiamus, sermone quodam activo et masculo, nusquam digrediendo, nil amplificando.*

He had had two courses before him which make an easy way to reputation: one was to champion a particular and powerful party, whose applause would carry the general opinion with it: the other to be milk and water: either to bring forward a train of sentimental commonplaces, or by a proper command of plausible language, and by keeping to vague and general phrases, so to compromise between conflicting views as to gain the applause of both. These courses did not recommend themselves to the grim, toiling, patient Benthamite. He tried to be impartial, but to be exact. "I believe there is no point" he wrote "of great importance in the *History of India* which the evidence I have adduced is not sufficient to determine." Even that was too much to claim. But the work has "great and rare merit" all the same. His work was afterwards carried on in a new edition by Professor Wilson.

Nowhere in the literature of Anglo-India is a higher level attained than in Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs*. Cunningham, who was an officer in the Army, was appointed assistant to Colonel Wade, the political agent at Lodhiana in the Punjab in 1837 when Macaulay was still in India, and thus lived among the Sikh people for eight important years of their final transactions with the British Government, and

in the succeeding four years which he completed at Bhopal he realized the project of writing their history from the beginning to that time. It was in itself a striking story. At the time when the ferment of Europe was remoulding northern minds along the novel lines of the Reformation, Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, initiated his movement of virile reform among the Hindus and Moslems of the Punjab. It combined a lofty appreciation of the Supreme Being as the One and the Eternal, with the inculcation of a noble moral system for those who would rely on the dispensation of Divine Grace. This system was systematically developed by the successive Gurus, culminating in the work of the tenth Guru, Govind Singh, who was killed in 1708 on the banks of the Godavari river. On Nanak's broad basis of religious and moral purity, his various successors had gradually developed a religion wider than any quietist or ascetic system—a religion which had a written rule of conduct and a civil organization, a military system and a distinct political existence. This virile and carefully organized body gradually rose in power as the Mogul Empire declined, until at the beginning of the 19th century the famous Ranjit Singh, after a movement towards alliance with the English, attained a powerful and extended empire.

In the later years of Ranjit Singh a woman rose to one of those positions of power which the Indian system of female constraint encourages rather than diminishes. This was his mother-in-law Bibi Chandra Kaur. There was no ambition and no intrigue which was beyond the capacities of this extraordinary woman. She so arranged matters that no one knew whether the heirs were the sons of Ranjit

Singh or whether they were not imported into the palace from the hovel of a carpenter. For twenty years after the Rajah's death, the struggles continued and at the end of that time commenced the war with the British which led to the final subjugation of the Sikh power, a war in which Cunningham himself took part and his account of which is the soldier's own contribution to England's epic prose.

He was a brilliant historian. To an attentive study of original documents, to the skilled observation of a traveller, to the personal impression of the eyewitness, and to an intimate direct knowledge of the Sikh people, he added wide reading and a gift of style borrowed perhaps from Macaulay and at its best not unequal to Macaulay's best. The same skilful use of names, of contrasts, of historic instances, enables him to rise to a more conventional but not a less majestic eloquence. There is the ampler ring of earlier and more stately ages of prose in his sentences. "Govind" he writes, "was killed in 1708 at Nudech on the banks of the Godavary. He was in his forty-eighth year, and if it be thought by any that his obscure end belied the promise of his whole life, it should be remembered that

The hand of man
Is but a tardy servant of the brain,
And follows, with its leaden diligence,
The fiery steps of fancy;

that when Mahomet was a fugitive from Mecca, the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world; and that the Achilles of poetry, the reflection of truth, left Troy untaken. The lord of the myrmidons, destined to a short life and immortal glory, met with an end almost as

base as that which he dreaded when struggling with Simois and Scamander; and the heroic Richard, of eastern and western fame, whose whole soul was bent upon the deliverance of Jerusalem, veiled his face in shame and sorrow that God's holy city should be left in the possession of infidels: he would not behold that which he could not redeem, and he descended from the Mount to retire to captivity and a premature grave. Success is thus not always the measure of greatness."

This is an example of Cunningham's more formal historic style, modelled on the 18th century. Gibbon, whom he quotes in it, was doubtless in Cunningham's mind when he wrote it. He went back past Macaulay to Macaulay's own models, Gibbon and Johnson, who had given their stamp to Charles Grant. He rises to a sublime effect in his solemn picture of the battle of Sobraon, elevating and elaborating his impressions to a passage of Milton's vague grandeur: "The English batteries opened at sunrise, and for upwards of three hours an incessant play of artillery was kept up upon the general mass of the enemy. The round shot exploded tumbrels, or dashed heaps of sand into the air; the hollow shells cast their fatal contents fully before them, and the devilish rockets sprang aloft with fury to fall hissing amid a flood of men; but all was in vain, the Sikhs stood unappalled and "flash for flash returned and fire for fire." The field was resplendent with embattled warriors, one moment buried in volumes of sulphurous smoke, and another brightly apparent amid the splendour of burning brass and the piercing rays of polished steel. The roar and loud reverberation of the ponderous ordnance added to the impressive interest of the

scene, and fell gratefully upon the ear of the intent and enduring soldier. And then it dawned upon the army that no cannonade can win a battle, and that the decision would depend upon the close movement of the infantry. These charged over the Sikh rampart and captured the cannon.

"The Sikhs however still fought with courage and resolution, and at a furlong's distance rallied and returned to the charge. The battle raged back and forwards, but gradually the Sikh entrenchments were overcome and only single batteries held out. Along the stronger half of the battlements, and for the period of half-an-hour, the conflict raged sublime in all its terrors. The parapets were sprinkled with blood from end to end, the trenches were filled with the dead and dying. Amid the deafening roar of cannon, and the multitudinous fire of musketry, the shouts of triumph or scorn were yet heard, and the flashing of innumerable swords was yet visible; or from time to time exploding magazines of powder threw bursting shells and beams of wood and banks of earth high above the agitated sea of smoke and flame, which enveloped the host of combatants, and for a moment arrested the attention amid all the din and tumult of the tremendous conflict. But gradually each defensible position was captured, and the enemy was pressed towards the scarcely fordable river; yet although assailed on either side by squadrons of horse and battalions of foot, no Sikh offered to submit, and no disciple of Govind asked for quarter."

Not less impressive is the passage which expresses Cunningham's final elucidation of Britain's role in India: it was no flight of patriotic rhetoric. Cunningham's view though enthusiastic was acutely critical. Britain is a power which

in its discipline and its unity, in its vastness and intelligence, transcends the ancient dynasties of the orient and "emulates the magnificent prototype of Rome". But when all is said it is but superficial; it is not founded on the gratitude or predilection of the people: and poor is that dominion which does not benefit the faith and minds of its subjects from generation to generation. It is a fallacy, thought Cunningham, to pretend that Britain has won the heart of India; the Indians acquiesce in, but they chafe at, her rule. Her task is still to seize upon "the essential principles of that element which disturbs her multitudes of Indian subjects and imbue the mental agitation with new qualities of beneficent fertility", which may give an impulse and a direction to a freer and sincerer government, to a life of light and truth.

Whether these sentiments were more than British Government could be expected to tolerate, whether Cunningham's revelations of the British intrigues with the Sikh leaders were considered too damaging, the immediate result of the publication of his book was that he was arbitrarily removed from his appointment at Bhopal, and sent back to regimental duty on about a quarter of his pay. His family connections (for he was the son of Allan Cunningham and a brother became a general), his brilliant youth, his unimpaired successes availed him nothing. He published no complaint, but for him life had lost its sweetness, and a year or two later, though hardly over forty, he died. When this was the fate of one of Britain's great soldier historians, it suggests that the changes which resulted from the Mutiny were worth some cost to bring about.

Sir William Innis brought out a life of Mahomet in the year of the Mutiny. It is a well-written and scholarly work, carrying on the tradition which in the time of Warren Hastings established a bond of learning between Europe and India. This work, however, was a link with the missionaries through the famous Dr. Pfander, at whose suggestion it was written. Innis has a vivid historic style and made real the holy places of Arabia, the dramatic personality of the Prophet and the History of Islam to the year of the Hegira in a way that they had never been before. The book was studied by Burton and guided him in his secret pilgrimage to El Medina and Mecca. In spite of its Christian bias, it was the first great study of the life of Mahomet since those of Gagnier and Sale. It explains Islam in the terms of Christianity and states the case against Mahomet as it proceeds. It is still a standard work. It was not completed until 1861. In later years Innis further developed his study of Islam.

Horace Hayman Wilson, the successor of Halhed, Jones, Wilkins and Colebrooke as an orientalist, began his career at Calcutta in 1808 under John Leyden. His inspiration came from "the example and inspiration of Sir William Jones" and he dedicated his first leisure in India to the study of Sanskrit. After his return from India, he became in 1832 Boden Professor of Sanskrit in Oxford, and afterwards succeeded Wilkins as Librarian to the Company. His great work, published in 1826 and 1827, was the *Theatre of the Hindus*. This work, which gave specimens of the Indian drama, was made very near to Wilson by his own keenness as an actor, and it is more than a coincidence that his wife was a granddaughter of Mrs Siddons. In later life he published lectures

on the *Religious and Philosophical Systems of the Hindus*, and edited and continued Mill's *British India*, and his collection still forms a very important part of the Sanskrit MSS in the Bodleian.

Sir Henry Miers Elliot, who had been a scholar of Winchester and who was taken into the East India Company's service as the first of the competition-wallahs to pass an open examination for an immediate post, collected material for two magnificent works which were published by competent scholars after his early death. His *History of India as told by its own Historians*, a magnificent work, carries out the idea suggested by Raymond's *Seir-ul-Mutaqherin* and Brigg's *Ferishta*, and establishes a sure foundation for the history of the Mohammedan period. His other great research work was *Memoirs of the History, Folklore, and Distribution of the Races of the North West Provinces*, published in two volumes in 1869. What was the effect of these studies on the minds of Englishmen and English writers?

THE MUTINY IN ENGLAND—RUSKIN AND TENNYSON.

The last example of a great prose writer on whom pre-Suez India left its impress is that of Ruskin. He with Thackeray represents the change which had come over England's conception current in *Mandeville* and *King Alysaunder*. Thackeray saw India mirrored in the Anglo-Indian. Ruskin apprehended her imaginative and creative genius by a comparison of the spirit of her art and architecture with that of Europe. Though she was no longer the dim colossal portent, India was still alien and sinister to Ruskin. "How

can two walk together except they be agreed?" Some vast difference in their essential nature still maintains separation, in spite of the points of mutual influence and service which the two countries with strange frequency unite.

Ruskin's view of India was overshadowed by the Mutiny. The dark terrifying spectre of ferocity haunted all his interpretations of the Hindu genius, and he ignores the Moslem when he speaks of India; after all the spirit of Mahomet invaded the country from where, far across the mountains, another people lived among the rocks and deserts of Arabia. Ruskin never appreciated that there was a real difference in the religions, however. In his old age, when he gave the preliminary lectures on Sir Herbert Edwardes which he afterwards worked into "*A Knight's Faith*", he actually insisted that the differences between Moslem, Hindu and Sikh in religion were *unintelligible*. The mountains of Solomon were the impassable barrier between East and West he said, in one of his more obstinately stupid flights of fancy, and what was east of them was Hindu.

He speaks in *Aratra Pentelici*¹ of Indian Architecture like Chinese design, arising out of a state of vile terror destitute of thought, out of an ignoble conception of a presence where no presence was, in a word out of idolatry. Later in the same essay² he refers to a sculpture of an Indian bull which, as he mentions in *Val d'Arno* is seen in Delhi, "colossal and elaborately carved, which you may take as a sufficient type of the bad art of all the earth. False

¹ p. 44.

² *Aratra Pentelici* p. 203. Library Edition.

in form, dead in heart, and loaded with wealth, externally. We will not ask the date of this; it may rest in the eternal obscurity of evil art, everywhere and for ever." They did not know, he said, the right thing to idolize. Therefore was their art non-progressive and "in great part diseased and frightful, being wrought under the influence of foolish terror, or foolish admiration."¹ The Indians were "childish, or restricted in intellect, and similarly childish or restricted in their philosophies or faiths."²

The difference between Christian and Hindu art told always in Ruskin's mind to the inferiority of the Indian. "John of Pisa" he writes in another of his comparisons of sculpture in *Aratra Pentelici* "undercuts fiercely, in order to bring out the vigour of life which no level contour could render; the Lombardi of Venice undercut delicately in order to obtain beautiful lines and edges of faultless precision, but the base Indian craftsmen undercut only that people may wonder how the chiselling was done through holes, or that they may see every monster white against black."³

It was not that Ruskin was incapable of appreciation of India's artistic beauty. Though he seems to have been ignorant of her noble traditions of form in pottery and other applied arts, when simplicity and perfection of contour are the most evident, and indeed often the only, characteristic. But looking round the Museum at South Kensington, as he writes in *The Two Paths*⁴, he saw no models, and remem-

¹ *Aratra Pentelici* p. 339.

² *Lectures in Art* p. 158.

³ *Aratra Pentelici* p. 174.

⁴ *The Two Paths* p. 108.

bered none in England, more admirable for the teaching of design than the decorated works of India. "They are indeed" he continues, "in all materials capable of colour—wool, marble, or metal—almost inimitable in their delicate appreciation of divided hue, and fine arrangement of fantastic line. Nor is this power of theirs exerted by the people rarely, or without enjoyment; the love of subtle design seems universal in the race, and is developed in every implement that they shape, and every building, that they raise; it attaches itself with the same intensity, and with the same success, to the service of superstition, of pleasure, or of cruelty; and enriches alike with one profusion of enchanted iridescence, the dome of the pagoda, the fringe of the girdle and the edge of the sword."

The contrast between the spirit of Indian religion and the steadfast loyalty of Scotsmen to their native heath was Ruskin's clue to his comparison of the craft of the two countries. Scotland's art was in her chequered tartans, and those he saw of them arranged as covers and curtains at Balmoral he would not always have rated high. Did the rude tartan, however, or the exquisitely fancied involutions of the Cashmere shawl close over the nobler hearts? To Ruskin the Mutiny gave a terrible answer. And in words which many among us would prefer to forget, but which the historian will not omit from his exact and balanced survey, he branded on the Indian his horror of revolting savagery. "Since the race of man began its course on this earth" he wrote¹ "nothing has ever been done by it so significative of all bestial, and lower than bestial, degradation, as the acts

of the Indian race in the year that has just passed by. Cruelty as fierce may indeed have been wreaked, and brutality as abominable been practised before, but never under like circumstance: rage of prolonged war, and resentment of prolonged oppression, have made men as cruel before now; and gradual decline into barbarism, where no examples of decency or civilization existed around them, has sunk, before now, isolated populations to the lowest level of possible humanity. But cruelty stretched to its fiercest against the gentle and unoffending, and corruption festering to its loathsome in the midst of the witnessing presence of a disciplined civilization, — these we could not have known to be within the practical compass of human guilt, but for the acts of the Indian mutineer." The horrors of the Mutiny and the moral dangers of aestheticism were confused in Ruskin's mind, and his impression of India was poisoned by attempting to swallow them together: Out of her ivory palaces, he writes, "come cruelty and treachery, cowardice, idolatry and bestiality; come all that is fruitful in the work of Hell."

What is the reason that an author so congenial to the Indian mind as the author of *Sesame and Lilies* comes to so violent a conclusion about a country which Burke, with moral ideals not less Christian or less impassioned, found such frequent occasion to admire? The first reason is Ruskin's Puritanism with its resultant obstinacy of spiritual pride and moral denunciation when prejudice was once, as against Hinduism it had long been, aroused. A second was his sentimentality which he was frequently prepared to take for intellectual acumen. A third was his doctrine that art for

art's sake is *always* bad, and *no* art is good unless from an inspiration of moral virtue, even though it has the inspiration of a love of light or beauty, or of any other noble impulse. And still another was his ignorance of India. Besides, one must not ignore the fact that much Indian art (and the bull of Delhi which Ruskin discussed as we have seen in *Aratra Pentelici* is a terrible but not a rare example) is bad.

And Ruskin makes one very subtle observation. "It is quite true" he says¹ "that the art of India is delicate and refined. But it has one curious character distinguishing it from all other art of equal merit—it *never represents a natural fact*. It either forms its compositions out of meaningless fragments of colour and flowings of line; or, if it represents any living creature, it represents that creature under some distorted and monstrous form. To all the facts and forms of nature it wilfully and resolutely opposes itself: it will not draw a man, but an eight armed monster; it will not draw a flower, but only a spiral or a zig-zag.

"It thus indicates that the people who practise it are cut off from all possible sources of healthy knowledge; that they have wilfully sealed up and put aside the entire volume of the world, and have got nothing to read, nothing to dwell upon, but that imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which we are told that "it is only evil continually". Over the whole spectacle of creation they have thrown a veil in which there is no rent. For them no star peeps through the blanket of the dark—for them neither their heaven shines, nor their mountains rise—for them the flowers do not blossom—

¹ *The Two Paths* pp. 10. 11.

for them the creatures of field and forest do not live. They lie bound in the dungeon of their own conception, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy."

Before the powerful sentences have closed, India has faded from his mind, it has itself become a doleful phantom, while he moves once again among the stately cadences of the Authorised Version and the literary splendours of the Prophets. The ornamentation of the Indians, he is telling us, is but the ignorant play of their own "heartless fancy". It was a sort of jugglery of perfect, because untiring skill, as when the Indians in shawls and carpets use the minutest atoms of colour to graduate other colours, and confuse the eye. Such, he said, is the first secret in their gift of splendour; associated however, as he justly adds, with so many other artifices which are quite instinctive and unteachable: for their instinct was hampered by no rules: it was pure and true, being so subtle that the least warping or compression broke and blunted it.

But unsympathetic as Ruskin was, like most of his Victorian contemporaries, to the Indian genius, he indulged in no patriotic sentimentality about the English there. It was the result of our "invasion" as he terms it, an invasion where the invaders never became permanent inhabitants as the English had of Britain and later of America, that the inhabitants of India wore Paisley instead of Kashmir shawls. To give India a regular and just government had been Sir Herbert Edwardes' idea of holding India, Ruskin thought; it had been his work for the security of Empire. But there was another hidden basic motive in most Englishmen's view of India, a silent calculation of what they could get out of

it. It was that splendid maintenance of a British official class which failed totally to justify and therefore impetrated the British occupation. "Every mutiny, every danger, every terror, and every crime occurring under, or paralysing our Indian legislation, arises directly out of our material desire to live on the loot of India, and the notion always entertained by English young gentlemen and ladies of good position, falling in love with each other without immediate prospect of an establishment in Belgrave Square, that they can find in India, instantly on landing, a bungalow ready furnished with the loveliest fans, china and shawls—ices and sherbet at command,—four and twenty slaves succeeding each other hourly to swing the punkah, and a regiment with a beautiful band to keep order outside, all round the house."

This is an echo in English literature of *Oakfield* and Francis Horsley Robinson.

Tennyson has a score of references to India in his poems, India, the Queen's Empire, the scene of Mahratta warfare and other exploits of English soldiers, the nourisher of sultry palms, and still the romantic distant orient where still-eyed snakes are charmed, and where in ancient days Cama had sat enthroned. These various traditions, meeting with more exact contemporary knowledge, are summed up in two of the poems Tennyson wrote before men sailed past Suez: in the *Defence of Lucknow* and *Milton*. In *Milton* he sums up the immemorial tradition in a vague but luminous picture:

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
 And bloom profuse, and cedar arches
 Charm as a wanderer out in ocean,

Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Stream o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle
 And crimson hued the stately palm woods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

The *Defence of Lucknow* is a brilliant poetic paraphrase of a journal of the siege, and as a ballad which celebrated and will always commemorate the story of British endurance it must be quoted in full: it is the great pibroch of Britain's heroism in her Indian Empire,—of a continued noble impulse to high daring and high endurance.

I

Banner of England, not for a season, ()
 banner of England hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to
 the battle cry!
 Never with mightier glory than when we
 had rear'd thee on high.
 Flying at the tops of the roofs in the ghastly
 siege of Lucknow. —
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but
 ever we raised thee anew,
 An ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the
 hold that we held with our lives—
 Women and children among us, God help
 them, our children and wives!
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days
 or for twenty at most.
 “Never surrender, I charge you, but
 every man die at his post!”

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our
 Lawrence the best of the brave:
 Cold were his brows when we kissed
 him—we laid him that night in his grave.
 "Every man die at his post!" and there
 hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death
 from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death
 at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket, and
 death while we stoopt to the spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the
 wounded, for often there fell,
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro'
 it, their shot and their shell,
 Death—for their spies were among us, their
 marksmen were told of our best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the
 brain that could think for the rest:
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and
 bullets would rain at our feet—
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the
 rebels that girdled us round—
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from
 over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of a mosque and
 the palace, and death in the ground!
 Mine? yes a mine! Countermines! down,
 down! and creep thro' the hole!
 Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear
 him—the murderous mole! .
 Quiet, ah, quiet — wait till the point of
 the pickaxe be thro'!
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and
 nearer again than before—

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the
dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground
thunderclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like
so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on
volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out
yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the
Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as
ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
daily drowned by the tide —
So many thousands that if they be bold
enough who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their
masses are grapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like
the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the hand-
ful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were
English in heart and limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to
command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garri-
son hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we
were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only
a whisper that passed:
“Children and wives—if the tigers leap
into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe
may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love,
than to fall into theirs!”
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines
by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and
our poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure
that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed
are your flank fusilades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the
ladders to which they clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter
we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost our
banner of England blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another
wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or
twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there
from the light of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying
out: "Follow me, follow me!" —
Mark him—he falls! then another, and
him too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who
can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an em-
brasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is
charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the
dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought, with the bravest among us, and
drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost our
banner of England blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not
what we do. We can fight!
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel
all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies,
their lying alarms,

Bugles and drums in the darkness, and
 shoutings and soundings to arms.
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be
 done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should
 be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death
 from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse
 to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of hell, or a deluge
 of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite
 torment of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
 over an English field
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound
 that *would* not be heel'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful
 pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never
 could save us a life.
 Valour of delicate women who tended the
 hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the
 dying and dead,
 Grief of our perishing children, and
 never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering
 hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled and beaten, or butcher'd
 for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming
 down on the still-shatter'd walls

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands
of cannon-balls —
But ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what
was told by the scout,
Outram and Havelock breaking their way
through the fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing
again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubi-
lant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer
with conquering cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo then women
and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of
Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the
Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are
saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved
by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held
it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old
banner of England blew.¹

¹ Another glimpse of the growing familiarity of the Anglo-Indian world is caught from a simile in *Aurora Leigh*:

They sound strange
As Hindustani to an Ind-born man
Accustomed many years to English speech.

Ah, thrilling story! What sight in India is more moving than the ruins of the Residency at Lucknow, covered with bougainvillaea among the green lawns? What English heart will not beat in the place of that suffering and that daring, the best that England had to give that there she gave? Not for nothing was the Indian Mutiny the last dramatic event in the Company's administration. It was the drama of a change of epoch. The long era of the Company which had exploited for two hundred and fifty years the political, mental, and commercial development of India finished with an outbreak and scenes of bloodshed. It had done great things, but there had always been a principle at work which caused "trust and resentment. Just twelve years before the opening of the Suez Canal marked a new epoch, the feeling of the Company's servants so expressed itself as to warn English administrators that the old regime was over. In the long centuries of Indian history the two events came practically together, as in our own time the slaughter at Amritsar almost coincided with the inauguration of later, and more sweeping reforms still. The Mutiny was but a political outburst of the same tendency as showed itself in the opening of the Canal: it was a closer bond with Europe. From that time on, India was not so much a mere field for commercial enterprise as a nation meeting Britain on more approximate terms. The charter of 1858 was more than a constitutional document: it was an expression of deeper mutual influence between India and England. The institution and ideals of England were to be more definitely incorporated into the life of India. The old order was to change. In this process the Mutiny played a double part:

it brought a flood of English attention over the country, it opened up new careers for young Englishmen, it gave their hold over the country a new dignity, it gave larger resources to the strength of their position. It created for a time a feeling of superiority deeper and more passionate than any feeling towards India has been: it cultivated the hatred and contempt of the Indian character which when returned upon the new Government established by law became the high misdemeanour of sedition; for it encouraged a tendency of the British to rule India with an iron hand. But this was only its ephemeral aspect. This was only the dark contrast which outlined its essential signification. It can only be interpreted in the light of the great scientific adventure which connected Suez with Port Said. That made it impossible to think of India as simply a distant field for commercial cares or for an administration even nominally under the Company. The telegraph, steam, oil and electric transport, have obviously reorganized the world. The present populations of Europe could not exist but for trade and transport, and nowhere is this truer than in England. It is not those reared beside them that provide them with their daily bread, it is the vast complicated organism of the modern world. The Sudra by the Nerbudda provides the means of subsistence for the cotton operative in Bolton: our brotherhood with India is not the monopoly of a few merchants, not the ideal of the religious and the philosophic, but a bond between masses and masses. It is the Suez Canal which has made it so, which has given a new extensiveness to the vast change wrought by Da Gama.

As though to mark the sweeping national character of the change, it encharged especial splendour with the romantic careers of a Queen and an Empress. The character of Victoria which at once dominated and expressed the spirit of her people combined with a certain homely solidity, with a laborious respectability, a romantic appreciation of the new range and vastness of the British rôle. It was another sovereign, it was the brilliant, lovely Spanish Empress of the French who sailed triumphantly from Port Said to Suez when Ferdinand de Lesseps had realized the far reaching conception which, as we have seen, had been a possibility to Marlowe. The occasion of this splendid act was the zenith of Eugenie's career, and she lived fifty years as a refugee in the country of the Queen whose country's riches bought the canal. Disraeli, with the help of the Rothschilds, carried through the great purchase of Canal shares and laid it at the feet of Victoria: it was the offering of Jewish achievement and Jewish genius to the British Throne,—an offering of the orient by orientals which deeply affected Victoria's queenly imagination. They had wrested prestige and power by their commercial ability from the same nation that once disputed in La Bourdonnais and Dupleix supremacy in the East with the country represented by Clive and Lawrence. A few years later, in 1876, the Queen pressed through Disraeli's suggestion that a reference to the Indian Empire should appear in the style and title of the sovereign, and it was proclaimed at Delhi on the next New Year's Day. Victoria, more and more the presiding genius of her people, never forgot this imperial addition to her majesty; when a very old lady indeed she began to learn a little Hindustani.

It was a symbol of the consummation in the Canal of the tie which owed its binding power to the Cape voyages. The tie was symbolised in every appearance of the Queen by the attendance of her dusky subjects in her train, and the pictorial press made the tableau familiar over the vast diversity of her Dominions. It has been vividly put by the last student of her personality: "The little old lady, with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her wheeled chair or her donkey carriage—one saw her so; and then—close behind—with their immediate suggestion of singularity, of mystery and of power—the Indian servants".¹

Singularity, mystery and power: power over remote, vast, ancient, wealthy territories; a chain of life with them; something which touched the imagination and carried it among things rich and strange,² such was still the suggestion of India to and through Victoria. But how much changed from the time when at Vasco da Gama's discovery it was simply so: "*On est plus occupé à nous envoyer des côtés de Coromandel des marchandises que des vérités*" Voltaire had truly written in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, but India had grown clearer and clearer all the same. It was a land of wise laws, and ancient development, of noble princes, of subjects with moral and civic rights, of a literature and philosophy remarkable for their sublimity and their elaboration from the earliest twilight of epic and metaphysical thought, of the art and ceremonial of the chase, of majestic buildings and glittering cities, of the elephant, the monkey, the banian tree and

¹ Strachy, *Queen Victoria*, p. 305.

² A gorgeous orient as it was to Meredith, passionate with suttee.

the palm, of the lofty snows and the exotic vegetation of the coast. The dim outlines had gradually grown clear, shown the sari over the female form, and the figure of the fakir naked in the dazzling sun, and the jewels blazing in the turban of the rajah, and the silent movement of the swathed figures in the dust and smoke and the light of the bazaar.

And this effect was the result of a continuous movement, not of systematic and deliberate work; for indeed of all our great writers only two gave years of their life to India, though Scott in "The Surgeons Daughter" painted a brilliant detailed picture. For the words Macaulay used of Burke are still truer of himself. Burke saw with the inward eye, Macaulay looked for four years on the Indian scene itself before he recalled it in memory: "The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfume

at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyaenas."

But besides India herself, our literature had revealed another phase of her intimacy with England. It had shown the toiling merchants, administrators, and soldiers from Britain and Ireland moving strange amongst this varied assemblage, toiling in the burning heat, idle and vacant, sometimes voracious and unscrupulous, more often vigorous, practical, reforming, often carried away by excessive esprit-de-corps; it had shown the dramatic scenes of horror, the swarming life, the civilization and the savagery, the mastering power of religion and caste. It had shown the curious apartness of the Anglo-Indian from the life of England and of India. It had shown in fact what is still there to see.

Its occupation was naturally in the Britisher's surroundings rather than India itself. And as time has gone on, as the Canal has increased the rapport between the two countries, it is this peculiarity which has become more marked. England's interest in India at the present time is more than ever in the Englishman's India. It was Mr Kipling's early satires of Anglo-Indian life in *Plain Tales from the Hills*,¹—a development of his mother's letters from Simla to the *Pioneer* newspaper—in which he was most successful, and India is familiar to many of his readers by the wonderful

¹ These were translated into French under the quaint title: *Simplex Contes des Collines*.

tours-de-force by which he was distilled the romance of the East from the impressions India might make on the British Tommy and the Eurasian boy. His is an unreal India, except to those who have seen the country first through his imagination, or who have been constrained to a frank crude British point of view; to the Indians themselves his work is meaningless. And this is true to a less extent of the writings of another imaginative writer of a very different style, of an interpreter of another even more unreal India, of Mrs Besant. She has adapted an Anglicised India to her own reforming and directing zeal, as Mr Kipling's direct anglicising has expressed his unflinching patriotism. It is an English point of view reproduced in Mr Oscar Browning's little book of travel. It is a History of British India by which Sir William Wilson Hunter in the attention of the student has replaced the studies of Elphinstone and Mill. Mrs Diver and Miss Ethel Dell have carried to a further extreme as painters of romantic India for the masses, the methods of B. M. Croker and Mrs Steel: they have given the middle classes gayer and more melodramatic pictures of their Paradise. And the energy by which India has thrust herself before us in the last year or two has been the stimulation which the institutions and talkers of Europe have given to the minds of her own educated men. And this is the *raison d'être* of that masterpiece in which the phrases of their report expressed the reforms desired by Mr. Montague and Lord Chelmsford. There are signs, and the influence of Dr. Tagore and Mr. Gandhi are the most striking of them, that this tendency has culminated, that the stimulation of intercourse between the East and the West when the exploit of de

Lesseps superseded that of Da Gama is working off, that a new national India is arriving which will model herself less closely on her dominant Western example. It is possible that the monks and missionaries are still to have their day. If so, the riches of India are not yet exhausted. Literature shows that it was not only the merchants that India rewarded amongst Englishmen, and in her vast spaces and her strange thronging life there were romantic treasuries of another order. The business of literature has not been to catalogue the cargoes of trading ships, or to assess the capital of the Peninsular and Oriental Navigation Company. For the merchant truly, as Martino said¹ "*remplir son escarcelle et revenir à son port, c'était deux tâches assez difficiles pour qu'on ne perdît pas son temps à s'extasier sur la végétation hindoue ou à sonder les états d'âme d'un Persan.*" Literature shuns the obvious: but she has found in India something which provokes those elusive qualities of the mind which give writing its distinction, which by its choice of sounds and suggestions makes life at once more mysterious, more poignant, vaster and more real. The influence of India on English literature has been no small one: few indeed have grasped its content or its range. Discoverers, travellers, traders, soldiers, adventurers have been at work. English prose and poetry are flavoured with the essence of the perceptions and imaginations of the thoughts and feelings which came to them as they looked on that vast varied empire, changing yet unchanged, between Calcutta and Karachi, between Peshawar and Pondicherry. The essence has given satisfaction to an instinctive

¹ *Les Indes dans la Littérature Française*, p. 49.

appetite of mind and heart which is more than a mere craving for the exotic.

And without that hunger for the rich and strange, it is impossible for the West to assimilate India. She reserves her value and her fascinations to those who never weary in their attentive study of her subtle lineaments, because their love for her is that restless adventure of imagination, that active longing for what is rare and intangible in its rich hint of life, which has made deeds, and made the most absorbing prose. Its very name echoes the name, as it suggests the power, of earth's Eternal City. We know it as Romance.

Never star
Was lost here but it rose afar!
Look East where whole new thousands are!
In Vishnu-land what avatar?

Browning's *Waring*.

APPENDIX.

PICTURE BOOKS OF INDIA.

Among the very few first studies of the East Indies is a German one, Heydt's Schau-Platz, 1744, dealing with various localities settled by the Dutch Company. But there had been interesting engravings in Herbert's, Fryer's and Picart's works.

William Hodges was, however, the first British painter of note to visit India. He had already been to the South Seas as draughtsman to the second expedition of Captain Cook and had produced 78 views of New Zealand and Tahiti. He went out in 1780 under the auspices of Warren Hastings and remained there for four years. He made extensive journeys in Bengal, Bihar and the United Provinces and brought out a large collection of aquatints in quarto. Though his reproductions are not of the highest quality Hodges made some very effective though not always accurate compositions and succeeded in 1786 in giving the eye of the untravelled Englishman its first real acquaintance with the magnificence of India's architecture and natural scenery.

Zoffany was in India from 1783 to 1790.

Thomas Daniell, born 1749, R. A. 1799 with his nephew *William Daniell*, was in India 1784—1794 at work on Oriental Scenery produced from 1795—1808. He produced

also "Hindu Excavations at Ellora". "His works are characterised by great oriental truth and beauty; the customs and manners of India are well rendered. His painting was firm but sometimes thin; his colouring agreeable."¹

William Daniell (1769—1837) produced a Panorama of Madras, City of Lucknow and the Mode of Taming Wild Elephants.

They are beautiful aquatints, singularly free from hysterical convention, portraying every kind of Indian scenery except the bazaar. His view of Gya is a singularly charming composition. It is a prospect across the Ganges from the bank above the river. A group in brilliant garments, one holding an umbrella, watching the flowing of the stream, from the foreground, on the left palms and pipals crowd a little vale. The white flat roofs and temples shelter beneath a hill in the centre of the opening bank: a dunga and canoes float down the river. The sharp contours of a group of hills vary the sky line marked out against a faint evening glow. Trees rise above a palm to the left of the foreground.

An impressive picture is his Cape Comorin, rising lofty above the clouds with a foreground of water and palms, a group of palms behind a temple, a group of oxen, of human figures, admirably composed to give an effect of impressive loftiness and wildness; no false effects. His Treatment of colours is like early Turner. The natural scenery of India receives ample justice.

A picturesque voyage to India by the way of China, by Thomas Daniell R. A. and William Daniell A. R. A. 1810,

¹ 1808, says D.N.B. Sub-title page, 1795.

is a book of smaller coloured engravings describing the whole Eastern voyage by the Cape. 1810.

Of India itself there are only a few views.

The popular idea of India at this time is suggested in Satirical Prints, I. O. L., 29 G 18, a very amusing series of cartoons on the Hastings trial.

George Chinnery R. H. A., described in W. G. Strickland's Dictionary of Irish Artists. Born London 1774. Exhibited in R. A. 1791. Went to Madras 1802 and from Madras to Calcutta in 1807. He was in Calcutta from 1807 to 1825 and went to China in 1825. He is referred to in "The Newcomes" and by Sir Charles D'Oyley in "Tom Raw".

In the British Museum Print Room there is a series of rough sketches of oriental hands by T. Nashe. (1839, 1840.)

Select Views in Mysore, the country of Tippoo Sultan from Drawings taken on the spot by Mr Home (Letterpress by T. Bensley), 1794, purports really to be a History of the War with Haidar Ali and Tipu with illustrations. These though on a smaller scale than those of Daniell are often almost as happy, and are rather more delicately reproduced as aquatints.

Views in Bombay and Ceylon, London 1826, is a collection of fine rather Turneresque aquatints by Grindlay, Stanfield, Roberts, Copley Fielding, Purser and W. Westall, some of superb mountain scenery in the Ghats and other remote scenes in Rajputana, such as Bundi and Abu and Tonk and a very fine one of the Residency at Hyderabad.

A beautiful book of engravings is Sir Charles D'Oyley's *Antiquities of Dacca*, engraved by J. Landseer, 1827.

These pictures have the same delicate quality as those in Tod's Rajputana which was almost contemporary. They emphasise the richness of the Bengal scenery in arresting combinations of architecture and vegetation.

Views in the East; comprising India, Canton and the shores of the Red Sea, with historical and descriptive illustrations by Captain Robert Elliott R. N., London 1833, is a very pleasing book of engravings each with a few pages of adequate description. The pictures are all most effective compositions and show a very true feeling for India's intense lights and romantic dignity.

Oriental Field Sports: being a complete and accurate description of the wild sport of the East: exhibiting the Natural History of the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, the Tiger, the Leopard, the Bear, the Deer, the Buffalo, the Wolf, the Wild Hog, the Jackall, the Wild Dog, the Civet and other undomesticated animals — interpressed with a variety of original, authentic and curious anecdotes, which render the work replete with information and amusement. Forty coloured engravings. The whole taken from the MS. and designs of Captain Thomas Williamson who served upwards of 72 years in Bengal, the drawings of Samuel Howett, made uniform in size and engraved by the first artists under the direction of Edward Orme.¹

It is indeed a most amusing book, and vivid and reliable, though not uninterspersed with remarks for which the author often inserts elaborately reasoned apologies. Pig sticking, big game shooting etc. are his themes. It is a book worth ample

¹ London, Sir Edward Orme, Engraver, 1807.

study, the style is sententious enough always to be amusing and will bear many extracts. Cf. Daniell etc.

Lieutenant Whyte, who dedicated his book to Queen Adelaide added to the productions of Princep and Sir Charles D'Oyley, of Grindley, Luard and Elliot with his *Views in India, Chiefly among the Himalayan Mountains*, 1836, calling attention by his beautiful engravings to the unsurpassed grandeur of India's mountain scenery: in their striking composition as well as in their sense of the splendours of hazes and light, they show the return of influence which *Gelée* and *Lorraine* were exercising through the work of *Turner*.

By 1860 photography had been developed and a series of Indian scenes in quarto plate came out.

Select Views in Mysore, R. Bowyer, 1794.

Sketches of India by an Officer, 1821.

Captain Lundy, Pen and Pencil Sketches, 1832.

Hindustan: Its Landscapes and Palaces, by Emma Roberts, 1845.

Picturesque Views, General Boileau, 1859.

Simpson's Illustration in India Ancient and Modern: Letterpress by Sir John Kaye, are flamboyant chromo-lithograph, but give a very good idea of the brilliance of the Indian scene.



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